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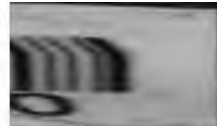
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1. 1. 1.

2.



L E T T E R S

BY

C. HERVEY, Esq.



L E T T E R S

F R O M

P O R T U G A L, S P A I N,
I T A L Y A N D G E R M A N Y

I N T H E Y E A R S 1759, 1760, A N D 1761,

B Y C H R I S T O P H E R H E R V E Y, E S Q.,

V O L U M E T H E S E C O N D.

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D B Y J. D A V I S, C H A N C E R Y - L A N E ; F O R
R. F A U L D E R, N E W - B O N D - S T R E E T.

M.DCC.LXXXV.



L E T T E R S

FROM

S P A I N, &c.

L E T T E R I.

CADIZ, NOV. 10, 1759.

I AM come hither rather sooner than I intended, to see the feasts for the proclamation of our new king. As I do not recollect any thing more to say to you about Gibraltar, I will annihilate all the time of my illness to the last day of my being there.

VOL. II.

A

I called

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I called upon Bucareli, the Spanish commander at St. Rock's, to pay my *devoirs*, and asked for a license to carry pistols, which he assured me there would be no occasion for, as I had the captain general of Andalusia's permission to carry them to Gibraltar. I find that in most foreign countries short fire-arms are prohibited. As for pocket pistols, you would be brought into many difficulties if they were found about you in Spain. Neither are horse pistols allowed, but a license may be obtained to carry them; whereas the others are totally prohibited by law. Any person may have guns, and other long fire-arms, that pleases, as well as any sort of steel weapons, except long pointed knives, which are so strictly forbidden, that if they were found about a common man, he would be immediately sent to Ceuta or some other place to work as a galley slave. But to return to Bucareli. I afterwards requested him to appoint a trooper to accompany us to Cadiz, as a defence

fence

fence from the robbers, a thing which is often done here in Spain, as it is better to spend a little money, and be in security; but this he refused me. Bucareli's haughtiness was owing to my having entered Gibraltar without his permission, and yet I had been up with him from the garrison to ask his pardon for the mighty offence. Our governor told me the Spanish commander would invite me to dinner, but at the same time I promised to refuse his invitation, and return to his lordship, upon account of the captain and officers of a Portuguese ship of war being to dine with him that day, where I could serve as a sort of interpreter. But we were much deceived, as all Bucareli's answer was, that it was the custom to ask him permission to enter Gibraltar, and so your humble servant*. I was as expedi-

* He was afterwards made governor of Buenos Ayres, and was the person who sent the expedition, which dispossessed us of Port Egmont, in Falkland islands.

4 L E T T E R S F R O M

tious in taking my leave of him as he seemed to get me away, and having mounted my horse, went as quick as the poor beast would carry me to Gibraltar, and got but one fall by the way. When I say as quick as the horse would carry me, you must not imagine it was any thing very speedy, for I believe I might have gone faster on foot. As for the fall, the poor animal not being much higher than a jack-ass, you may think I did not receive much hurt from it, besides, it was upon a deep sand; for the neck of land which unites the peninsula of Gibraltar to the continent of Spain, is a plain flat deep sand, which extends quite till the rock of Gibraltar rises perpendicularly out of it. Upon my being arrived at Gibraltar, I found it was almost two o'clock, his lordship's dinner time, so that I was obliged to hurry away to the convent, which I think I have already told you is where the governors of Gibraltar reside. Besides the house, there is a tolerable

ble

ble garden for the place, which in Lord Tyrawley's time was public, but the present governor keeps it for his own private use. This, and his strictness with the troops under his command, has made him disliked in Gibraltar. But I believe it is the fate of all governors, in whatever place they command, to be criticised.

In my next paper I will mention something to you about the Portuguese gentlemen who dined with the governor that day, and two days afterwards we dined on board their ship.

L E T T E R II.

PORT ST. MARY'S, NOV. 15, 1759.

THE feast for the proclamation of the king being over at Cadiz, I am returned to this place, where I shall stay some little time to recruit my strength, and then go to Seville to execute a few commissions.

The Portuguese man of war which came into Gibraltar at the time I was there, was called *Nôstra Senora de la Aiûda*, or, to English the words, our Lady of help. She was an entire new ship, and I had seen her launched when I was at Lisbon, a ceremony which the king of Portugal honored with his presence. The command of her was given to the captain that I dined with at the governor's, and her first voyage was to convoy two Ragusean vessels, freighted with
jesuits

jesuits expelled from Lisbon, through the Streights. Upon her return bad weather obliged her to put into Gibraltar. The first thing the formal captain did, was to send his boat on shore to know whether we would return his salute, which being answered in the affirmative, that compliment was paid. The garrison re-echoed his salutation, and all preliminary ceremonies being over, the captain made a visit to the governor, who invited him and his officers to dinner the day after, which was the day I went to Bucareli. Used to their own hours of dining, they appeared at the convent by eleven o'clock, to the utter confusion of the master of the house, who was forced to praise his garden, and entice them to take a walk in it, till he got dressed. The dinner was formal enough, and a tedious conversation was with difficulty maintained till the disappearance of the table cloth was succeeded by the British custom of toasting. A young Portuguese officer, upon being desired to

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give us the name of the lady he liked, in order to drink her health, clapt his hand to his breast, and begged to be excused from divulging the name of the fair to whom he professed an inclination. Upon this denial the toast went round to the incognita of his affections. When we came to the old captain, he began protesting that he knew no young ladies, but had spent all his life in serving his most faithful majesty in the East Indies. However, being pressed, he at last complied. I can not think our company acted in this respect with the greatest politeness in the world, but British subjects are excusable when the bottle is going round.

The feast ended with the Portuguese captain's inviting us to dine on board the next day but one; some particulars of which dinner I may, perhaps, trouble you with in my next.— — —

L E T-

L E T T E R III.

PORT ST. MARY'S, NOV. 18, 1759.

THE hour of eleven being come, of the day were to dine on board the Portuguese man of war, the governor and some other officers called at my lodgings to conduct me to his lordship's boat ; which by the assistance of twelve oars conducted us quickly to the Portuguese vessel, on board which we were received with much drum beating, shoudering of firelocks, and such other military honors. The marines looked very pretty drawn up upon deck in their green uniforms. After we had run the gauntlet through the soldiery, we entered into the cabin, which was the most delicate place you ever saw. Besides fine sophas, pictures, and other things of that kind, there was a great quantity of glass, china, and other
 nice

nice ware, which did not seem calculated for the hostile shock of an enemy. Upon the governor's expressing as much, the captain told him it was a ship never intended to fight, and that, therefore, they might be more elegant in their furniture. Dinner was at last ready, and we went down stairs to the second cabin, for which our sailors have a particular name, that I do not know, but I believe they call it the lieutenant's cabin. Across this room was laid a great long table the whole breadth of the ship, which was covered as full as ever it could hold with victuals. By victuals I mean cookery, for few of us, I believe, could tell with what compositions the plates were filled. I had, indeed, been in Portugal, but as I had lived always in an English family, I was but little used to their way of dressing meats. The captain sat in the middle of the table, facing the entrance, and the governor at his right hand. I was placed at the right hand of him. Before us stood a dish which caused
much

much speculation, but proved to be a sort of pudding. It would be endless if I was to give you a description of all we had, for the great table was twice covered with provisions, besides a desert of fruits and sweetmeats, which were as thickly flowed as the preceding courses. At last in came the water glasses to wash our hands. This is not a Portuguese custom, but as the captain had observed it at the governor's, he thought it would be polite to put the same into execution at his own table, which accordingly he did, but with this difference, that as with us the water was served up in proper tumblers, the honest captain not having any of them I suppose, thought little wine glasses would do as well. And so, indeed, they did, but they were attended with the following inconvenience. As the servant handed about the glasses with great pomp, and as we in England, especially at some great tables, are accustomed to have a glass of famous white wine given us after dinner, an officer thinking

ing what was offered him to be some such thing, drank off half a glass before he discovered his mistake, to our no small diversion. Dinner being at last over, tho' with the table cloth still remaining after the foreign fashion, the captain took a full glass and drank to the health of the kings of England and Portugal. Tho' he did not speak particularly high, yet the last syllable of the word Portugal was no sooner out of his mouth, than off went one and twenty guns, a royal salute. They did it very clever. It was well however the firing did not begin till after dinner, as the ship was so shaken with it, that the economy of their table would have been disturbed. The time of departure being come, we went through the same ceremonies, military and civil, that we had undergone upon our entrance, and at length descended into our boat. Upon putting off from the ship, which the Portuguese had manned, to use a sea term, that means their having spread all the sailors about the yards,
and

PORTUGAL, SPAIN, &c. 13

and other parts of the vessel, they saluted us with three cheers, and afterwards fired eleven guns, if I do not mistake the number, which finished the whole affair, and we returned each to our respective homes.

LET.

L E T T E R IV.

PORT ST. MARY'S, NOV. 22, 1759.

SOME papers ago I left you at the little town of St. Rock's, returning with me from Gibraltar to this place. The two vessels which my illness hindred me from accompanying to Barbary, the Guernsey and Thetis, were failing out of the bay full in my sight, for I have already told you that St. Rock's stands upon a rising ground and commands a full view of Gibraltar with the whole bay and the coast of Africa beyond. They were then going to Saffy to complete the redemption of our slaves, and bring them to Gibraltar, together with the secretary who had carried the king's letter. Tho' much unfit for such an expedition in my weak state of health, I wished to have been along with them. The next morning pretty early I set out from St. Rock's

Rock's on horseback, the only way in which that rocky country can be passed. Not to keep you always, in inns I will set you down immediately at Chiclana, where we arrived in a couple of days. After having staid there another couple, I hired a boat to carry me to Cadiz. Tho' we set out late we arrived there about sun-set, after skudding along the bay of Cadiz with a high wind for a couple of hours. I there found an immense concourse of people assembled to see the proclamation of the king of Spain, which was to be in a day or two. Every place was so crouded I could hardly find a hole to put my bed in, a piece of furniture you must always go provided with in Spain, tho' I at first attempted to travel without it. The three evenings after the respective three days, in which this proclaiming ceremony was performed, were rendered pompous by illuminations, fireworks, music, and other things of that sort. All the foreign nations settled in the port of Cadiz erected triumphal arches or other trophies

phies of that nature in honor of the new monarch. A vast temple was raised by the Irish, in which much money was, I think, idly expended. The French, besides their arch, which was so little, that people stigmatized it with the name of a coach-house door, made a very pretty obelisk, which was illuminated so well at night that it appeared all formed by fire, but critics were not wanting who threw a scandal also upon this by calling it the feast of the oil men, as it was lighted up with oil, a thing which is not esteemed polite in these countries, where they make most of their illuminations with wax. The Genoese and Flemish distinguished themselves upon this occasion as well as they could. The Maltese only sent presents of victuals and money to the several hospitals, which, indeed, I heard commended as a better way of shewing their loyalty to Don Carlos, than by raising pasteboard ornaments. A poet, allied to those of Grubstreet, who took upon him to write about these

these fine doings at Cadiz, tells us, that the three evenings of the illuminations, “ rivers “ of wax ran about the streets, and that “ Phœbus, had he lifted his head above the “ western wave, would have wept at being “ outshone.” Enough, however, of this festival. Tho’ I must just add, that the bay looked very pretty with all the ships dressed out, which means their hanging out all their colours about them, however there was a little piece of incivility shewn between the English and the French, who put each the colours of their enemy dragging in the water. Tomorrow I set out for Seville.

L E T T E R V.

SEVILLE, NOV. 25, 1759.

I Arrived here yesterday with a number of gentlemen and ladies of this place. They consisted mostly of Irish merchants, with their wives. We made up a little dance at Levrija, where we spent the night. A Spanish gentleman and lady being desirous of joining company with us, (news we had from the landlord,) a civil message was sent to them to invite them to be of our party. The lady, as we were informed, immediately began dressing herself as fine as she could, and in about an hour's time appeared with the marquis her consort. She seemed to be a woman of great goodnature, tho' of little knowledge of the world, and danced a couple of minuets in a pretty, but bashful manner. Afterwards her husband began to exhibit;

hibit ; but he wreathed his very long lean body into such a number of forms, and attempted to cut such a redundancy of capers, that the weeping philosopher Heraclitus himself must have laughed. Minuets over, country dances were proposed, and the marquis and his lady out of civility stood up, and spoiled them all ; she by not knowing the figures, and he by knocking us down with his caprioles. You may, perhaps, think all this agility and jumping not agreeable to the character of a true Spaniard, but there is no rule without an exception. For my part, I can not think the Spaniards such a grave nation as they were represented to me. To be sure, they generally have a sort of pompousness in their air. But may not that arise from custom as well as gravity. Besides, the long cloak gives them a dignity to which a scanty British frock can never attain. As all ranks wear the same in a provincial town, except, indeed, the officers, all ranks go undistinguished through the

streets. In the summer time you will see the marquis and beggar sitting upon the same steps of the same church, and catching at a little fresh air together. Nor do they know each others different rank. As five or six yards of chocolate coloured cloth cover both, the only difference in their appearance consists in the fineness of it, a thing not visible but from near inspection. When I speak, however, of the Spanish noblemen dressing in this manner, you must understand, that it is when they choose to go incognito; for when they have a mind to dress out, no nation uses more uncouth finery than themselves. I think I have run on a long time about the outside of the Spaniards. I could say as much of their inside, or mental qualifications, but my paper seems drawing towards an end. However, I will attempt to characterize what I have seen of the inhabitants of Andalusia in a few words. I hold their natural talents to be great; but as they do not, perhaps, culti-

cultivate them so much as other nations, they do not so often shine forth in the world. Add to this the contempt they have for foreigners, which, as it gives them a dislike for their company and books, hinders them from attaining what they else might learn. The Spaniards might in short equal, if not surpass other nations; but as they think themselves superior in every thing, they fall infinitely short of all. But to return to my company. After being heartily tired with dancing, and having reposed badly for an hour or two, we continued our journey long before sun-rise by the light of some links we had brought from Port St. Mary's. The day proved very hazy, and a number of black clouds that rose with the sun seemed to threaten rain. They have not had a drop of rain in Seville for seven or eight months. The heat of the summer has parched up every thing in the country. What little grass there was, is made hay without cutting. Nothing but

olive and orange trees are remaining to give the idea of green. The priests have long been praying and making intercessions with heaven for rain. The countrymen stand with melancholy faces, and find it impossible to plough their land, it is become so very hard and dry. In the mean time, our merchants are putting on merry countenances, and flattering themselves with exporting a quantity of corn from England, where it is said you have had a very fine crop. But the clouds we at present saw in the heavens seemed to be so pregnant with water, that we did not doubt of their falling shortly. Notwithstanding our prognostications, the gloomy weather continued without rain. In the mean time, our carriages pursued their way, and Utrera opened itself to our view. We left it on our right hand, under a pretty gently rising hill of olives. At last we arrived to the place destined for our dinner. It was a solitary inn, built upon a little rising ground in the midst of a great marsh,

marsh, which is in winter entirely overflowed by the Betis or Guadalquivir, but as the rains were not yet fallen, was the shortest and best way. After having in this place consumed the remainder of our provisions, we in the evening arrived safe at Seville.

L E T T E R VI.

SEVILLE, NOV, 29, 1759,

— — — — I Agree with you in our having surprisingly got possession of Quebec, Every person seems very sorry in these parts of the world for the death of General Wolfe; and the governor of Gibraltar went so far as to say, upon some persons observing our being now masters of all Canada, that we had got but half of it, as poor Wolfe was worth the remainder. We have little news but what you know. Admiral Broderick is watching the French vessels in the bay of Cadiz, and from time to time shews himself off that harbour. I do not believe they will venture to stir out of port all this winter. And yet they are not so very inferior in force, but they might attack Broderick. The Florissant, a man of war of theirs,

theirs, escaped about a month ago through our fleet untouched, and got into the bay of Cadiz. She came from Martinico, and tho' a king's ship, was loaded with sugars, or, as they term it, *armè en flute*. They say she is in too bad a condition to sail till she is refitted, or else, the French would have been only one ship less than us. They have besides two or three good privateers to assist them, and among the rest the Antagallican, formerly ours, but which, as I told you before, was unjustly wrested from us by the governor of Cadiz. She has attempted to go out thrice, but has as often been obliged to return. However, the other day a little French merchant vessel came into port in the same manner as the Florissant, in spite of all the endeavours of our fleet.

L E T T E R VII.

SEVILLE, DEC. 2, 1759.

WHAT follows are four or five lines
 translated out of the Madrid gazette upon
 the occasion of Hawke's victory over Con-
 flans. " England has nothing now to fear
 " from any power, since the only one who
 " could trouble that nation is not strong
 " enough by sea to make any opposition, for
 " the naval force of France is now esteemed
 " incapable of action, the time being past
 " in which they might have made use of it
 " with any appearance of success. We
 " may now say that their squadrons have not
 " courage enough to stir out of their ports."

This is the opinion the Madrid gazette
 holds us in, or rather the court of Spain, for
 as their news papers cannot be printed with-

out

out examination, we may judge that the court assents to whatever is put in them. However, I think, Spain undervalues herself in saying that no nation remains able to give the English any trouble by sea. This kingdom has now at least fifty ships of the line, and those very good. I remember when the *Armada* (a high sounding word for a fleet) that went to fetch the king of Spain from Naples was in the port of Cadiz, we all admired the beauty of the ships, and sea officers too, who do not easily commend any vessels but English. We went on board two of them, the *Phenix* and the *Triumphant*, I think. They were two exceeding noble ships. The *Phenix* was Navarro the admiral's, and the vice-admiral Reggio was in the *Triumphant*. We met with many civilities from the latter. A few days ago a couple of Spanish vessels loaded with oranges and lemons for London were taken by the Moors. It is a shame they do not guard their coasts better, as a frigate or two might

save

save them great sums laid out in the redemption of slaves. Among the Spaniards was an Englishman or two, but there is a report here that they met one of our frigates, who brought the Moorish vessel to, and our countrymen, making themselves known, were taken out. Upon my word it is a pity the European nations let that barbarous race of people live upon the face of the earth, and yet I do not see how they could totally destroy them. The beating their houses about their ears they do not mind. The dey of Algiers answered Lewis the fourteenth's admiral, who demanded a large sum to save the town from bombardment, that if he would give him half that money, he would lay the town in ashes himself. They live as contentedly out in the fields under tents, and the fine climate they enjoy particularly invites them to such a kind of life. The king of Marocco almost all the summer lives encamped for pleasure. And as for sending an army into the heart of their country, all
who

who have hitherto attempted it have failed. I wish my ague would have permitted me to have been of our ransoming party. It would have been seeing an entire new world. We have as yet heard nothing of what they have done, but, I believe, we shall soon have news, as the vessels have now been near two months absent from Gibraltar. I will conclude my paper by giving you an extract from a most curious sermon preached here the other day in praise of the late king of Spain. The whole is curious, but, as it is too long you must be contented with a specimen. The author of it, after having spoken in general of the great virtues of Ferdinand the sixth, goes on thus.

“ But tire not yourselves in so dilated a
 “ circle. Without stirring from your own
 “ district, insensible things will inform you
 “ of his glory. They sing his panegyric.
 “ Hear the elements. The air in eddies
 “ publishes his praise. When did Spain be-
 “ hold

“ hold her docks better furnished, when her
“ seas more frequented, when her vessels
“ more beautiful, when her marine more
“ brilliant, when her artillery more strong ?

“ Speak, O earth ! infinite is what thou
“ hast to say. Who ever beheld thy roads
“ more perfect ? At a prodigious expence the
“ ancient have been re-established, new have
“ been opened. When wast thou adorned
“ with more enchanting walks, with more
“ sumptuous edifices ? No, go not out of
“ Seville, go but to the gate of Sherries,
“ and the royal fabric of Tobaccos shall fa-
“ lute your sight, a lofty fabric, with rea-
“ son causing jealousy to the principal
“ palaces of the court. This too was our
“ sovereign’s undertaking.

“ But the element of fire seems to be
“ dumb. Ferdinand held it inactive under
“ his dominion. Yet that very inaction is
“ his greatest trophy, since by that he knew
“ how

“ how to unite himself to himself, abandon-
 “ ing respects and interests, that his vassals
 “ might obtain the delicious fruits of peace.

“ Nor does the well-pleased element
 “ of water less publish the benefits of
 “ Ferdinand. Tho’ she formerly broke
 “ through channels and over mounds, he in
 “ such a manner extended the margins of
 “ her rivers, and drove the earth to such a
 “ distance, that she was united by the col-
 “ lection of her streams, and the capacious-
 “ nefs of those oozy beds, through which
 “ she now easily carries her tribute to dif-
 “ ferent provinces. This was performed in
 “ Old Castille.

“ Raise then your considerations to these
 “ arduous enterprizes, and you will find
 “ that all such glorious actions were by his
 “ not to be equalled spirit directed to the
 “ highest good, to the only end which ought
 “ to give rule in morality, to the advantage
 “ of

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“ of his vassals. He proposed to himself no
 “ other object. Their happiness was the
 “ northern star that guided him to the de-
 “ fired port,” &c. &c. &c.

Speaking of the queen mother's govern-
 ing Spain till the arrival of the king of
 Naples he calls her.

“ The brilliant Aurora, that a third time
 “ enlightens the Iberian hemisphere, till
 “ the sun of Charles its lawful inheritor
 “ arises.”

He says a third time, because she has been
 now thrice regent of Spain. The fabric of
 Tobacco here at Seville, which he speaks of,
 is a very fine building. It is the sole manu-
 factory of the kind in Spain, the fruits of
 which the court monopolizes, and sells the
 snuff to their subjects at what price they please,
 forbidding under the most heavy penalties
 the importation of any foreign tobacco. The

new

new king, they say, has sunk the price of it almost half in half. This and many other things which he has done since his arrival in Spain make him much beloved.

L E T T E R VIII.

SEVILLE, DEC. 17, 1759.

TH E gloomy weather has at last ended in rain, which has come upon us with much fury, and in general harder than I have seen in England. Admiral Broderick encountered one of these storms off Cadiz, which has obliged him to come into that harbour with two large ships dismasted. This bad weather has made me defer my return to Port St. Mary's till next week. Two days ago we had a church burnt down here, but without the walls of the city. A poor fellow who lay in the vestry, finding when he awoke that the fire had taken possession of the church door, of which he had not even the key, thought the best place to which he could run for shelter was the bellfry, as it was of stone. It did, indeed, defend him from
the

the flames, but not from the smoke and heat. He was found quite dried, and so reduced to a cinder by the burning atmosphere, that when they flug his body down below, it fell into different pieces. He had run up into the bellfry not only to defend himself from the fire, but to ring the bells, and alarm the neighbourhood, which he had time enough to effect, and by those means saved some other people, who belonged likewise to the church, and lay in a little room adjoining. They got them out of a window. Notwithstanding the fury of the flames, some people rushed into the church, and snatched the consecrated wafer out of it, in the doing which one, I think, burnt his hand most terribly, and the rest were very much hurt. They would all have died, I believe, rather than let the *body of our Saviour* perish in the flames. I went to see the place yesterday. Soldiers are now set there to take care that no person runs away with any of the melted plate or other valuable things. The church

is called St. Rock's. As it belongs to a parish of that name, they have already begun rebuilding it, or rather pulling down some part of the old walls, where the fire is quite extinguished, as in other places there still remains heat. I think it very particular that a church, where there is but little wood should be burnt down in such a manner. They say, however, there was a mixture of timber in this. Some report that it was set on fire by carelessness, and some on purpose, as the flames broke out all round at once. They tell us, indeed, there were very remarkable circumstances attending this conflagration, which if I can get at with any degree of certainty I may send you.

LET-

L E T T E R IX.

PORT ST. MARY'S, DEC. 23, 1759.

I Arrived here last night, tho' late, as the bad roads obliged us to come very slow, and even to go round by Las Cabefas, the road through the marshes by Levrija not being any longer passable since the late rains. The French and English fleets are still in the port of Cadiz. Three ships of admiral Broderick's squadron are disabled by the storm, the Prince, the Newark, and the Culloden. The two latter are dismasted, and the first has lost her rudder. By all accounts their whole fleet had nearly perished, as the wind blew so strong they could not double the entrance into the harbour, but were running upon the rocks on the opposite side near Rota. This obliged them to cut away their masts, which, however, might have been ineffectual,

tual, had not Navarro, the Spanish admiral, with his failors given some help. Admiral Broderick, by the arrival of the Guernsey and Thetis from Gibraltar, has again made up a fleet, with which he judges himself able to engage the French. These were the two ships which I before told you went to Barbary, and which have since returned from thence without doing any thing material there with the king of Marocco. I think he will not accept the sum offered for the redemption of the English captives. As for the English and French fleets at Cadiz they are both equally desirous of leaving that port; the French to fly away, I suppose, and the English to get get out and wait off Cadiz for them. The governor has been obliged to lay upon both what appears to me just laws of neutrality. Upon putting his restrictions the wind was entirely contrary. From twelve at noon one day till twelve at noon the next the English are at liberty to go out, and the French the same the day after,

after, and so alternately. You may think they had the advantage whose day it was first to go out, but at the time of the governor's laying this injunction there was no chance of their failing for some days, upon account of the strong southerly wind and stormy weather. In fact yesterday was the first day it was attempted, which was by the French, but they found the wind so contrary, that they could do nothing, and returned. This morning early, which was the English day till twelve o'clock, Broderick attempted the same, and got a little way out, tho' with the danger of stranding one of his ships. They cast anchor in the place they got to. The time from twelve o'clock this morning till twelve o'clock tomorrow belongs to the French. It is now night, and they have not as yet made the least use of their privilege. There is a report, with what truth I know not, of Broderick's having declared to the governor, that as he had been complainant enough to let the French try once to go

out, he thought himself difengaged from any other obligations to the court of Spain, and should go out when he thought proper. But this, I believe, is only a rumour. I will wait to finish my paper till tomorrow morning, when, perhaps, there may be some more news.

Port St. Mary's, Dec. 24th 1759. It is now twelve o'clock, and the French have not been able to move in their last four and twenty hours, so that it is now the turn of the English again, but I am afraid they will not be able to make any more use of it than the French.

L E T T E R X.

PORT ST. MARY'S, DEC 25, 1759.

I Took my Christmas dinner to day on board the Guernsey. I had much difficulty to get to her, as our fleet this morning before twelve o'clock was got a great way off, tho' with the danger of losing a sixty gun ship, the Jersey, I think, that struck early this morning upon a rock or shoal called the Diamond, but by timely assistance she received no damage. I heard the guns of distress early in the morning. Broderick now esteems himself as out of the jurisdiction of Cadiz. So that the alternation of the four and twenty hours between the French and English are finished. While I was on board they continued warping out by little and little with their boats, tho' the wind blew full contrary. They
are

are all in high spirits with the late victory over Conflans. The news concerning the African expedition were, that Sidi Mahomet, the emperor, would not accept the ransom they had brought for the English prisoners. They took the secretary on board at Sallee, tho' with some difficulty, as the sea ran so high all the time they were off that coast, that they could hardly land a boat. He has been treated very well by the emperor, to whom he presented the king's letter. He always in travelling had a guard of one hundred and fifty Barbary troopers. He did not see our slaves, as he was never nearer than four days journey to Marocco, where they are. Captain Barton, however, who was captain of the Litchfield, when she was cast away, writes that they treat him and his men very well; that the emperor is grown very fond of him, calls him the only good Englishman he ever saw, and that, if he will turn Mahometan, he will give him I do not know

know how many quintals of silver, and promote him to the rank of his first minister, and commander in chief of his naval forces, such as they are.

L E T T E R XI.

PORT ST. MARY'S, DEC. 28, 1759.

THE English fleet is at length quite gone away, and I believe the French will not stir after them. They threaten, indeed, much, but have as yet put nothing into execution. I went yesterday morning to Cadiz, to dine with one of my friends there. The French were first of all to sail by twelve o'clock, but I did not leave Cadiz till four, and they had not moved in the least, but had given out that they were to sail as this morning. There was yesterday a current report, but which I think it possible the French may have raised, of admiral Broderick's having been joined by seven ships. Ships are, indeed, expected from England, but I should think they could hardly arrive so soon. — — —

LET-

L E T T E R XII.

PORT ST. MARY'S, JAN. 1, 1760.

THE French fleet are not stirred out yet. Indeed, I believe they will take up their winter quarters here in the bay of Cadiz. They say for certain, that admiral Broderick has been joined by the Sterling Castle from Lisbon, and a frigate or two. This is all the public news we have at present, and the private only consists in the excess of rain. It has poured down almost without cessation for a month, and sometimes with a violence unknown in our northern climates. — — —

L E T-

L E T T E R XIII.

PORT ST. MARY'S, JAN. 3, 1760.

YESTERDAY, to our great surprize, the French fleet sailed, but our wonder ceased when we were informed an hour or two afterwards, by a courier from Gibraltar, that admiral Broderick had been driven through the Streights by a storm, and that the English fleet were then at the back of Gibraltar rock. The French got this news about an hour before us, and set sail immediately. Opinions are very different concerning their destination. Some think they are returning to Toulon, but as they can not pass the Streights without almost the certainty of an engagement, I should suspect they have taken some other course. If they had intended to fight, why did not they take so many opportunities as they had before?

But

But a day or two will clear up this matter. I should rather think they are sailed to Martinico, tho' it is said they had not provisions enough on board to carry them there. Others imagine they may be gone to some of the westerly ports of France. That also would seem to me dangerous, after the Brest fleet has met with such a rebuff, tho' they might, perhaps, get safe into Rochefort, or some of the lower parts of the kingdom. Perhaps they do not know where they are going themselves, and are only sailed out of the port of Cadiz to avoid the ridicule the Spaniards put upon them. Their own countrymen, likewise, the French merchants, laughed at them upon their not being willing to go out after the storm had so reduced our fleet. Who knows but some remains of generosity and courage may have sent them to give us battle? If they do, the great spirits our seamen are in, seem to be almost a sure presage of victory.—I
will

will conclude my paper with a droll little ancient epitaph, said to be found at Cadiz.

“ D. M. S. *

“ Si lubet legito.

“ Heliodorus infanus Carthaginiensis ad
 “ extremum orbis sarcophago, testamento,
 “ me hoc jussi condier, ut viderem, si me
 “ quisquam infanior, ad me visendum, usque
 “ ad hæc loca penetraret.”

* Read this or let it alone.

I Heliodorus, the madman of Carthage, have by will ordered my body to be entombed in this fag-end of the world, to see if any person more mad than myself will come so far to make me a visit.

L E T.

L E T T E R XIV.

PORT ST. MARY'S, JAN. 8, 1760.

WE have had no news as yet where the French fleet is gone, which makes us at least certain that they are not gone up the Streights;* for if they were, I think we must have inevitably heard of it by this time. It is imagined the Prince, the Culoden, and the Newark, who are still in the bay, will go in a short time from hence to Gibraltar, to be entirely repaired. The Prince, I believe, has pieced up a tolerably good rudder, but she will stay for the others as a sort of convoy; for I believe they alone would be but badly able to stand an

* They did, however, go up the Streights, and return to Toulon, without our fleet's perceiving them, or knowing any thing of the matter.

engagement, (if one was to happen,) with their jury masts, as they could not get any that would do for them in the dock. I think we have no other news stirring at present of any sort.

As I gave you one inscription at Cadiz in my last paper, I will give you another in this. I never saw it any more than the former, but Alexander Geraldino, bishop of St. Domingo, who has been dead I do not know how long, declares he did.

“ Menechœus * Pataræus utrâque linguâ
 “ eruditus, cum secreta magni oceani scire
 “ in animo haberem, distractâ parentum
 “ hæreditate, ultimum occidentem adivi,
 “ Gades

* “ I Menechœus of Pataræ, skilled in both the
 “ tongues (Greek and Latin), being desirous of knowing
 “ the secrets of the great ocean, and having squandered
 “ away the inheritance of my ancestors, penetrated to
 “ the extremity of the west. With my body prostrate
 “ upon

“ Gades intravi, simulachrum Herculis toto
 “ corpore per terram extenso adoravi. Inde
 “ fluxu et refluxu oceani diu confiderato,
 “ comperi magnum mare lunam fequi deam,
 “ et magnâ adeo potentiâ numina fuperna
 “ agere, ut res humanæ nihil comparatione

“ upon earth, I adored the image of Hercules. Having
 “ afterwards long confidered the flux and reflux of the
 “ ocean, I found that the great fea followed the goddeſs
 “ Luna; and that the immortal gods acted with ſuch
 “ mighty power, as to leave no comparifon between
 “ things human and celeftial. This wonder did I firſt
 “ make known in the preſence of the people of Gades,
 “ and of the neighbouring provinces. My death at
 “ length approaching, I received, by public gift from
 “ the ſenate and people, a place for my burial near the
 “ temple of Hercules. Farewell! O my country.
 “ Farewell, ye inhabitants of Gades, who have borne
 “ me much affection; for to this are we born, that in
 “ a ſhort revolution of time, both thoſe who love, and
 “ thoſe who are beloved, muſt reciprocally part. I died
 “ the day before the kalends of October, the emperor
 “ Elius Hadrianus Cefar Auguſtus, ſon of the divine
 “ Nerva Trajanus Auguſtus, ruling the globe.

“ cœlestium sint. Et hoc ego primus præ-
 “ senti populo Gaditano et finitimis populis
 “ apertum reliqui. Deinde morte mihi ap-
 “ propinquante, decreto senatus et populi
 “ publicè locum sepulturæ e regione templi
 “ Herculei recepi. Vale, patria mea! Valetè,
 “ Gaditani, qui me magnopere amastis. Ad
 “ hoc enim nati sumus, ut brevi temporum
 “ cursu et qui amant et qui amantur se
 “ invicem relinquant. Obii diem Aelio
 “ Hadriano Cæs. Aug. Imp. Divi. Nervæ
 “ Trajani Aug. filio orbi imperante, pridie
 “ Kal. Octob.”

A few days ago I was reading a droll
 history of the taking of Cadiz by the Eng-
 lish in the year 1596. I may possibly give
 you some extracts from it; and to make
 you laugh at present, I will give you the
 author's proem. His history is a general
 account of Cadiz, but the sixth book he
 entirely confines to the English invasion,
 under the earl of Essex. He begins thus.

“ I

“ I now enter upon a matter, the relation
 “ of which I can not give without tears.
 “ The subject of this book will be the melancholy fate of Cadiz, destroyed by
 “ English barbarity. As an historian, I am
 “ strictly bound to observe truth. I can not,
 “ however, avoid feeling for the woes of
 “ my native country. Upon a similar occasion, Virgil has painted his Eneas as
 “ refusing to recount the fatal burning of
 “ Troy, when pressed by the desire of
 “ Dido. A sigh forcing its way from the
 “ inmost of his heart, he exclaimed emphatically,
 “ cally,

“ Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem
 “ Trojanas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
 “ Eruerint Danaï.

“ My first intention was only to give a
 “ sketch of this catastrophe, veiling it under a brief relation ; but by the repeated
 “ instances of my countrymen and friends,
 “ I have been obliged to write a minute
 D 3 , “ account

“ account of every thing. The curious
 “ will find nothing wanting, for I have
 “ published to the world every individual
 “ circumstance that offered itself to me;
 “ renewing thereby griefs which my pen
 “ trembles to relate.”

“ I, indeed, was not like Eneas present
 “ at this calamity,

“ ———Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.

“ However, many of the old natives of
 “ Cadiz give ocular testimony of the con-
 “ flagration, of whom, indeed, I am a part,
 “ as being their progeny,

“ ———Et quorum pars magna fui,

“ Who then, but he who has his heart
 “ triply covered with brags, can refrain
 “ those torrents which must pour from
 “ his eyes, when his memory recalls so hor-
 “ rid a massacre,

“ ———Quis talia fando

“ Temperet a lacrymis.

“ Even

“ Even the patriarch Camilo Gaetano, apostolical nuncio in Spain, signified his grief in relating what had happened in a letter which he addressed to the churches of Spain. Its date is from Madrid, 5 nonas Octob, anno 1598.

“ Nobilissima* siquidem Gadicensis civitas, et opulentissima illius Ecclesia (prout neminem vestrum latere potest, et nos non sine lacrymis reminiscimur) anno 1596 Anglorum et aliorum fidei Catholicæ hostium injuriâ, invasione et depredatione misere direpta fuit.”

“ But since I am obliged to condescend to the entreaties of my friends, and call

* “ The very noble city of Cadiz, with its church (as none of you are ignorant, nor can without tears recollect,) was in the year 1596 wretchedly plundered by the hostile invasion of the English, and other enemies of the catholic religion.”

“ to the minds of the people what my
“ country suffered in that cruel invasion,

“ Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros

“ Et breviter Trojæ supremum audire, laborem,

“ although my pen unwillingly expresses
“ the horror of my mind, although an in-
“ undation of tears confuses my sight, I
“ will begin the tragedy,

“ Quanquam animus meminisse horret luctuquæ refugit,

“ Incipiam.”

L E T T E R X V.

CADIZ, JAN. 14, 1760.

HAVING got every thing ready for my reception at Madrid, I am come to this place to take leave of my acquaintance. I shall set out for Seville the day after tomorrow, where after having staid some days, I shall proceed upon my journey.

In my last paper I gave you the proem a gentleman prefixed to his history of the taking of Cadiz by Queen Elizabeth's troops. I will continue some of the history in this. After having called Sir Francis Drake a great seaman, but a greater pirate, and spoken of his appearing off Cadiz a year or two before the taking it, he begins that expedition. He gives a long description of the entry the English made into the bay of Cadiz, and of
their

their defeating some Spanish galleons there, after which he goes on thus.

“ The first of July 1596, at three o'clock
“ in the afternoon, the English landed. The
“ count of Essex, general of the land forces,
“ with a regiment of veteran soldiers, was
“ the first who trod Spanish ground. The
“ corregidor of Sherries with three hundred
“ horse faced him in order to hinder his ad-
“ vancing towards the city, but as the arms
“ his cavalry had were only swords and
“ lances fit for the times of don Rodrigo,
“ without the assistance of any fire arms,
“ their endeavours served but little. The
“ corregidor of Cadiz had refused to give
“ them any. The corregidor of Sherries
“ in his first attack killed two Englishmen.
“ They relate of a Franciscan friar, that
“ being on horseback in this fray, he threw
“ himself among the English with impetu-
“ osity. He held a lance in one hand, and
“ a crucifix in the other. He killed two
“ heretics,

“ heretics, but then the English rushed up-
 “ on him in so great a number, that they
 “ tore him in pieces. It was an action more
 “ rash than courageous. In the mean time
 “ our cavalry was broken and put to flight.
 “ They rallied, however, and returned a
 “ second time to the charge. But at last
 “ they found themselves obliged to re-enter
 “ the city with the enemy pursuing them.
 “ A piece of cannon from one of the bat-
 “ teries stopt them, however, from pro-
 “ ceeding for some time, as they ima-
 “ gined there was still more artillery there,
 “ but finding the contrary they advanced
 “ afresh, galling all the time the rear of our
 “ retreat. Upon the corregidor of Sherries
 “ arriving at the gates and finding them
 “ shut, he was obliged to leave some of his
 “ horse, and climb over the mound of
 “ earth that had been taken out of the
 “ moat a little before in order to render Ca-
 “ diz the stronger, but as they had thrown
 “ it up against the walls, it served, indeed,
 “ as

“ as a ladder to our countrymen, but also as
“ a free passage for our enemies. Our troops
“ made a halt, after they had passed the
“ wall, but they were not able to defend it
“ in opposition to the inexpressible fury with
“ which the English mounted. Overpow-
“ ered by men and artillery, their broken
“ ranks were obliged to retreat to the prin-
“ cipal square of the city, where they heard
“ that the chief part of the garrison was
“ assembled. But they did not find what
“ they desired. Fear, or a common infa-
“ tuation, had so gained the masterdom of
“ our hearts, that the greatest part were re-
“ tired to the asylum of sacred places. Some
“ were gone to their houses and other pos-
“ sessions in order to buy their lives by
“ surrendering up their riches. Each
“ seemed to have the murdering sword al-
“ ready at his throat. The corregidor of
“ Cadiz retired to his palace with his wife
“ and children and family, leaving the city
“ without a chief, and the troops without

“ a

“ a commander. Let those remark this
 “ circumstance, who inconsiderately blame
 “ the Spaniards for not having behaved
 “ themselves well. The governed can not,
 “ nor ought to do more than their gover-
 “ nor. When the head is distempered the
 “ disease is partaken of by all the limbs.
 “ What can be expected of soldiers when
 “ their general turns his back? An action
 “ worthy, indeed, to be transmitted to pos-
 “ terity! Julius Cæsar did not teach this
 “ policy in Munda. His army was already
 “ routed; young Pompey’s soldiers were
 “ crying victory; yet he, all wounded and
 “ bloody, encouraged the few that remain-
 “ ed, throwing himself boldly into the midst
 “ of danger, till he restored the battle, and
 “ was crowned with conquest.

“ Besides this it would have been too
 “ great rashness for six hundred soldiers
 “ only, and those without a commander, to
 “ have provoked a victorious enemy amount-
 “ ing

“ ing at least to the number of nine thou-
“ sand. The waiting for them with hu-
“ mility was obliging them to indulgence,
“ buying the precious jewel of life at the
“ honest price of submission. But even in
“ these melancholy circumstances the people
“ of Cadiz were not entirely wanting in
“ their duty. As soon as they saw that the
“ English had entered by the wall, and that
“ their corregidor had abandoned them,
“ many were the cavaliers who loudly called
“ out for a chief to direct them in the de-
“ fence of their country. But no person
“ chusing to take upon him the command,
“ for supremacy is not always desirable,
“ don Pedro of Castille, judge of the Indies,
“ raised his voice and sword, and said, “ Let
“ him that is zealous to serve his God and
“ his country follow me.” The words were
“ no sooner out of his mouth than he spur-
“ his horse towards the wall that the Eng-
“ lish were mounting. Many followed him.
“ But alas ! the enemy was already advanced
“ and

“ and masters of every thing. This obliged our
 “ adventurous band to return to the square.
 “ In all this time of danger there was no
 “ one thought of going round to collect the
 “ troops that were spread about the bastions
 “ and sea shore. Such was the confusion
 “ caused by want of proper order. The
 “ corregidor of Sherries was still, indeed,
 “ with his partizans in the square. They
 “ still burnt with desire to face the enemy,
 “ who now trod triumphant the streets of
 “ Cadiz. They advanced towards them,
 “ but as they were few, and the resistance
 “ great, they found themselves obliged to
 “ seek for shelter in some houses. From
 “ thence they killed many English with
 “ stones, nor would they surrender, tho’
 “ they knew the whole city was taken.
 “ However the enemy at last brought up
 “ two pieces of artillery, and beating down
 “ part of the houses, took them prisoners.
 “ While these things were doing the useless
 “ people retired, some to the principal
 “ church,

“ church, and others to the palace of the
“ bishop, where they confessed themselves
“ and consumed the remains of the most
“ holy sacrament.

“ The abbess of the convent of St. Mary’s,
“ with a manly spirit, a crucifix in her
“ hands, and tears flowing from her eyes,
“ knew how to use such efficacious words
“ to her nuns, that she left them well dis-
“ posed to suffer for their religion and honor.
“ She was followed in this by many other
“ congregations. Supplications and entrea-
“ ties to heaven were repeated in all. All
“ with tears implored the assistance of the
“ divine clemency against so unbelieving and
“ powerful an enemy, and from whom
“ that humanity could not be expected,
“ which was afterwards experienced.

“ The bastion of St. Philip’s was defend-
“ ed all that night. It was under the com-
“ mand of the captain de Yrigoyen, who
“ would

" would not surrender it. But when they
" saw the day after that all the city was for
" the enemy, and English colours waving
" over our bastions and towers, they sub-
" mitted.

L E T T E R XVI.

LAS CABESAS, JAN. 16, 1760.

I AM now at a half way house between Port St. Mary's and Seville, where as there is nothing else to say, I will add a little more of the man's history of the taking of Cadiz. As he is extremely prolix I do not give it you entirely, but skip from place to place.

“ Wednesday the 3d of July the liberty
 “ of plundering the city was proclaimed by
 “ drums and trumpets. It was carried on
 “ this day with moderation and humanity.
 “ For the English noblemen who began first,
 “ being by their nature courteous and *urbane*
 “ bridled the common people in their pro-
 “ ceedings. Had they not been infected with
 “ heresy the plundered would have esteemed
 “ them-

“ themselves very much obliged to them.
 “ They omitted a great many injuries they
 “ might have done. There were various noble
 “ ladies houses, the mistresses of which had
 “ not yet had an opportunity of going out
 “ of the city, in which many remarkable
 “ cases as well of good breeding and civility
 “ happened, as of insolence from the com-
 “ mon people and those of lower sphere.

“ Thursday 4th July. The plundering
 “ was continued every where with so much
 “ inhumanity and fury, that all hell toge-
 “ ther seemed to have conspired against un-
 “ happy Cadiz. They took every thing
 “ from the houses, and carried it on board
 “ their ships. They pulled down walls and
 “ roofs where they expected any thing might
 “ be hidden. They made engines to draw
 “ the wells, and finks, and shores, and
 “ from them a great deal of gold and silver,
 “ that had been concealed there, was ex-
 “ tracted. Nor did their fury and avarice

“ spare the bodies of the dead. They opened
“ the burial places, seeking the accomplish-
“ ment of their avaricious desires amidst the
“ stench and horror of the grave. They
“ rewarded those who would tell them
“ where money was concealed, or if they
“ refused to do it would sometimes put
“ swords to their throats, sometimes cords
“ about their necks, and sometimes lay
“ hands upon them with such impiety and
“ ignominy, that words are ignorant of
“ terms to express it.

“ They stripped the women to see if they
“ had any jewels about them. If their
“ cloaths were good they took them away.
“ As riches of all kinds were found, they
“ had not hands enough to carry them on
“ board. They undid the mattraffes, and
“ leaving the wool took away the linen.
“ They burnt all papers and records with
“ others things of which they could make
“ no use. They tore the bars from the
“ window

“ window curtains or whatever else they
 “ found of iron. They lowered the bells
 “ from the towers and conveyed them to
 “ their vessels, together with all the artillery,
 “ guns and ammunition with which the
 “ arsenals were well provided. They burnt
 “ or broke whatever was useless to them-
 “ selves, in order that nothing might re-
 “ main which could be in the least profitable
 “ to the Spaniards.

“ But that which most shocks our souls,
 “ and which my pen trembles to relate,
 “ was the profanation of the temples. Here
 “ my breath fails me. My aching heart
 “ must unbosom itself in sighs at sight of so
 “ enormous an impiety. Even Titus, tho’
 “ a gentile, abstained from a similar bold-
 “ ness in the destruction of Jerusalem. He
 “ ordered them not to touch the temple.
 “ And we see upon this occasion Christian
 “ sectaries making stables of the churches,
 “ practising in them a thousand vilenesses

“ and irreverences, laughing at the sacred
“ things, treating the priests contemptu-
“ ously with bad words and injuries, and
“ pulling down altars which catholic de-
“ cency had adorned ! Their audaciousness
“ passed so far that even the images of Christ
“ our happiness, and of his sacred mother,
“ and of the saints, were not exempt from
“ their fury. They pulled them down from
“ the places where pious devotion had con-
“ secrated them, they trod upon them with
“ ignominy, and trying on them the edge of
“ their swords, cut them to pieces, deliver-
“ ing the relics to the fire to serve their
“ kitchens. Oh ! horror, oh ! impiety.
“ In comparison of this the loss of our fleet
“ was nothing, nor the melancholy invasion
“ of Cadiz, for this latter injury imme-
“ diately concerned the divine honor. It
“ happened in the midst of this horrid pro-
“ fanation, that some heretics were injuring
“ an image of Christ our saviour crucified.
“ It is to be seen still with the greatest vene-
“ ration

“ ration in the holy desert of our lady of
 “ snow, a convent of barefooted Carmeli-
 “ tans, as also another of the most sacred
 “ virgin with the title of La Vulnerata in
 “ the Irish college at Valladolid.* They
 “ were cutting it in pieces to use it in the
 “ same manner as they had done the rest.
 “ A catholic who was present, a native of
 “ Sherries, called Juan Garcia, his face
 “ glowing with holy zeal, cried out to
 “ them, “ Heretics, where is it permitted in
 “ the presence of Christians that the image
 “ of my Lord and God should be so injuri-
 “ ously treated and despised ?” As soon as
 “ these words were out of his mouth he drew

* They show you in the convent of the victory at Port
 St. Mary’s many images, some with balls in them, and
 others cut and hacked about, which they say the English
 treated in this manner, when they were masters of that
 place. Among other things there is a crucifix, which
 they tell you ran blood upon a soldier’s having struck it
 with a sword. They recount many other stories of the
 like nature.

“ his sword and flung himself among them,
“ Some he killed, others he wounded, till at
“ last the enemy fell upon him in such num-
“ bers that they tore him to pieces. An
“ action worthy of perpetual memory, and
“ which if more often imitated divine
“ injuries would be less.”

LET.

L E T T E R XVII.

SEVILLE, JAN. 20, 1760.

AS you see by my date I am arrived at Seville.—Nothing worth relating happened by the way. To continue you a little more of the man's history of the taking of Cadiz.

“ Many learned persons and literati came
 “ along with the English army. Some
 “ were in a military drefs, and others in
 “ their long robes like counsellors robes.
 “ They happened by chance to meet with
 “ some Augustinian friars, who were going
 “ in the *flota* to the Phillippine islands.
 “ The question was started about the adora-
 “ tion of holy images. The outrages which
 “ had been done to them was the cause of
 “ its coming upon the tapis. The case was
 “ controverted, and the English remained
 “ con-

“ confuted; particularly one, who was so
“ struck with the force of our reasons, that
“ he begged friar Christopher Vivero, guardian of St. Francis, to find out some method for him to elope from his countrymen, that he might free himself from so many enemies of God. But the others, altho’ conscious of the weight of our arguments, remained in their error; for so great is the obstinacy of heretics, that notwithstanding they know the truth, and have it proved with evidence, they prefer worldly good to the blessings of heaven.”

“ Saturday, the 6th of July, the heretics
“ made great feasting and rejoicings for
“ their success in the taking of Cadiz.
“ The count of Essex, as a reward for their
“ services, dubbed seventy officers, knights,
“ of those who had most signalized themselves in the undertaking. They celebrated their good fortune with many
“ de-

“ demonstrations of joy, running at the
 “ ring, and triumphing in our principal
 “ square with the same liberty and satis-
 “ faction as they could have done in that
 “ of London.”

“ The mortal hatred that the heretics of
 “ England bear the Jesuits (effect of the
 “ great learning and holy zeal with which
 “ those industrious laborers in the Lord al-
 “ ways have procured and still procure in
 “ those islands the dilatation of the catholic
 “ faith,) was well manifested in this inva-
 “ sion of Cadiz. They asked the natives
 “ for them, crying out at every step, *Jesuitæ*
 “ *sunt hic?* These religious men proceeded
 “ in all the course of the present tragedy
 “ with singular zeal and piety; confessing
 “ and consoling the afflicted people, and
 “ taking care of the good direction of their
 “ souls, without sparing the least inconve-
 “ nience or trouble to encourage their terri-
 “ fied minds. As soon as they had notice
 “ that

“ that their enemies went diligently in
“ search of them, and that the city was
“ now entirely in their power, they at-
“ tempted to conceal themselves among the
“ people that went out. However, some
“ were discovered notwithstanding their
“ disguises, and received a most plentiful
“ charge of affronts and blows; and the
“ soldiers used to cry out to them in their
“ own tongue. “ Ah ! priest, dog of a
“ Jesuit.” Two friars remained as a guard
“ to the college they have in Cadiz, upon
“ whom fell all the fury of the heretics,
“ when they sacked it. They gave so many
“ strokes with the spear of a halbert to one
“ of them, because he would not outrage
“ the image of Pope Sixtus the fifth, that
“ they left him almost dead, with five
“ wounds in his head. They put a cord
“ about the neck of the other, who was
“ a sacristan, and hung him upon a peg,
“ because he shewed a resentment at the
“ injuries with which they were treating
“ an

“ an image of infant Jesus, that stood upon
 “ an altar. They kept him hanging a
 “ a long time, and when they thought he
 “ was dead, cut the cord and let him fall.
 “ Some catholics got remedies for him so
 “ speedily, that he returned to himself,
 “ and when he was got better, escaped
 “ among some other people, from the claws
 “ of those barbarians.

“ The English followed their rage in the
 “ sack of the college of that order with
 “ such madness and fury, that after they
 “ had robbed it of every thing that was
 “ precious, broken in pieces the rich orna-
 “ ments, destroyed a beautiful library of
 “ books, pulled down altars, pictures,
 “ images, and whatever was in the church,
 “ they set fire to that fabric, by which the
 “ vestry and the quire were consumed.
 “ The rest remained untouched, as the fire
 “ had not taken all round. This is the
 “ fruit which those holy fathers derived
 “ from

“ from the example and doctrine with which
“ they have always persevered in the re-
“ duction of those infected isles of Britain,
“ opposing themselves catholicly to the
“ pestiferous canker of Luther and Calvin,
“ so rooted in those unhappy kingdoms.”

L E T T E R XVIII.

SEVILLE, JAN. 24, 1760.

I Shall set out for Madrid in a few days. I will now finish the man's description of the English expedition against Cadiz.

“ They set fire to the town in the four
 “ fronts. The devouring flames o’ertopt
 “ the most lofty edifices, and nourished by
 “ combustibles already properly disposed,
 “ sent the effects of their voracity to heaven
 “ in rolls of thick smoke, which blackened
 “ all the air. The churches were destroyed,
 “ especially the cathedral, where the fire
 “ raged with such fury, that it penetrated
 “ quite to the foundations. No palace or
 “ conspicuous house remained, which the
 “ unrelenting anger of the conflagration
 “ spared. It was a second Troy.

Jam

“ — — — Jam Deiophobi dedit ampla ruinam,
 “ Vulcano superante domus, jam proximus ardet
 “ Ucalegon, Sigæa igni freta late relucet.
 “ Exoritur clamorque virum clangorq tubarum.
 “ Urbs antiqua ruit multos dominata per annos.”

“ The fire continued the fourteenth and
 “ fifteenth of July, during which period
 “ the third part of the city and the best edi-
 “ fices were reduced to ashes. To this our
 “ enemies added a no less cruelty, for great
 “ part of what the flames spared the more
 “ relentless hand of man threw down.

“ Monday the 15th the count of Essex
 “ with all his people re-embarked, and he
 “ himself got on board the vice-admiral at
 “ four o'clock in the afternoon. After,
 “ therefore, that the enemy had sacked the
 “ city, enjoyed a very rich spoil, burnt the
 “ third part of it, temples, churches, and
 “ best edifices, re-embarked all their train
 “ of artillery and ammunition, made them-
 “ selves masters of the galleons that were in
 “ the

“ the bay, undermined and spoilt the streets
 “ and squares, and committed the greatest
 “ insolencies and injuries that barbarians ever
 “ executed, after this they gave their sails
 “ to the wind, steering towards England.

“ To represent the state in which Cadiz
 “ was found upon the enemy’s abandoning
 “ it, would demand a stronger pen and
 “ more lively rhetoric than mine. As I
 “ was born there, I write more with tears
 “ than ink. That great emporium of the
 “ world was now but a disfigured carcase of
 “ its antient pride. At the horrid image
 “ the most obdurate hearts must melt. The
 “ best edifices were ruined by the violence
 “ of fire, and the few, which were still
 “ standing, were so destroyed and open, that
 “ they could not be inhabited. The doors
 “ and windows were uncovered, and the
 “ courts full of filth and corruption. All
 “ this together was the origin of such an
 “ infernal plague of flies and other unclean

“ infects, that there was no going through
“ the streets or entering the houses; a thing
“ never heard of since the plagues of Egypt.”

This *very learned* author goes on much longer in the same strain, but, I think, I have given you enough of the invasion of Cadiz, and will conclude that and my paper together.

L E T T E R X I X.

SEVILLE, JAN. 27, 1760.

I Will now give you what the good man says concerning the city of Cadiz itself, as I have already done with regard to the taking of it. He begins thus.

“ Where the foaming ocean acknowledges
 “ a bridle to his rage, breaking his curling
 “ waves at the end of the world, eighteen
 “ leagues distant from the streights of Gib-
 “ raltar, and two and twenty from the sacred
 “ promontory or cape of St. Vincent’s, na-
 “ ture hath erected a rock. Tho’ it is not
 “ so high as to be entirely exempt from the
 “ tyrannical jurisdiction of that haughty
 “ element, yet it is at least sufficient to resist
 “ its foolish petulancies, and has preserved
 “ itself firm against the continued agitation

“ of its waves for more than four thousand
 “ years, altho’ environed on all sides by its
 “ angry foam, and, indeed, at the cost of
 “ some little diminution of its limits. It
 “ is cut off from the main land by a very
 “ little division, and has gained itself the
 “ glorious title of the most celebrated island
 “ of the globe. Strabo calls it so, lib. 3d.
 “ *Eo * felicitatis incrementique pervenit,*
 “ *ut licet in extremo sita orbe terrarum,*
 “ *universas tamen nominis celebritate ex-*
 “ *cellat.*

“ Upon this island or rock, check to the
 “ pride of the sea, is founded the most
 “ ancient city of Cadiz; emporium of the
 “ whole world; illustrious for its origin;
 “ famous for its nobility; glorious for its
 “ trophies; and whose benign climate in-
 “ fluences generosity. The court of the

“ This island has attained to such an augmented degree
 “ of opulence, that, tho’ placed in the extreme corner of the
 “ earth, its illustrious name surpasses that of all others.”

“ first

“ first kings of Spain, and theatre of their
 “ conquests. The principal garrison of the
 “ Carthaginians ; the metropolis of Mauri-
 “ tania Tingitana ; the first colony of the
 “ Romans ; the place where the Phenicians
 “ had their most esteemed commerce ; and
 “ the asylum of the Phocenians. The
 “ city which succoured Tyre, defended
 “ Sidon, and caused emulation to Assyria.
 “ Which gave to all Asia and America dex-
 “ terous sailors and opulent merchants ; to
 “ Jerusalem riches, consuls and emperors ;
 “ to Rome invincible martyrs ; to the
 “ church enlightened confessors. The de-
 “ fired of nations ; the sought after by
 “ monarchs ; the solicited by emperors ; the
 “ praised by historians ; and the surpasser
 “ of her own reputation.”

You may, perhaps, be surprized at all
 those lofty titles given by our author to the
 dirty city of Cadiz. But it is so, nay, he

goes farther, and places the ancient Roman Elyfian fields there.

“ Betica (Andalusia) illustrious province
“ of our Spain, the greatest, the most fer-
“ tile, the most abundant (so much so that
“ the great doctress and seraphic virgin
“ St. Teresa went so far as to say, that
“ the devil had much power in it, upon
“ account of its great gaiety, extent and
“ diversions,) took the origin of its name
“ from Beth, which, according to Berofus,
“ means to say beatitude, and all the pro-
“ vince Beatica tellus, happy land. Here,
“ as emporium of delights, and com-
“ pendium of all pleasures, the Gentiles
“ placed their famous Elyfian fields, in
“ order that this singular paradise might
“ render Spain not less worthy to be praised,
“ than beautiful Tempe did Thessaly, and
“ his ever florid gardens Alcinous.

“ And,

“ And, although all circumstances re-
 “ garded, whatever the Betis (now the Gua-
 “ dalquivir,) washes from its origin till it
 “ empties itself into the ocean may enjoy
 “ this eulogium, the island of Cadiz alone
 “ has possession without dispute, Strabo,
 “ Homer, Virgil, Statius, Orosius, Silius
 “ Italicus, Villalpanto, and others, make
 “ her inheritrix of this happiness,

“ If we regard the climate, its sky is
 “ most benign and clear; and being moist,
 “ ened on all sides by the ceruleous element
 “ of Neptune, it holds the Zephirs as
 “ chained, which at all hours refresh it.
 “ The sun never shewed itself with a frown,
 “ On the contrary, as in setting so near, he
 “ mitigates the ardor of his rays in the
 “ waters of the deep, he communicates
 “ most peaceful influences to this fortunate
 “ spot. It was this gaye occasion for the
 “ poets to feign that in this island, as in
 “ its proper sphere, that bright *planet* reposed,

“ and that Phœbus here baited the horses
 “ of his carr, tired with running all day
 “ their gilded ecliptic.

• *Armat Tartessus stabulanti conscia Phœbo,
 Flagrantes sol pronus equos, rutilamq lavabat
 Oceani sub fronte comam.*—

“ And for this reason we find upon the
 “ reverse of some coins, this island has
 “ anciently struck the figure of a setting
 “ sun, done in such a manner as to shew
 “ that when he sinks here below the wave,
 “ he appears so great and beautiful, that
 “ some said the sun grew here at setting,
 “ as it was imagined he did in the east at
 “ rising. And if the Indians adored the
 “ eastern sun, the Gaditani did the west-
 “ tern.”

I think the foregoing lines are of Silius
 Italicus. I did not mark down who was
 the author of all this, when I parted with
 the book, and I cannot get it again now to
 look ;

PORTUGAL, SPAIN, &c. 39

look ; for I borrowed it at Port St. Mary's, where I took these quotations out of it. Tartessus is one of the Latin names of Cadiz. It had many ancient ones ; as Gades, Erythea, Aphrodisia, Julia Augusta Gadirana, Promontorium Herculeum. It was known also by the names of the pillars of Hercules, the boundary of the earth, the extremity of the world, and the Roman colony.

L E T.

L E T T E R XX.

SEVILLE, JAN. 31, 1760.

— — — — I Shall not set out for Madrid till some days hence. Nor will this necessary retardation be useless in the convenience of my journey. The roads will be rather better, and the weather more pleasant. Madrid is a long way from hence. I think they reckon eighty-four leagues, and I measure five English miles to a Spanish league, at least in these parts.

To conclude my dissertation upon the situation of Cadiz, being where the Romans placed the Elyfian fields.

“ The temperate sphere of this little, but
 “ peaceable spot, does not give place to the
 “ cold of snows, or the violence of hail. A
 “ perpetual

“ perpetual spring reigns without the alter-
 “ ation of seasons, and its benign tempera-
 “ ment is perpetually preserved, and al-
 “ ways enjoys propitiously the beautiful ap-
 “ pearance of the sun ; which with a sweet
 “ murmur falls into the ocean, a happy
 “ movement celebrated by Papinius, who
 “ speaking of this blest isle, says,

*Felix heu ! nimis et beata tellus,
 Quæ pronos Hyperionis meatus
 Summis Oceani vides in undis,
 Stridoremq; rotæ candentis audis,*

“ Lastly, near the Elysian fields lay the
 “ river of oblivion, called Lethe. The
 “ poets feigned that this river was necessary
 “ to be passed to go to the beatitude of those
 “ enchanted regions. Even this circum-
 “ stance is not wanting to the island of
 “ Cadiz. At two leagues distance it has
 “ the river Lethe, now Guadalete” (I lived
 at Port St. Mary’s, upon the banks of it,)
 “ which, disembodying itself into its ample
 “ bay

“ bay by Port St. Mary’s, sweetens part of
 “ its salt waters. This was so known to
 “ the ancients for the river of oblivion, that
 “ when the renowned Brutus was to pass
 “ over it, he judged it a sacrilege to tread
 “ upon the opposite bank, for fear he should
 “ forget his native country Rome, as Lucius
 “ Florus emphatically tells us. These are
 “ the circumstances and properties, which
 “ make the truth clear of Cadiz being the
 “ happy territory of the Elysian fields ;
 “ and if Don Rodrigo Caro finds them with
 “ such certainty in Seville, notwithstanding
 “ he undertakes it with so much passion
 “ and eagerness, we will give them him for
 “ his pains. But while the possession con-
 “ tinues so clearly ours, his endeavours will
 “ be vain.”

So much for the situation of the Elysian
 fields, but I will not conclude my author
 without telling you that he calls Seville
 “ the beautiful ring, of which Cadiz is the
 “ precious stone.”

L E T-

L E T T E R XXI.

SEVILLE, FEB. 3, 1760.

I Need not, perhaps, tell you that the French fleet, which was at Cadiz, is now returned to Toulon. Broderick was at the back of the rock of Gibraltar when they passed the Streights, but perceived nothing of them. He is blamed for it in these parts, whether with justice or no, I cannot tell. They say he might have kept frigates out in the Streights, but he ought to judge better of those things than we. As to all other proceedings, I have heard him much commended by the whole fleet. The English officers said at Cadiz, that he had done what man could do with regard to keeping in the French; and if the event did not answer his expectations, fortune was to be blamed, not he. We have no more politics except
the

the talk of an approaching peace, which some persons give out as certain. I have resolved to set off the day after tomorrow for Madrid, so that you will receive no more letters from Seville, but before I leave this place, I must tell you that it is a fine town, tho' like all other old cities, it has its streets in general too narrow. But I think it worthy of what it has been, the capital of a great Moorish kingdom; and I dare say it flourished more under Abdelaramo, than now it is become a province to the kings of Castille. — — —

L E T T E R XXII.

CORDOVA, FEB. 7, 1760.

I Have got thus far on my way to the Spanish court. Nothing, however, have I found particular in this place, except the cathedral, which is, indeed, a most remarkable building. It was anciently a Moorish mosque, but from the time of the Africans being driven out of Spain has been converted into a church. It is supported as they say by three hundred and sixty-five columns, as many as there are days in the year, and is upon the whole one of the most curious buildings I ever saw. It is extremely spacious, but its height is very inconsiderable, tho' aided at certain spaces by skylights, which, I think, are the only windows. When you are in the middle, you discover nothing but this wood of columns untermiated by any
walls,

walls, which has a curious effect. I think there is nothing else worthy to be seen at Cordova, without it is the king's stables, which for a monarch are but indifferent. The royal breed of horses, indeed, is only here, but those that turn out best, as soon as they are managed, are sent to Madrid. Cordova is three days journey upon my way thither, and to give you a description of that journey in order, I will carry you back to Seville, and begin with my setting out from thence.

I left Seville the day before yesterday, at about eight o'clock in the morning. I was to overtakethree otherchaifes upon the road, two of which were filled with Carthusian friars, who were, likewise, going to Madrid, and the third with an original, who called himself one of the senators of Seville. He had been with me a couple of days before, when he entered my room with his flopped hat, and Spanish cloak, and told me his quality, and
that

that having heard I was going to Madrid, he should be very proud of my company. I could not refuse him, tho' I am not a friend to chance companions, however I thought it at least the wisest way to inform myself a little who he was, and where he lived. The questions I underhand endeavoured to make for that purpose were the cause of his inviting me to dinner the next day, which I accepted as the surest method of gaining sufficient intelligence. After having agreed upon hiring two chaises, one for ourselves, and the other for our servants, we separated. Upon repairing to his house to dinner the next day, he met me at the stair head, and with much ceremony conducted me into his study. Scattered upon a great table lay many dirty papers, and upon the shelves round the room were distributed many musty looking books. The owner of this furniture made me sit down in a chair, which upon occasion might serve for a pulpit by turning the back towards you. After placing him-

self in a similar machine, he with superior majesty began to tell me how great a man he was. He shewed me fifty letters, which he had for different persons at Madrid, and one among the rest for the duke of Alva, and he seemed to plume himself much when he shewed it me, as if he was not a little proud of having such a letter of recommendation. He then said he would shew me his house as well as his letters, and accordingly led me through many apartments richly furnished with old, dirty, tarnished damasks and other things of that kind. As he pretended to be learned in the law, our conversation rolled upon that subject, in which he attempted to shew his erudition. He talked greatly of the *epykeya* or interpretation of laws. From thence he scanned away to contracts, the several modes of which he said no person had ever yet distinguished so perfectly as himself. He told me he had written several books, and some pieces of poetry, and, I believe, he might have run on for ever,

ever, if a maid had not informed us dinner was upon table.

This agreeable interruption caused us to walk into the next room, where there was a little table with two chairs, and a dish of soup in the middle attended on the sides by one of boiled apples and another of pomegranate jelly. After the soup in came the olio, or as the Spaniards write it olla, which is merely a Spanish term for boiled meat, that word signifying a pot, *continens pro contento*. We have an odd idea of a Spanish olio, as being a made-up dish composed of a thousand different sorts of meat, and peculiar to the nation. They do, indeed, often mix different kinds of meat together, and always fat of bacon with whatever other flesh they put into it, but then every thing is merely plain boiled. The *olla podrida*, or rotten olio, is, indeed, made up of game and richer materials stewed together, I think, and is, I believe, the dish we mean when we make use of that

name. Indeed the chief of Spanish cookery consists in boiling or stewing, for as the common people in these parts have few spits and no jacks, they rarely have any roast meat, and when they have it is turned by hand or by a dog. Nor do they much understand sauces. Saffron and honey is what they generally put to most things; saffron to their meats, and honey to their pastry. They are besides very fond of a fruit called *tomates*, which they mash, and eat with a number of things. We have some in England, where they go by the name of love-apples.

L E T T E R XXIII.

VEILEN, FEB. 10, 1760.

I Am now in an humble cot belonging to the little village, of which you see the name in my date. The inn was full. We were forced to be quartered like soldiers. But to bring you here in due historical order, I must reassume the thread of my narration from where I left off in my last paper. Senor Don Ferdinand, the senator of Seville, and myself were sitting at dinner together. The desert was at length served up, which consisted in different sorts of liquid sweetmeats, and confectionary goods, of which the Spaniards eat a great quantity. The wine we drank was a flourish white wine, which Don Ferdinand said grew in one of his vineyards, qualifying it with the title of most excellent, tho' to my taste

G 3 hardly

hardly drinkable. The Spaniards drink very little good wine. They send the best to us. Indeed, Seville produces none remarkably good. The inhabitants who desire any tolerable liquor, always send to Sherries, or Xeres. The Spanish after-dinner dram or liqueur concluded our repast. Upon our getting up from table, we took leave of each other ; for you know the custom of sleeping does not permit the exercise of that convivial discourse so agreeable to a Briton after his meals. We appointed to meet in the morning at a place, about a mile out of town, called the cross in the fields (*la cruz del campo*). We were to appear in our respective chaises, and the first comer to wait for the other.

The morning, Tuesday the 5th of February, now dawned. After having dressed myself, and every thing being packed up, with my chaise at the door, a tumult at the inn I laid at, to set off with more convenience, made me go
out

out of my room, and look over the ballustrades of the gallery. You have seen English inns built in this manner, with a gallery round a court. The cause of this confusion was a constable and some alguazils coming to take up the master of the house. The reason of this arrest, as well as the short time I stayed at Seville afterwards would permit me to learn, was, there being a law, that no person can sell any market goods before such an hour in the morning, I think it is seven o'clock. At that hour the assistants, or, as we might call them, the mayor's officers, come into the market, and set a price upon every thing. The intention is to hinder imposition or forestalling, which effect it in some measure undoubtedly has. Whether in other respects it may not be prejudicial to trade by checking people in bringing their commodities to sale, is what I do not know. Be it as it may, the landlord went out early in the morning, and bought a quantity of fish, it being meager

day, before the allowed time for felling. The constables, upon information, took up the fellers, and were now come to our tavern for Senor Antonio, my landlord, as the buyer. The affair, indeed, was not of great consequence, for offenders convicted are only liable to a pecuniary penalty; however, it retarded me a considerable time, as I could get nobody to make out my bill. At length *mine host* returned, and told us he had finished the affair pretty well.

Having finally settled every thing, my chaise drove on to the Cruz del campo, the place of rendezvous with Don Ferdinand. Upon our arrival there, nothing was to be seen but a countryman, whom he had ordered to wait, and who told us the gentleman had stayed a long time, but was just gone on. We overtook him in about three quarters of an hour, and proceeded together to the venta or country inn of Pedro Domingo, the place where I had before dined upon
my

my expedition to Palma. As far as Ecija was the same road I have already conducted you in my summer's excursion to Cabral. Upon our entering the inn of Pedro Domingo, we found the Carthusian friars (whom I have before told you, as well as ourselves, were going to Madrid,) already at dinner. Their order is one of the strictest among the Roman catholics. They never taste any meat, and when they are in their convents are allowed to speak to each other but two days in the week. They are obliged to pass the rest of their life in their respective cells in a melancholy solitude. They have, however, a little garden generally adjoining, where they work for diversion and exercise. Their dress is a white habit, and as their beards grow to their full length, they make a venerable appearance.

L E T T E R XXIV.

PUERTO DE LAPICE, FEB. 14, 1760.

I Am now only three days journey from Madrid, but not to anticipate, I will continue my narration.

We were talking of the Carthusians. Tho' allowed to eat only meager, they had taken care to provide themselves with such excellent fish, that their dinner infinitely surpassed ours of meat. They had got, likewise, the only room in the house, which obliged Don Ferdinand and myself to take up with the kitchen. We had by this the advantage of the kitchen fire, which was not to be despised in so cold a day. The north wind had continually cut us in the face all the way from Seville. As the air is very penetrating in these climates, I think
it

it renders the cold almost as sensible as in England, and they have not the same preparations against it. The entire want of chimneys, and the airy manner of building their houses greatly increase the natural rigor of the weather. The consul of Cadiz has got a chimney, and one or two foreigners besides, but it is very difficult to be had. In my latter lodgings at Port St. Mary's, as I did not then think of leaving them so soon as your late letters have determined me, I would have built a chimney at my own expence, if the master of the house would have permitted it. The expence, indeed, would not have been much, but the good old gentleman would by no means suffer his room to be so deformed, as he expressed it. "No, says he, wrapt up in a little night gown, I will not have any of these French chimneys in my house, no, that I *won't*." Then making up in a bundle the folds of his night gown, away he trundled, nor have I seen him from that time to this, and probably never shall again. As

As soon as Don Ferdinand and I had concluded our dinner, we basked ourselves a little in the sun upon a bench at the door. The Spaniards call this bright luminary their faggot, and, indeed, it has great force even in the middle of the winter, when you may see hundreds of Spaniards ranged under a southern wall to enjoy its heat. But this does not hinder an excess of cold to a person, who does not chuse that public method of warming himself. As soon as we were seated, Don Ferdinand pulled a roll of paper out of his pocket, which he told me was a scheme for removing some of the obstructions in the river Guadalquivir, and to hinder it from damaging Seville, which has been often feared, when overgrown by winter rains. I thought these projecting schemes did not seem perfectly to coincide with the great knowledge of the law he had bragged of before, but as I now know a little of the Andalusian character, so pompous and boasting in every thing, I was the less

less surprized at it. The friars and our chaises being ready, we proceeded to Carmona. Soon after our arrival, two coaches and six entered the inn. They were going to Madrid, and one contained a Spanish officer of marines, with his lady and family; the other a French sea officer and his servant. By good luck, there was plenty of rooms, and every person had his apartment. However, we all went and spent our time in the room of the Spanish officer's lady, who was a pretty woman, in order to entertain her with our *agreeable* conversation; for in Spanish inns all the company get together, as represented in Don Quixote. Early in the morning we renewed our journey, and upon our coming out of the town of Carmona, were all obliged to dismount upon account of the steep descent that goes down to the valley, which I have already made you acquainted with in my two summer excursions. The chaises went a round-about way, but less steep, whilst we almost broke our necks
the

the shortest, as it was not yet day, and the declivity did not want a great many degrees of being perpendicular to the horizon. This added to the ruggedness and stonyness of the place, made us ready to tumble every minute. At last we got the bottom, and remounted our vehicles. Don Ferdinand here tired me with his ignorant conversation of the French marching an army into England through Flanders. Upon my objecting its being an island, he replied, "that he knew
" it was, and that England was on one
" side of the Thames, and Holland on the
" other." I turned the conversation to Spain, and away he flew out into encomiums upon his native country. A Turk might have imagined that the souls in his Mahomet's paradise breathed Iberian air. At last, however, the inn between Carmona and Ecija delivered me from his disagreeable company, and his going with the French officer afterwards saved me from it in some measure the rest of the journey.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXV.

MADRID, FEB. 17, 1760.

I Arrived here to day about three o'clock, but tho' my person is at Madrid, you must have some patience before my narration gets thither, You are as yet only at the inn half way between Carmona and Ecija. To this latter place we got in the evening and put up at the same inn I had been at before in the summer, facing a gigantic statue of St. Christopher. There were but two rooms for us in it. The marine officer in the king of Spain's service, with his lady, nurse and child were in one, and the Frenchman, Don Ferdinand and myself were jumbled into the other. We three messed together, and having got a guitarre after supper Don Joseph, Don Ferdinand's servant strummed upon it, and set us to dancing a little. You may think

think it odd to hear me give the Don to a servant, but it is a title that every person takes upon them in Spain, except those who are immediately in your own service. The guitarre no sooner sounded than, drawn by its melodious tone, Don Nicholas the Spanish officer, with madame and her nurse entered the room. Our Frenchman too, tho' already slipped into bed, half dressed himself, and appeared among the dancers. Minuets being finished, which Don Ferdinand danced with his toes most excessively turned out, seguidillas and fandangos came upon the tapis. As I despair of giving you any equivalent idea of these Spanish dances, I will pass them over in silence, except that I will tell you a story concerning the fandango. The indecency of this dance having spread as far as Italy, the pope and cardinals were very desirous of prohibiting it. The news no sooner reached Madrid than the following interlude is said to have been represented there. Upon the curtain's drawing up the

pope

pope with the whole college of cardinals were discovered sitting in consistory together. The subject of their debate was whether the dance in question ought to be prohibited or not. One of the cardinals who favored it arose, and after speaking much in its praise, said that the holy college could not form a just idea of its merit without they saw it represented. He then called in some dancers, whom he had prepared on purpose, and who began exhibiting the fandango with all its luxuriancy of motion. The cardinal protector, upon beholding the much beloved attitudes represented before his eyes, could not at length contain from leaving his seat and joining in the band. He was shortly after followed by another of the cardinals and then by another and another, till at length the whole college had joined in the bewitching dance. The pope alone still retained his seat, tho' with visible jirks and uneasiness, till at length, bursting from his throne, he mingled with the joyful assembly, and by his

example sanctified the dance, which we were now beholding in our room at Ecija. At length being sufficiently tired, and the clock having struck eleven, a late hour to be sitting up in these cold houses, we each retired to our respective beds, I cannot say rooms, for you know we had but two between us, and with the servants we were seven in ours. However, as the weather was cold, such a number snoring in one place was not disagreeable. Their breaths served to mitigate the keenness of the fresh air that came in at the crannies of the doors and windows, some of which were big enough to put your head through. We all lay upon mattresses brought with us and extended upon the ground. We dined the next day at a place called La Parrilla, from whence I got very late in the evening to Cordova. The cause of our delay was partly occasioned by the roads, and partly by one of the mules in Don Ferdinand's equipage (which he had abandoned to his servant upon entering the Frenchman's coach,

coach; into which he had intruded) being seized with that sort of cholic so fatal to horses. They ascribed the cause to some hard water he had drunk at the inn, but whatever was the cause I am sure the effect was terrible. I thought the postilion would have broken his neck in riding him, till at length he was wise enough to dismount, and by force of whipping and beating got the poor beast on about half a league. He here grew so bad that they were obliged to take him off from the chaise, and we put a man who was on foot along with us upon him, to spur and gallop him as fast as he could up to the coaches, who were far before us, to desire them to lend us a mule, or we could not get on. It was imagined the making the poor animal gallop might be of service to him. As the roads were now very deep, we were often forced to lend our companions a mule to assist them, tho' ours had sufficient work to get the chaise with my heavy baggage through the mire. At last, however,

by our walking on foot in the dirt, our chaises were dragged through a clay valley, and the roads began to be a little better. The coaches, whom the man with his sick mule had overtaken, were so good to send us one of their cattle, or else, I believe, we should never have got to Cordova at all. As for the poor beast she was upon her return in the agonies of death. At last she threw herself upon the ground, kicked up her heels in the air, gave a groan, and breathed her last.

She died by a purling stream under the shade of a few aquatic trees, not far from a little bridge we had passed over, and towards the end of the valley of mud, where the auxiliary mule had joined us, which was just when we had least occasion for her service, I mean for some time, for about a league from Cordova the roads began to grow so excessively bad, that to tell you the truth I despaired of ever getting there, and, indeed, it was two hours after dark before we did.

But

But to return a little to the spot where Don Ferdinand's poor mule expired. Stretched on the cold earth she lay. At sight of so melancholy a spectacle, the postilion, once her master, with tears running from his eyes, threw himself into a fit of despair beside her. The murmuring brook re-echoed to his sighs. " Ah ! " says he, " poor beast, " that hast carried me so many a mile, who " could have thought thou wouldst have " died so suddenly ! " But pity began to give way to rage. " May all the devils that " reign in hell, continues he, carry away " the water, the straw, the barley, the inn, " the inn-keeper and all." N. B. Spanish horses live upon chopped straw, and when they have a mind to feed them well they give them barley, but never oats. I believe they have none in the country. After the postilion's raging fit had vented itself, pity once more insinuated itself into his bosom. He had got up in his passion, but his eye glancing casually upon the poor extended ani-

mal renewed those soft, but more melancholy ideas, which had before reigned in his breast. Overwhelmed with excess of grief, he sat himself down a second time upon the earth, a silent tear trickling from his cheek. But you must not imagine that this grief was entirely for his friend and companion the mule. The thought of what the real master of the beast would say, when he returned to Seville, for he was only a fellow hired by him, was the cause of at least a third part of his uneasiness. But we comforted him under this doleful catastrophe as well as we could. We told him that mules were made to die, that such accidents could not be blamed by masters, in short, heartened him so much, that we got him to come along with us, tho' with much difficulty, and leave the carcase of his beloved mule a prey to the wolves.

L E T T E R XXVI.

MADRID, FEB. 21, 1759.

AFTER having persuaded the afflicted postilion to abandon the carcase of his mule, we continued our journey towards Cordova, tho' very slowly upon account of the latter league being excessively bad road. The chaises were perpetually sticking in the mud, and the postilions were forced reciprocally to take the mules off from one chaise to help the other; and even with that, and our often descending into the mire, we had difficulty to get along. What little I stayed in my equipage, I was in perpetual fear of being overturned, till, at last, the lights from Cordova afforded me some consolation. We at length entered the town, and arrived unhurt to the inn. Don Ferdinand was here something puzzled about the death of

his mule, but as there were two places vacant in the Frenchman's coach for himself and servant Don Joseph, matters were adjusted that the chaise should return with the single mule to Seville, and he and Don Joseph accompany the Frenchman and his servant. You must know, however, that, although the young officer could not out of common politeness refuse the company of Don Ferdinand and his attendant, he was very far from being pleased with the former. Nor was the Spaniard better satisfied with him. The French, by bragging of their own nation, and calling the country of others a dunghill to their faces, will in general displease all foreigners; but they must more particularly irritate an inhabitant of these parts, whose want of knowledge concerning other kingdoms often makes him allow nothing to be estimable beyond the Pyrenées. It was such a trifle as this which first awoke a disagreement, that afterwards broke out into a quarrel. But the
ties

ties of civility were strong enough as yet to keep up an amicable appearance between the two jarring parties. The next morning, having but a little journey, tho' as they said bad roads, we did not set out till eleven o'clock. But the principal reason of our delaying so long our departure, was the inclination we had of seeing the city of Cordova. To put our desire into execution we sallied forth. I have already told you what a curious building the cathedral is. From thence we went to the king's stables to see his horses, which he breeds there, and some of them are very fine. Upon being returned to the inn, and finding every thing ready, we set out. We lay that night at a miserable place called Carpio. The next morning the roads still continued bad to the place where we were to dine. The name of it was Aldea, or *the village*. Tho' we arrived there at dinner, we proceeded no further that night, as the postilions wanted to rest their mules after the bad roads.

roads. In the mean time Don Ferdinand was most particularly civil to me. His civility, indeed, arose from the quarrel between him and the Frenchman gathering every day more to a crisis. This latter person and myself after dinner took a solitary walk in the country. We held a *tête à tête* conversation for near four hours. He complained greatly of the stupidity of Don Ferdinand, and of his and his servant's continually smoking tobacco in the coach, and of a thousand other things; in short, the French and Spaniards cannot agree together. The common Andalusians smoke, I think, almost as much as the Dutch, but not through pipes, as they have little bits of tobacco rolled up on purpose, which they call *figarros*. Politics, likewise, were part of the entertainment of the French officer and myself. As he was excessively moderate upon that head, we ventured to talk upon all sorts of subjects. I wanted him to explain two things, but he did neither entirely to-

to my satisfaction. The first was, how the Toulon fleet, on which he was aboard, came to separate; for you know eight ships entered into Cadiz, and the other seven remained with M. La Clue, who it is imagined, and, I believe, with tolerable certainty, was going to Brest. He said that all he could inform me concerning that matter was, that he was in the division that entered into Cadiz; that upon their finding themselves separated from the rest of the fleet, they, in consequence of their orders to be opened in case of a separation near the Streights, went to Cadiz. The second difficulty I started was, how the English fleet could get up with La Clue's division in so short a time; for you know at break of day they were the whole breadth of the horizon asunder, and at one o'clock the English joined them. He solved it by saying that the French seeing only seven ships appear at first, imagined they might be their other division, which was entered into Cadiz, and
accord-

accordingly stayed for them, till, perceiving their mistake by the other ships advancing, it was too late for them to get off. He told me also, that when the whole fleet entered the Straights together, they found that the Gibraltar frigate (you may imagine they did not then know her name,) had discovered them. He thinks it possible the French might have taken her, but M. La Clue never made a signal for chase. They saw her enter the bay of Gibraltar, they observed her false fires, and other signals to the garrison. There were many common fires besides on the Barbary coast, which the French thought might likewise have been some advice to the English, but certainly were not. All these circumstances added to their hearing Boscawen's guns answer the frigate from Gibraltar, were enough to put an enemy more resolute than the French common people into disorder. And it is that disorder, I believe, which unriddles the whole mystery of their separation.

tion. The French officer and myself talked upon many other subjects equally interesting with the passage of the Toulon fleet through the Streights. He was in the engagement off Minorca, in which he declares he did not perceive any thing of bad behaviour in Byng. The French were surprized, however, he said, to see him come with so small a force. They had thought themselves sacrificed, and expected at least twenty ships of the line to thunder upon them, instead of which, only thirteen appeared. We kept up these kind of discourses as long as the sun remained visible. Upon its setting we directed our steps towards the inn. We got there just as the Ave Maria rung. The Ave Maria, you know, is a bell, which every church in all good catholic countries tolls at half an hour after sun-set, and was called by us anciently the curfew. Upon hearing the solemn sound, that adds a fresh awe to the dusky twilight, which reigns at this time, every pious Romanist, whether on
 foot,

foot, horseback, or in a coach, stops and rehearſes the angelical ſalutation, “ Ave “ Maria, gratiâ plena,” and the reſt of that prayer. As ſoon as each has finiſhed, croſſed himſelf, and put on hats, he continues the buſineſs he was going about; the miſer to cheat his neighbour; the aſſaſſin to kill his man, or whatever other occupation he was engaged in. I will here make an aſtronomical remark. You may wonder to hear me ſpeak of a dark twilight at only half an hour after ſun-ſet. I believe in England you may ſometimes ſee to read at leaſt an hour after the ſun is below the horizon. The cauſe of this is, I imagine, the ſun’s being more vertical in theſe countries than with us. As he deſcends more perpendicularly below the horizon, his perpendicular deſcent muſt be much quicker than where he ſinks more obliquely. Now it is ſo very oblique ſometimes in England, that he does not deſcend all night a ſufficient number of degrees below the horizon to cauſe more than the dark
twilight

twilight I have been speaking to you of, and which in southern countries is you see at farthest half an hour after sun-set. It was just this light when we returned to our inn and said our Ave Maria. A little time after returned Don Ferdinand, Don Nicholas, and his fair lady, who had been likewise to enjoy the pleasure of a faunter. Our evening passed without any thing very particular, and the morning after we arrived at Anduxar about eleven o'clock. Anduxar is a town situated at the entrance of the Sierra Morena, a chain of mountains, which, if you remember, I passed in going from Lisbon to Seville, and which we were to pass a second time in going from thence to Madrid. We came at night to a little town called Veilen. I arrived there later than the rest, being almost stuck in a miry place or two. As they were in the dark, you may imagine I was still more so. Upon coming to the inn, instead of finding my fellow travellers in possession of proper rooms,

rooms, their coaches were still standing in the street. The cause of this was, a number of passengers from Grenada, who had got to the end of their day's journey sooner than we, and now occupied all the rooms of the inn with their persons, and the yard with their equipages. Don Nicholas, Don Ferdinand, and the Frenchman, were gone to the corregidor to demand officers quarters, from giving which not even private houses are exempted in these countries. The Frenchman and Don Nicholas had billets which were given them for that purpose at Cadiz; but Don Ferdinand had nothing but a good assurance, and the pretence of his being a person in office. However, he succeeded better than the Frenchman, as he got a very good officer's quarters allotted him, and the Frenchman only those of a common foldier. The law which obliges the people in towns to receive into their houses the king's troops, is, I believe, common to all nations. But we rather put a
less

less burthen upon the subject than the Spanish government. First of all they are only publicans with us that are obliged to receive any persons, either officers or soldiers, and then they are only obliged to find them, I think, in salt, bread, and other little things. The rest they must buy out of their pay. Here, in Spain, the corregidor or mayor in each town has the liberty of quartering whom he pleases upon what persons he chuses; and they are obliged to maintain them, if I mistake not, at their own expence. These are things which now and then make me turn my thoughts northward, and hail the freedom and privileges of my native country:

L E T T E R XXVII.

MADRID, FEB. 24, 1760.

OUR ambaffador has been very obliging to me fince I have been in this place, to which, however, I muft bring you in due order.

Don Nicholas, Don Ferdinand and the Frenchman being returned with billets for quarters from the corregidor, we fet out all together to fee the houfes that were allotted us, I fay *us* becaufe tho' I had no right to demand any quarters, and, indeed, had none, yet as the Frenchman offered me half of his, I confidered myfelf of the party. We went firft to Don Nicholas's, which was a tolerably good houfe. Signor don Ferdinand's was middling. But when we came to the habitation of the French officer, the
good

good woman of it told us she had no accommodations but for a common soldier. In fact, she shewed us her house, and miserable enough it was. Upon seeing this the Frenchman, who considered it as an insult upon his nation, could no longer keep his patience. He did not spare the Spaniards in the least. Twenty f—s were the beginning of twenty reviling sentences, which he vented against them. In the mean time the blood was ascending into the cheeks of Don Ferdinand, who had accompanied us to the house, and was by no means a patient auditor. I pacified, however, matters in some measure, and Don Ferdinand was kind enough to offer us part of his quarters. Nothing else happened in the course of the evening except that Don Ferdinand was so tired of the Frenchman, that he went and passed it with Don Nicholas. Nor was there any love lost on the Frenchman's side. He cursed the moment when he took that droll figure, as he called Don Ferdinand, into the

coach. Nor was his servant Don Joseph more favored than the master. He said he was a beast, a bear, a hog and all the bad animals under the sun. His smoaking in the coach stuck most at heart, but Andalusians and Dutchmen can not alter their nature. In the mean time we sat down to supper, not absolutely disconsolate upon account of Don Ferdinand's having deprived us of his company. It consisted of fried eggs and Provence oil, which we almost lived upon, for after we had consumed our original fresh provisions, we could get little else that was good upon the road. The young Frenchman had brought the Provence oil with him from Cadiz, as Spanish oil is disagreeable to most foreigners upon account of its strong taste. This light repast finished, we spread our mattraffes upon the ground and retired to rest. The next morning early we resumed our journey. Our baiting place at dinner was called the venta de Baesa, a country inn all alone among the mountains, for we were

now

now entered into the Sierra Morena. It extends along upon the borders of Andalusia, and on the side we now were divides it from La Mancha, the province in which Cervantes places the birth of Don Quixote. The Frenchman's coach broke down in coming hither, which was one cause of passing the evening in this solitary habitation, The other was our fear of being excluded a second time from the inn at night by the Grenada party, who were much before us. During this interval the coach was patched up in such a manner as to be able to pass the mountains to Elvifo, however, there was no possibility of its carrying any weight. As Don Ferdinand did not like riding, I offered him my chaise, which he accepted, while I upon a mule accompanied the Frenchman in the morning to the venta de la Miranda, where we were to dine. We went a different and much shorter road than the carriages. It was a pleasant ride among the mountains, tho' part of the way was by the side of a

little brook amidst two hills, a place that seemed proper for the execution of what desperate ideas any robbers might have had against us; however we arrived safe at the venta de la Miranda. The road from hence to the place where we were to lay that night, called Elvifo, was so mountainous, that every person was obliged to go upon mules, Don Nicholas's lady and all, while the coaches scrambled along as well as they could by themselves. That of the Frenchman had set out a long time before, as they were obliged to go very slow, lest the broken axle tree should fail a second time, nor could it be properly mended till they came to Elvifo. After an abstemious dinner we likewise set out, mounted upon our several mules, and had a very merry expedition. From Elvifo the next morning we went to dine at Val de Penas, famous for a good sort of red wine, which is the common liquor drunk at Madrid. None of it, I believe, was ever seen in England, and I hardly think
there

there ever will, as such tedious land carriage would render it extremely expensive, besides the not knowing whether it would bear the sea, some wines growing better and others worse for navigation. We lay at Mansenares. It was here an open quarrel broke out between Don Ferdinand and the Frenchman, which ended in the former's hiring a chaise for himself and servant. I took his place in the coach, which had been mended at Elvifo, and he resigned to me, after taking out his own money, the common purse he held for us as our caterer, professing the greatest friendship for me, and assuring me that my not accompanying him in the chaise caused a double solitude, first on account of his being alone, and then for his being deprived of my company. He afterwards broke out into invectives against the French officer, and to flatter me, I suppose, told me, that if all the soldiers of the king of France were like him, the king of England need not be much afraid of them. We this morning fell

in with many other chaises all going to Madrid, which continued to make the same stages as ourselves. They seem to me to travel much in the same manner in Spain and Turkey. The chaises accompanying each other and putting up at the same inns, of which, indeed, there is generally but one a piece for every village, gives me an imperfect idea of a caravan from Aleppo to Ispahan. Our numbers now caused some difficulty in getting rooms, but we were obliged to make shift. From Mansenares we dined at Villa Alta, and lay at Puerto de Lapice. The evening after we lay at Mora; the evening after that at Ilesca, and the day afterwards got to Madrid. As we had entirely left the mountains at Elvifo, the road from thence was flat, and perfectly good. Indeed the greatest part of the Mancha, quite through which province we passed, is a flattish corn country, of which there is much in Spain, and the country here round Madrid would be something like Cambridgeshire, if the ground

was

was fertile, but in some places it is so very barren that hardly a blade of grass will grow. We dined the last day at Getafe, just after having crossed the river Tagus, which I found very different here from what I saw it at Lisbon, where it seems to disdain the name of river, and ought rather to be called an arm of the sea. Here in gentle murmurs it excited rural ideas. There were likewise a few trees about it just in this place, which are very scarce near Madrid, and as the whole river was penned up to serve some mills, there was an agreeable waterfall, which they make here in a very pretty, tho' different manner from what we do in England, more like water running down broken rocks. There was no bridge to pass the river at Getafe. We were obliged to go over it in a ferry. Indeed I think they want bridges greatly in Spain, except at Madrid. They have here two and no water. The saying made upon the Toledo bridge, which is very fine, and which, I think, Philip the fifth

fifth built, is that the Spaniards ought to buy water or sell this bridge. However, in winter time there is enough, but in summer the force of their sun dries it all away. The water there in winter goes by the name of the river Manfenaes. But to bring you within the walls of Madrid, the spires of which we could see from Getafe, and of which there are as great a number as I ever beheld in any city. The Frenchman and myself took a walk after dinner to contemplate this distant view of the capital of New Castille, and make our observations upon it. It looked very small to us, but as the town is circular, and shows equally every way it deceives much as to its size.

As our equipages were now ready, we returned, and got into ours for the last time. About half an hour after four we came to the Toledo bridge, for tho' we did not go through Toledo the day before, we passed within sight of it, and were now in the same road. The
bridge

bridge gave us a magnificent idea of the town, for it is a fine structure, tho' nothing like that of Westminster. From thence we went through a double row of trees up to the gate, which we entered,

LET-

L E T T E R XXVIII.

MADRID, FEB. 28, 1760.

I Arrived here the 17th of this month, and after resting myself a couple of days, set out to make my first visit to our ambassador. Alonso, my *valet de place*, ushered me to the carriage, and mounting up behind, away we rolled. As the ambassador lived a good way from where my lodging was, I had full time to contemplate the curious equipage in which I was seated. It was a large easy chariot, which formerly might have served for one of the state carriages of Philip the second. As there was no coach-box, and a prodigious large fore-glass, I had a full opportunity of contemplating the cattle that drew me, and the postilions (for they do not use coachmen,) who guided them. The cattle were four lean long-ear'd mules; for

for in this city every person who pretends to be a cavaliero, must tack two beasts more to his equipage than he has occasion for; and as for the postilions, he who rode the mule next me, was an old droll looking fellow, bent half double by age. Tho' he was crooked, the foremost postilion was streight enough. You would have sworn he had a stake driven through his body. The master of the chariot, however, to remedy this inequality in their persons had, but in vain, attempted to make them look alike by giving to each a similar livery. It was blue, turned up with yellow, which did not quite agree with what Alonso had on, viz. green, turned up with red. However, for a traveller these things did not much signify. At last my vehicle arrived at the gate which led into the ambassador's court-yard. But I had not the trouble of entering it, for a Swiss porter with a great pair of whiskers, told me his excellency was not at home. I left my name, which was sufficient, and then drove
all

all about Madrid to visit the other persons to whom I had brought letters. It is, I suppose, the dirtiest * town in the world. To look at it, it does not seem in a much worse condition than London; but with us it is all honest mud, in Madrid excrement pounded by wheels, and horses, and human feet. They have no convenience of common sewers or vaults in their houses, but every thing is poured into the street. They resemble, likewise, the people of Edinburgh, if what is said of the latter be true, as they do not always pay a religious regard to passengers when they clean their rooms. The laws, indeed, order nothing to be flung out in the day time, but are not observed. They ought too always to halloo *agua va* or *water goes*, but this is like the Scotch, *wha goes there?* half an hour after they have

* Since the accession of Don Carlos the third to the throne of Spain, and after my leaving Madrid, this nuisance has been remedied.

dis-

discharged their artillery. In other respects, the town of Madrid is not bad, tho' nothing very remarkable. The court of Spain is making warlike preparations, but with what intention I know not.

L E T T E R XXIX.

MADRID, MARCH. 3, 1760.

UPON my return home in the evening, I found a card from the ambassador, to dine with him the day following at a little after one o'clock. Accordingly, about that time I appeared at his excellency's palace. Upon entering his court yard, the porter, who had denied me admittance the day before, received me with many bows, tho' his excellency was not at home neither at present. He was gone to court, but as he was to return soon, I got out of my chariot, and mounted the stair-case. I then entered a room where there were about thirty servants. One of them was detached from the rest, and conducted me through an ante-chamber into another, where his lordship's pages were. Upon my being delivered up to one
of

of them, who walked majestically before me, I under his guidance advanced into another long room, where under a canopy hung the king's portrait at full length, and very like. At the end of this room two folding doors introduced me into one still larger, very well furnished, and in which there was a good fire. The page here told me, that if I would be so good to sit down, his excellency would return shortly, which he did with other company, and soon after word was brought that dinner was upon table. The house was so very large, that we had quite a journey to the place where we were to dine. We went through troops of servants, and when seated, were hemmed in by them in a double row. Behind his lordship's chair stood two men dressed in black, with great swords by their sides. It seems, it is the custom of this country for great personages to keep two *gentlemen*, who are continually tied to a rapier, and are thought not even to abandon it for the

most common necessities of life. As to their wearing black, mourning still continuing for the late king of Spain, they were obliged to dress in it as well as their master and all of us. Our dinner was elegantly dressed in the French manner, and after one glass of wine was handed about afterwards, we got up from table, and returned into the great room where the fire was. Some special good coffee here waited for us, and we entered into a conversation till about four o'clock, when word was brought that his excellency's coach was ready. This seemed a proper hint for me to take my leave, but his lordship would make me accompany him in his airing. As his inferior, I was obliged to take my seat on his left hand; for the Spaniards, and Italians likewise, consider the right as a station of much honor and superiority. Our six mules bore us out of the yard and town in an instant. We then glided through plains not adorned with a single tree, I had almost said not one blade
of

of grafs. I really think the country about Madrid, efpecially the part we were now in, called Los altos, is the moft ugly I ever faw in my life. A moft extenfive barren plain terminated with high barren mountains, was what I beheld at prefent. Towards the river without any water, there are fome few trees, and one way a good many; but altogether, I think Madrid one of the moft difagreeable places I ever beheld. When we were arrived to a certain point, we got out of the coach to take a little walk. Our converfation rolled much about Spain. We could not help remarking the barrennefs of the country we were in. We praifed, however, at the fame time, the beautifulnefs of the climate. The extreme transparency of the atmofphere rendered the outline of every object fo pointed, as is inconceivable to an inhabitant of northern countries. At times fun, moon, and fome ftars are vifible at mid-day. Having walked fufficiently, we remounted our velvet equipage, and returned

to Madrid. Two mules ought by rights to have been taken off upon our entering the gates, as there is a law that none but those of the royal family can go about the town with six. But the back door of the ambassador's territories is so very immediate to entering Madrid, that he takes the liberty of transgressing the laws for about twenty yards. As soon as I had accompanied him up stairs, I took my leave, with an invitation from him to dinner the next day. In short, I have dined, and been out in the coach after dinner with our ambassador every day since my arrival at Madrid, except two or three, when I was engaged in other places. In the evenings he has generally introduced me to the families he visits, which are those of the ambassadors and grandees. We have been most often to the Conde de Fuentes, who is appointed ambassador to England, and, I believe, will set out shortly. His lady, the countess of Fuentes, is a very agreeable woman. They take their son
along

along with them, who seems quite a boy. Tho' fifteen or sixteen years old, he looks at least a couple of years younger. Notwithstanding his unadvanced age, he is to be married to a young lady about as old as himself, before he sets out. They both go to England, and will, I believe, be by some years the youngest couple in the three kingdoms. For the sake of having this marriage performed before he sets off, the Conde de Fuentes has intreated the king to let him stay till a few days after Easter, but with difficulty got his request granted. This hurry in dispatching an ambassador to England seems to contradict the vulgar rumour of these countries that Spain and we are upon the eve of a war. They go so far as to say, that our ambassador the other day demanded a private audience of the king, to ask in the name of his master the reason of the present armaments of Spain, and that the gruff answer the king made was, that the reason of his arming was, in order

to make his flag better respected. The ambassador laughed much at this report, to see how the common people put words into his and the king's mouths without any foundation. That there was the private audience is certain, but what his lordship said to the king, or what the king replied, the ambassador declares for his part he has informed no person of but his court; and he dares answer that the king has not spoken of it neither, except, perhaps, to general Wall, or the marquis of Esquilæ, his ministers. However, the news still continues current, that Spain and England are upon the eve of a war.

L E T T E R XXX.

MADRID, MARCH, 6, 1760.

I Will now give you some account of my presentation to the royal family the day before yesterday. The ambaffador and myself fet out from his palace at about eleven o'clock in the morning. Six of his mules foon carried us to the Retiro or *Retreat*, where the king refides. The palace is without the walls of Madrid, fituated on the fide of a park, or garden as they call it. The building is almoft as indifferent as that of St. James's. The garden round is tolerably pretty. The late king Ferdinand the fixth had almoft finifhed a very magnificent palace on the other fide of the town, but the prefent family is not pleafed with it. The queen declares ſhe can not poſſibly make it do for a refidence. After millions of dollars expended, it is to be given to the law and cuſtom houſe, for

those gentlemen to exercise their functions in. The present king intends to build a new palace in the gardens of the Retiro, I think in a different place from where the present now stands. When we talk in England of the palace of the king of Spain, we generally mean the Escorial. We seem to think that all the kings of Spain inhabit there, and that it is within the walls of Madrid. On the contrary it is a convent, tho' with apartments for the royal family, and stands in the country at some leagues distance. Nothing, by all accounts, but the very melancholy disposition of Philip the second, could have piled up such a heap of stones under a horrid mountain. I have not been able to get there yet, no more than to any of the royal villas, as St. Ildephonso, Villa Viciosa, Aranjuez and others. The king in about a about a month will go to this latter, which is twenty miles off, where he will stay about another month, and then make his public entry into Madrid with the ceremonies

monials of his inauguration and other things of that nature. It is said indeed that he will stay very little in one place, but make his courtiers dance attendance about Spain, to the no small detriment of the grandees and ambassadors purses. Monarchs some times like that their barons should not be over rich, and the grandees of Spain are a formidable body. Philip the fifth indeed, after having conquered his subjects, humbled the pride of them a little. As the grandees were then but few in number, they were regarded as so many petty deities. He not only issued out an edict ordering them all to reside at Madrid, that he might have them under his eye, but to diminish their consequence resolved to increase their number. As honors rendered common become of less value, the grandees did not like this proceeding of their new king. But they could not deny his having the right of raising as many to their rank as he pleased, were obliged to submit to his will.

They

They invented, however, a method of distinguishing their great and antient families, as they call them, from those of the upstarts, which they preserve to this very day, and I believe will keep it up as long as grandees exist in Spain. They all agreed to speak to each other like quakers with *thou* and *thee*, but whenever they addressed themselves to any of their new rivals, to give them the title of excellency due to their rank. It is odd sometimes in company to hear a little boy say *thou* and *thee* to an old man, and the same old man a minute after give the title of excellency to another youngster of the new mould. Such are Spaniards, but,

Stemmata quid faciunt, quid prodest, Pontice, longo
Sanguine censer, pictosq; ostendere vultus
Majorum et stantes in curribus Æmilianos.

JUVENAL.

What signify *ancestral* actions if you do nothing yourself, and are, to use the expressive words of Boileau, but,

——d'un

—d'un trone fort illustre une branche pourrie.

To return however to the Retiro, where I was left in an ante-chamber, as private persons are not admittable into the room, where the ambassadors and grandees go, till the king and queen are set down to dinner in it. They always dine in public, and just after they rise from table is the time all presentations are made. Upon our ambassador's leaving me in the ante-chamber I joined conversation with some officers, and other persons I had seen before in different companies. As the king and queen were hearing a sermon they dined rather later than usual. They generally sit down at twelve o'clock, but it was now full half an hour after when they came out. His catholic majesty together with his consort being seated in two chairs of state by the side of each other, the company in the ante-chamber had license to come in. I pushed up as near the table as possible, that the lord in waiting, to whom I had

I had for that purpose been introduced, might have less trouble in coming to me after dinner. In the mean time the grantees of both sexes served the dishes upon the table. The men waited upon the king, while the ladies attended the queen. Some of them were noble Neapolitans, who had accompanied the king and queen to their greater, but less smiling dominions. This does not entirely please the Spaniards, any more than seeing the reins of interior government given to the Marquis of Esquilace of the same nation. General Wall indeed has the foreign department, but he is likewise of foreign extraction. He bears a good character, as a clever and disinterested minister. It is said that he wishes to retire, but that by desire of the king he still continues at the helm; however the professions of courtiers do not always flow from the heart. I heard a Frenchman the day I dined at his house complimenting him upon his power. Yes, says the general, fortune has showered down
many

many undeserved favors upon me, but assuredly her graces are a burden. Tho' he might think the contrary, what he said, with the humble manner in which he expressed it, sounded prettily. He is of an Irish family, and was envoy in England for some time. But to return to the ladies who with becoming modesty were serving the queen at table. Fair hands from time to time lifted up the lid of a salt cellar, when her majesty chose to season her provisions. You must not imagine however that they went into the kitchen to fetch the dishes. Pages brought them up to the table, and delivered them into their custody to set them upon it. I had advanced within four or five yards of the king, facing him all the time of the dinner. He laughed and was very merry with one of the noblemen that served him. The ambassadors and grandees out of waiting stood behind the king and queen's chairs while they dined. Tho' it was lent time there was very good meat of all sorts, undoubtedly with proper licences.

licences. Dinner being at last over the lord in waiting came to me on the other side of the table and conducted me to our ambassador. I placed myself on his left hand, according to the custom of the country. I was the only person to be presented. As soon as his catholic majesty had washed his hands, and turned about, the ambassador told him in French that I was an English gentleman whom he took the liberty of presenting to him. I then made a very low bow, as kissing hands you know is only done by a subject to his own particular sovereign in sign of allegiance. The king asked some trifling questions in French concerning me of the ambassador, as how long I had been out of England, and things of that nature, and retired. I was then presented to the queen who made a sort of courtesy without saying any thing, and attended the king into the drawing room. The ambassadors and grantees followed, while I remained in the croud as before.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXI.

MADRID, MARCH 9, 1760.

— — — **A**FTER the king and queen (to continue the subject of my former paper) had discoursed sufficiently with the ambassadors and grandees in the inner room, the former made a bow, and the latter a courtesy, and withdrew. You must know that it is the present queen, who has begun to introduce courtesies into Spain. The most ladies used to do before was, a gentle bend of their head and body in form of a bow. But as the queen drops such very low obeisances to our ambassadors, she has made her fair subjects all ashamed, and they begin to attempt them, tho' lamely. Some, however, of the old stiff matrons, or what are called the ancient Spaniards, hold out still. The men on the contrary are more obsequious
in

in Spain than in any other country. At every instant in assemblies and other meetings they are down upon their knees in adoration of the women, with whom they often hold conversations in this attitude. French customs, however, are so introduced into this place, that the more ancient begin to wear off. Tho' my rank would not permit me to go into the apartment where the king and queen were conversing with their ambassadors and grandees, yet, as the doors were large and wide open, I heard what they said nearly the same as if I had been in the room. The queen complained of many things in Spain, and seemed to regret her banishment from Naples, for I can call her absence from thence no other, tho' attended with the honor of being queen over a greater kingdom. She says she cannot bear looking out of her chamber every morning into a court-yard, where there is nothing but a brazen statue of Philip the fifth. She must undoubtedly regret the beautiful sea and
country

country views Naples used to afford. In her present conversation with the ambassadors, she expressed a great dislike to mules, which you know are almost the only animals made use of for draft in Spain. She declared she could not bear their great long shaking ears. But what she seemed most enraged against, and with justice, was the filthiness of the streets of Madrid. "No, says she, to the king, I will not give thee a moment's peace till they are cleaned." At last, however, a bow and courtesy from the king and queen terminated the conversation, and they retired. Upon this the ambassadors and grandees came out of the drawing room to where we were, and we all went down stairs together. I ought not to forget to tell you, that there was a great stamping when the ambassadors came out of the palace; for it is the custom for every sentry to stamp with his feet when any ambassador or grandee passes. The coach being at

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length come up, I rolled away with the ambassador to his house to dinner.

I will now proceed to my presentation to the queen mother, which was yesterday. She was consort to Philip the fifth, and daughter of the duke of Parma, after whose death she obtained that duchy for her younger son, the infant don Philip, tho' at the expence of embroiling all Europe. She has inverted almost all the hours of the day. She gets up at one, dines at seven, sups at four in the morning, and goes to bed about day-break. Her rising so late makes her levee excessively inconvenient. It is from two o'clock to half an hour after three, just the time when most people are going to their after-dinner's repose in this place. We were obliged, however, to appear about one at the palace, to desire the lady in waiting to speak about my presentation. The royal family all live separately and have separate courts; the king and queen

queen by themselves ; the queen mother by herself ; and the little family by themselves, and so on. Tho' the whole palace of the Retiro is extremely ugly, the apartments of the queen mother are, I think, by far the worst. The entrance into her rooms seems more like going up to the boxes of a play-house than any thing else. Upon returning to court at the proper time, we came into her ante-chamber, where we were obliged to wait till word was brought of the queen's being ready to receive company. Many other persons were in the room upon the same errand as our ambassador and myself, tho' she has less visitors at her levee than if she was to receive company at a more convenient hour. The person who here struck me principally was, the inquisitor general, whose face seemed entirely to correspond with the severity of his office. We conversed with various people, but no person entertained me so much as the queen mother's physician. He talked much about

her royal blood being in a very good disposition, and several other things in the same strain. The doors, at last, opened, and we were introduced into the queen's apartment. She was seated in a state chair next the wall, with her maids of honor standing by her. Upon my being introduced as an English gentleman, I made a low bow, and the queen began conversation with us all, as we stood in a ring before her. She asked me in French how I liked Seville, as our ambassador upon her enquiry had told her I came from thence last. Upon my commending it, "yes, indeed, said she, it is a very fine city. I like it one of the best in Spain; but its neighbour, Grenada, is what I can not endure." She had been about most parts of Spain with her husband Philip the fifth, before that monarch was established upon his throne by the peace of Utrecht, and afterwards he resided a good deal at Seville, where his mind is said in great measure to have failed him before he died.

died. She now turned to the Nuncio, and gave him a long description of the snowy mountain impendent over Grenada. " Ah ! " says she, those cold countries are not for me, now that I am an old woman." We then talked about the king's country palaces, some of which she praised, and blamed others ; till, at last, she gave a nod with her head, which was a signal for us to depart, and, accordingly, we all took our leave with a low bow.

L E T T E R XXXII.

TIELI, MARCH 22, 1760.

I N pursuance of my two last letters.* I am set off from Madrid, and at present am at a village in my way to Valencia, as I intend to make a sort of round to Gibraltar by the coast of Spain. Notwithstanding however my leaving Madrid at present to go upon the Barbary expedition and ransom our slaves, I hope to be back for the public bull feasts and other festivals for the inauguration of the king of Spain. Not that I imagine there will be any thing extraordinary, but you must in some measure give way to the torrent of the world. I am now but little more than one day's journey from Valencia.

* Omitted, as containing private reasons for the author's leaving Madrid.

The day before yesterday, at an indifferent inn where we passed the night, as I was lying upon my matresses, that were extended in the middle of the room, I heard a murmuring noise issue from an adjoining apartment, which attracted my attention and awoke me entirely. I found it proceeded from some friars that were recommending the soul of a person that seemed in the agonies of death. I recollected that upon my coming into the house they had informed me a muleteer had been taken extremely ill there, and that he had been given over for some days, and was expected to die every hour. There could therefore be no doubt but that the present ceremonies were exercising upon him. I listened with attention and heard the words *ora pro nobis* joined to various appellations and attributes of saints, to each of which the poor man was by unremitting solicitations obliged to answer amen. His responses grew weaker and weaker, till at last I suppose the friars finding their pulls

and incitations in vain, knelt down beside the corpse, and altogether, in a low hollow voice, repeated some prayers, which I could not understand. I heard the whole indeed but very imperfectly, tho' sufficiently to know what they were about. The friers retired after they had finished their requiems, and I passed the remainder of the night in peace, tho' not in repose. Upon my coming down stairs in the morning, a little boy about ten years old was sitting by the kitchen fire, who it seems was the son of the muleteer lately deceased. When they informed him of his father's death, he burst out into a fit of crying, and as they told me his mother lived near Valencia, I undertook to carry the poor helpless infant home. Upon finding himself in a chaise, which I suppose he had never rode in before, his grief was by little and little dissipated, and he began staring at the objects which presented themselves. Nothing remarkable happened that day, but this morning as the boy was as usual

usual looking out of the chaise, we met a woman upon a jack-ass, attended by two country girls on foot. The boy no sooner saw them then he sprung out of the carriage, which was open, and running up to the eldest of the three female travellers, cried out, "Mamma, father is dead." The sudden shock struck the poor woman like a thunder-bolt, and down she fell in hysteric fits. The scene was really extremely melancholy, but by the assistance of the two girls, who were her daughters, we did at last get her into a house, which by good fortune was not far off. It seems she had heard of her husband's illness, and was coming to the place where he lay, to assist him, but his death had anticipated her affectionate endeavours. Upon her returning to herself I used all my rhetoric to console her, but what can words avail against the first torrents of grief? She embraced the little boy, and said she never dreamed that the first time he had accompanied his father would have been the last.

The

The deplorable state of her circumstances then recurred to her memory, and that she had five children to place out in the world, who had nothing to depend upon but their father's industry. The poor woman, however, by presents and the assistance of a frier, who happened to be there, was at length a little consoled, and after having put things to rights as well as I could, I continued my journey, and left her to the only perfect remedy for her distress, the slow but never failing hand of time,

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L E T T E R . XXXIII.

VALENCIA, MARCH 27, 1760.

TH E more time I spend at Valencia, the more I like it. But I must be getting on to Gibraltar, or I shall be too late. I got here in six days journey from Madrid. The roads were bad, rocky and mountainous, but they are said to be good a more round about way. What I like best here is, the face of the country. It seems almost the only place where the Spaniards are industrious in the cultivation of their lands. The principal production of them in this spot is corn and mulberry trees; of which latter they are obliged to plant a most surprizing quantity for the silk worms. They have but few vineyards in this part of the country. Without every gate of Valencia there are a number of hackney one-horse chaises
standing,

standing, in which for a trifle of money you gallop about the fields, or down to the sea-side, that lies about two miles and a half from the city. The strand of it is extremely level, and is very good to walk or ride upon. You may even go into the sea to a considerable distance without the water's coming up to the axle-tree of your carriage. The bounty of nature seems to have joined with the industry of the inhabitants to render this valley agreeable. It is of considerable extent, and surrounded by distant mountains, on the side of one of which stood the ancient Saguntum. Valencia has four handsome bridges without the gates of the town, but very little water, which puts them in a worse case for ridicule than the inhabitants of Madrid. The river here would, indeed, not be despicable, but they carry it off in channels to water their lands, which I have already told you are excessively well cultivated; and, in Spain, to render their cultivation perfect, they must have rills of water running

running all about their grounds, with which they can overflow them whenever they please. The Spaniards are very ingenious in managing their rivulets for this purpose. There are many laws too in Spain concerning them. As an Englishman would be liable to an action if he were to open his sluices, and let water into his neighbour's fields, he that, on the contrary, keeps them longer shut in this country than is necessary for himself, and so deprives others of the benefit of moistening their crops, would be subject to a similar prosecution. — — —

L E T T E R XXXIV.

ALICANT, APRIL 3, 1760.

I Arrived yesterday evening at this place, and have received many civilities from the consul. He accompanied me this morning to the top of a rock, which hangs just over the town, to see the castle built upon it. The English took it in the year 1704, shortly after the surprising of Gibraltar, and maintained it for the space of five years against all the efforts of the Spaniards and French. The garrison, consisting of Hotham's and Sybourg's regiments, which were not above half complete, held out with great resolution all the winter of 1709, during which they had been blocked up, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the scarcity of provisions, and the disturbance they received from the enemy's bombs.

The

The Spaniards finding all other means ineffectual to reduce this important fortress, resolved, at last, to blow up the rock on which the castle stands by a great mine. The several chambers of it being prepared with incredible labor and industry, the Spanish commander caused fifteen hundred barrels of powder to be lodged in them, and summoned colonel Sybourg, the governor, to surrender. To determine him the more readily to this, he gave him leave to send out two of his officers to see the condition of the mine. This was readily accepted. The commendator Asfeldt went himself with the officers to the mine, and told them he could not bear to see so many brave men perish under the ruins of a place they had so gallantly defended, and gave them twenty-four hours to consider. But the governor being immovable in his resolution, the mine was ordered the next day to be sprung, which the centinels, posted on the side of the hill to give notice of it, perceiving,

they

they made the appointed signal. Upon which the governor, with several officers, possessed with an idea that it was impossible for gunpowder to raise such a height of ground, walked to the parade, and ordered the guard to retire; which was no sooner done, but the mine blew up, and with little or no noise made an opening in the rock, on the very parade, of some yards in length, and about three feet wide; into which the governor, lieutenant general Thornicroft, Major Vignoles, and other officers fell; and the opening instantly closing upon them, they all perished, tho' their bodies were not entirely sunk in. Notwithstanding this fatal accident, lieutenant colonel Dalton, of Sybourg's regiment, to whom the command fell, resolved to hold out as long as he had any provisions; and to make them last the longer, he reduced his men to half allowance. But tho' our fleet used every endeavour to relieve them, they were obliged to capitulate

late upon honourable terms the 18th of April, 1709.

You see plainly to this day the terrible effect which the explosion of the mine had. All the side of the rock towards Alicant, the part under which it was formed, is rent and torn most amazingly, with a great heap of large stones and rubbish lying at the bottom. They say a little time ago an old English watch was found among the ruins. Mr. Reewely, an English merchant here, has it. Within the garrison there are many works erected by our countrymen, a great many places bomb-proof, made by them for their magazines and other things.

We were then, you know, in alliance with the Austrians, Portuguese, Piedmontese, and Dutch, to set Charles, archduke of Austria, upon the throne of Spain. It did not succeed. The plains of Almanza, near which I passed in coming from Valencia

hither, beheld the Austrians and their allies routed, when Philip the fifth, assisted by the victorious arms of France, established himself and his family upon the throne of Spain.

L E T T E R XXXV,

MURCIA, APRIL 10, 1760.

I Left Alicant yesterday and arrived here in the evening, a long journey, but by setting out early and going fast, we got here in tolerable time. I am now no more troubled with the drums and foldiers of Alicant. Every thing here is rural and in peace. The great variety a traveller meets with is, I think, not one of the least pleasures in travelling. One day beholds him in a town where every thing breathes war. He must then assume a military stride, talk of battles lost and won, and animate his heart to martial deeds. He may faunter away the following in some peaceful spot, like Murcia, where the favors bounteous nature has distributed to the country, added to the fine weather the spring brings along with it, invite

M 2

the

the muses to be of his party. I courted them this morning in a most pleasant walk, and am sorry that, instead of obeying their dictates, I am obliged to speak to you about other affairs, — — —

L E T T E R XXVI.

CARTHAGENA, APRIL 13, 1760.

I Arrived at this place yesterday, in a one horse chair, and have been walking about all to day to see the dock and fortifications, under the conduct of Mr. Bryan, the principal ship-builder in this port. He is an Englishman, who by the force of money was seduced into Spain. The abandoning his native country to serve foreigners is a very great crime, but still I think it admits of some alleviation in his case. The manner of his being inveigled abroad, according to his own story, is as follows. He was foreman to one Mr. Bird, in our dock-yard at Deptford. He perceived that a man was always following and pulling off his hat to him, for some days. He asked him at last if he wanted to speak to him. The unknown person replied,

M 3

that

that the place was too public for what he had to say. They agreed to meet that evening at a tavern. They did accordingly. However nothing was explained except in distant hints. A second meeting concluded in the same manner. A third was agreed upon, but nothing more done. At last Mr. Bryan declared, he would give the unknown person no further meetings, without he would tell his business. The Irish frier, for such he proved, then informed him, that he had kept him so long in suspense only to try whether he was fit for what he was going to propose. He made great offers from the king of Spain, which were at last accepted. "Consider," says Mr. Bryan, "my master, " Mr. Bird, paid me but sixty pounds a year. " I was in Spain to be master of myself, and " have above six times that sum. I thought " the advantage too great for my family not " to accept it. Our expences were likewise to " be borne for us quite into Spain, and all my " household furniture, with every thing I had
" in

“ in the world, to be conveyed after me. In
 “ short, says he, I set out and went from the
 “ Isle of Wight to Havre de Grace, and from
 “ thence to Paris.” The Spanish ambassador
 there supplied him with what money he
 pleased. He says that in passing by Lord
 Albemarle’s house, our ambassador at that
 time in France, he felt a sensation which
 convicted him of being a traitor to his coun-
 try. But it was now too late to retreat, and
 he renewed his journey to the frontiers of
 Spain, without stopping by the way. Being
 ignorant of all foreign languages, and not
 very regardful of the king of Spain’s cash,
 he used to hold his purse open to the mercy
 of the inn-keepers. The first place he went
 to was Ferrol near the Groyne or Corunna,
 but he was afterwards removed hither. He
 has continued a firm protestant, notwith-
 standing all the attempts and great offers
 that he says have been made to him. In
 the articles he drew up with the court of
 Spain, his not being molested with regard to

religion, and his having liberty to retire when he pleased, were included. Tho' they have used no force as to the former, he complains much of the disagreeableness of their insinuations, and of taunts from his under workmen. The latter is of no service to him, as he cannot appear in England. I never saw a person pine to such a degree after his native country; but whether our government will think proper to pardon him, upon the solicitations he intends to make, must be left to those of a higher sphere than myself.

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L E T T E R XXXVII.

VENTA DE GOR, APRIL 20, 1760.

I AM now in the middle of horrid mountains, in a solitary country inn or venta, however within sight of a little village called Gor. The roof which covers me at present is that of a stable, the best room this wretched habitation affords. I sit upon my cloak-bag, and write upon a low manger for jack-asses, filled up with straw. They tell me, that the mountains among which I am at present are not near so high as those I shall find when I come more towards Grenada, from which place I am still two days journey distant. They are covered with eternal snow, notwithstanding these very hot climates. A proof of their height. Even those where I am at present are powdered a little.

But

But to return to Carthagená, tho' I have nothing particular to tell you of the town, port, or dock. Mr. Bryan has attempted to bring ships into it to be cleaned, as we do in ours, but the want of tide in the Mediterranean obliges him to recur to pumps to empty out the water, which tho' he brags of doing in a few hours, must I think be a tedious work. The consul's house at Carthagená is a picture of the most extreme poverty. Imagine a coal-hole, and you will have some faint idea of its badness. The consul himself is at Madrid, where he went to solicit the consul general's place, but I fear without hopes. His son and wife however were at Carthagená. They keep no servants, and it is said that the good woman dresses the dinner, when the son lays the cloth and serves it upon table. But poverty is an excuse for every thing, except for our government, in permitting a person who has a sort of public office to be so indigent; for he has
nothing

nothing to depend upon, but so much for every English ship which enters the port, of which there have been none lately, but what have come in as prizes to the French. One M. Pleville, a man with a wooden leg, has made fifteen off Alicant. There were three of them there at the time I was. One of them had run on shore through the misconduct of the French mariners. This M. Pleville, however, is a man very much commended in these parts for treating his prisoners generously, and, tho' only commander of a privateer, is reported seldom to take watches or any thing from the captains. This loss of ships is entirely owing to one or two of our frigates not coming up this coast, which would take or drive off all these little vessels. Nor are our merchants in England blameless, for they send their ships as much without a convoy as if it was time of dead peace. France is certainly low, but not so much reduced as not to have a
great

great many privateers upon the seas. The reason, I believe, of our frigates not going much up the eastern coast of Spain, is their liking better, upon being ordered to cruize in the Mediterranean, to steer towards the Levant, where there are some rich Turkey prizes to be made, rather than wait for unprofitable privateers towards the Gulph of Lyons. But notwithstanding their success in taking our trading vessels, the French, of which there are a great number at Alicant, and indeed all through Spain, are very discontented with their present government. As I lived in a French inn there I used to see a great many of them. A lieutenant of the Antigallican, which we have just retaken, complained greatly, and I believe with equal falsehood, of our firing three broadsides into the vessel after she had struck, however he concluded with saying, that he had been several times taken by the English, and they always treated him well. He had before
vented

vented his passion against all the generals and admirals of France, and declared they deserved to be shot much more than Byng. That, as for himself, he had hazarded his life six times for his country, without gaining a farthing, and only wanted an opportunity to go and serve the English. He was seconded by a captain, who asserted the truth of all his complaints, and said he would go and serve the English too, but that he could not eat raw meat. He had been taken by the St. Albans, and lived some time on board that ship.

But imagine my one-horse chair now ready at the door of my inn at Carthagená. I have already told you that these are vehicles much used in this part of Spain. I arrived in it to Murcia in the evening, to which place we were obliged to return to get into the road at Grenada. I am now, as you already know, at this miserable inn in my way to that place, after staying one day at Murcia.

L E T-

LETTER XXXVIII,

GRENADA, APRIL 23, 1760.

NOTHING remarkable happened in my journey from the inhospitable mansion, where I wrote to you last, to this famous city. I have done little all this day, but run about to see what is most curious. The cathedral, and some other fine churches took up part of the time. I think they are remarkably sumptuous in Grenada. After dinner I went to see the famous old Moorish castle, called the Alhambra. As this was one of the last cities the Moors had in their possession upon the continent of Spain, there are more traces of them than in other parts. They were not driven out from hence till Ferdinand and Isabella's time, who were contemporaries with our Henry the seventh, before which period the Moorish kings held their
refi-

residence here. Notwithstanding the snowy mountain which hangs over Grenada, I had rather a hot walk up the hill to the Alhambra. Some part, however, of the ascent was shaded with fine tall spreading beech trees, which surrounded the building. My curiosity led me all about it, tho' there is not much to be seen, except the beauty of the situation, upon a rising ground just out of the town. They shew you apartments, which they tell you the sultaneſs inhabited, and halls, where particular martyrs suffered; but I suppose these stories have no farther foundation than the generality of their kind, tho' there can be no doubt but that the Moorish queens did reside somewhere, till the victorious arms of Spain drove their subjects to seek for shelter in the Alpuxarrian mountains, and afterwards expelled them from Europe. What pleased me most in this romantic fortress was, a visit I made to two Moors, who are prisoners in the castle where their forefathers reigned.

Only

Only one, indeed, is really a Moor, and of Algiers, for the other is of Candia or Crete, and of consequence, properly a Turk. They are said to be persons of consideration in their own country, whose ill fate threw them into the hands of the Spaniards, tho' I believe only captains of cruizing vessels. They are not, however, obliged to work, and the king allows them about a shilling a day each, with new cloathing once every year. The guards for a little present easily let me and my guide go in to see them. What surprized me very much was, to hear the Turk, upon my entering the room, tell me that very instant I was an Englishman. We talked afterwards of various things together. The Turk, during his slavery, (they have been taken five years,) had learned tolerably good Spanish. The Algerine seemed not to know so much, however, he talked, likewise, a little. He was in bed, not well, but he sat up in it to receive us. The name of the Turk, I think,

I think, was Barbufa, and that of the Moor Aggimufa. What made me very mad was, to hear my guide, who was a barber; begin to talk to them about religion. The Turk, I thought, answered very sensibly to his taunts, and told us he was content with the will of Almighty God, and that he bore his confinement with patience; adding, that there must always be many hundreds in the act of being born; many in the act of dying; many hundreds rich, many hundreds poor; many hundreds slaves, many hundreds free, and so on. And that, therefore, it was necessary for every person to comfort themselves in the state allotted to them. Upon my word, I was very much edified by his conversation, and would have talked more freely with him, if I had chosen to expose my sentiments before my Spanish guide. But as he was a check upon me, I took my leave, and left him to give them a few half-pence, which I could, at least, have extended to as many reals; but

I thought in the country I was in, it would look odd for a Christian to shew much charity to a Turk. They would make you believe the Grand Signior has offered to give up all the Spanish slaves he has in his custody to redeem them. After we had left these unhappy captives to their fate, and satisfied the voracity of their guards, who shew and use them like wild beasts, we went to see several other very handsome churches and remarkable things in Grenada. I am now going to pass the evening in a very agreeable family, which, as you know nothing of, it may be tedious to speak to you about.

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L E T T E R XXXIX.

MALAGA, APRIL 27, 1760.

FROM Grenada to Antequera, I arrived in two days, in my way to this place, without any thing remarkable. I was obliged to have two one-horse chairs, upon account of my baggage; in the latter of which my great cloak-bag stood upright, and looked like an alderman. The people in the villages, through which we passed, stared at this phenomenon. We told them idly it was an imbalmed corpse, that we were carrying to be interred. They all began to say Ave Marias for the soul of the poor deceased. I had bargained with the chaise-man to carry me quite to Malaga, but the roads were represented to be so bad from Antequera, that I resolved to pass them on horse-back. We might have gone round,

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indeed,

indeed, in a chaise, but, instead of one day's journey, it would have made a couple. I set out, therefore, early the next morning with the Malaga courier, who, tho' he derives his name from running, went only a foot-pace all the way. To show you what Spain is, we had no little difficulty in getting away from Antequera. I and a gentleman, who was likewise travelling to Malaga, were obliged to go to the courier's house; where, having mounted our horses, we sneaked out of town by a back way. The reason was, that a company of militia, which are upon a good footing here in Spain, were going from Antequera to the Spanish lines at Gibraltar. As they wanted beasts to carry their baggage, and as there were but few in Antequera, they laid an embargo upon all they could find; a thing which soldiers in this country have a right to do for their own convenience, tho' under the name of his majesty's service. I do not believe, indeed, that they would have dared to stop
horses

horses hired by any person of more appearance than a countryman, or, if they had, they might, perhaps, have been severely punished ; yet, as I was a foreigner, and to avoid all disputes, I was not at all displeased to keep the horses out of their sight, and to elude all occasion of controversy. We fell in with one of the officers, who had preceded the rest on horseback, just as we got out of the town. Nothing, however, passed between us but very great civilities, till the road parted, when we took leave of each other ; he to go to Gibraltar, and I to ascend a steep rock, which we were to pass in our way to Malaga. Notwithstanding the advanced season of the year, as we were on the northern side of this rugged mountain, winter seemed still to hold his throne upon it. We baited at a little place among the mountains. We were no sooner arrived to the declivity on the Malaga side of the rock, than we felt the climate entirely changed. Winter was fled, and

spring had reassumed her reign. We began, likewise, to see the vineyards planted on the hills on each side of us, which, as they had begun to bud, made a very beautiful green. This plantation of vines upon the hills is the reason of our calling the wine, *mountain*, that comes from hence. Not that the vineyards are so pretty in this country as in Tuscany. Here they never let the plants grow above four or five feet from the ground. In Tuscany they run up elms, and festoons are made from one tree to another of the most luxuriant shoots. They have an opinion in this country, that the letting the vine branch out so much in leaves and tendrils weakens the grape. It may be true for what I know. At least, Spanish wines are much stronger than those of Italy. But this rule is not general; for in the Roman state they do the same as in Spain, and yet their wines are not stronger, or, perhaps, in general, so strong as those of Florence. I should think, as well with
regard

regard to the body of the wine as to the goodness of it, that there is more in the foil than any thing else. But to conclude our journey.

The sea now began to lay open to our view, with the Moorish coast clearly extended beyond it. However, by little and little, as we descended into the valley, we lost sight of both. At last we came to Malaga, after a very tedious, tho' not long, journey. I mean that the slowness of our progress tired me, not the length of the way. The consul has taken me into his house, and I dined to day with a British merchant of this place. The consul's brother-in-law lost a considerable sum of money when the last war broke out between us and Spain; part of which he is now attempting to recover. The case, as well of his loss, as the grounds of his now attempting to recover it, are, if I mistake not, as follow. By treaties existing between Spain and Eng-

land, English merchants settled in that country, upon a war's breaking out between the two kingdoms, were to be allowed six months to retire with their effects. At Malaga they infringed the treaty so much, that not six days were granted to this gentleman for that purpose. However, as he had received some information before they came to seize upon his effects, the principal part of them were already conveyed away. About thirty thousand pounds, however, still remained, which were confiscated, tho' the government to be sure had the least part of them. He himself retired to a convent, where he lived for some time, and was extremely well treated, till an opportunity offered of getting on board a ship for England. That gentleman is since dead, but his brother is now trying if he can recover any part of that sum so unjustly seized. You may, perhaps, wonder that the attempting such a recovery has been deferred for so many years after the conclusion of the peace, which

which would seem the properest time for making such solicitations. I believe the reason of this was the brother's dying, and the confusion of their affairs at that time, joined to their having very little hopes of redress. What makes them renew their claim at present is, the new king being lately come to the throne, and his having promised to pay his father Philip the fifth's debts, of which this may be considered as a part.

LET.

LETTER XXXIX.

MALAGA, MAY 1, 1760.

— — — THE captain of an English corn-vessel, coming lately through the Streights, had an engagement with one of the French row-boats off Tariffa. This little port is just opposite to Tangiers in Barbary. As it is a narrow part of the streights the French keep little boats with oars, continually upon the watch there, for what ships may pass. Tho' they call them French, I believe the men are mostly Spaniards, who put up, however, French colours. The moment they see any little ships passing they fall out of their den, and board them. They have taken so many potatoe men and other little vessels coming to Gibraltar, that it has put the garrison to some inconvenience. Representations have been made to the court of Spain, but I
do

do not know that any redress has been obtained. The Spaniards however, will not permit our privateers in their ports, and I do not see why they should those of the French, for those little row-boats are to be considered as such. I really do not know what the English can do in this case. To sail into the port of Tariffa, and cut them from their anchors, would be too openly flying in the face of Spain. Arming a small vessel strongly, and concealing all but two or three men till the boats came near, might be another method. But they are too cunning to be easily caught that way. The moment they see any thing of a blue or red coat, in short, any thing like an officer on board, they retire into their port, and they have so little way to run, there is no overtaking them. But to return to that which chased our little merchant ship as she was going through the Straights in the night. They bore away both of them till they were nearly off Malaga, when the morning dawned. The captain of
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the merchant ship had eight men besides himself and a young son. The row-boat had a much greater number. However, he defended himself very bravely for a long time, till he received a ball in his shoulder, which obliged him to retire, and his ship shortly after struck, If I do not mistake she was bound for some part of Italy. The captain of the row-boat lost his leg in the engagement. There was no surgeon on board either of the vessels. The French to get rid of the incumbrance of a wounded man on board, set him on shore with his son, at a little place a few leagues off Malaga. The Spaniards would not let him advance from the strand, upon account of his bringing no credentials from whence the vessel came, which is required in all these countries upon account of the plague. The poor wounded fellow lay upon the bare shore for some days, without any person but his son to help him. The consul at last hearing of his distress, not only got him exempted from performing quarantine, but had him conveyed to

to his house, where he sent for one of the best surgeons in Malaga to attend him. Before I came they had already made one considerable incision into his shoulder, and a day or two after I arrived they made another. We all went out of the house at the time of the operation, not to hear the miserable wretch's shrieks. Both before and after these operations they extracted a prodigious quantity of bones, for the shoulder blade was splintered; but they could never get at the ball. The surgeon indeed was in doubt whether it was a ball, or a small bar of iron, for he seemed to think a ball could not do such execution. But notwithstanding all the care that could be taken of the poor man, the surgeon one morning came and told us, that his patient was in a very bad way, that he had seen symptoms which were the forerunners of a mortification, and that he thought we should do well to ask him if he had any thing to leave, as it seemed time for him to dispose of it. The principal

principal bad symptoms the surgeon complained of were the shoulder-bone's beginning to look black, and the patient being troubled, from time to time, with cold fits, not attacking the whole body, as an ague, but only the vital parts of it. The consul desired me to go up with him, to perform the surgeon's desire. We found the poor man in tolerably good spirits. But when it was mentioned, that if he had any thing to leave, it would be proper for him to dispose of it, I saw his under lip pucker up, and meet the upper. And yet we dressed up every thing in the most gentle terms possible ; but with a melancholy voice he immediately asked us, if we thought he should die. The consul told him no, on the contrary, he was glad to see him so well ; but as all things in this world were uncertain, he thought if he had any thing to leave, it would be proper for him to make some disposal of it, for fear of the worst. He replied, that he had but half a house in the whole world, which was

at

at Lynn, and which would go to his wife, without any will. He then complained of the ague, which tormented him, for to that he flattered himself his cold fits were owing, and begged a little wine ; but the doctor and surgeons had so rigorously denied it; that the consul did not care to give him any. Begging the faculty's pardon, however, I should think the doctor and surgeons were in the wrong. As I suppose, the man, like most sailors, had been used to hard drinking, sure a drop of wine could not do any hurt. I should think the contrary would rather be pernicious, to oblige him to such a great change of diet, when the ill habit of his body could but badly bear any alteration, and his spirits wanted a little assistance. Before I conclude I must just mention the ungraciousness of his son, who used to pull his father's arm to put him to pain, and threatened after his father's death, to declare he had acted like a coward.

The

The consul one day horse-whipped him, but he shewed no sign of fear, and by the intercession of his father was still continued about him.

Tho' my situation here is as agreeable as the civilities of the inhabitants can render it, I think, altogether, Malaga is but a dull place. Indeed there are no public diversions in any part of Andalusia, except at Grenada, where, in a little time, they intend to set up a play. But Spanish comedies are what I can by no means approve of. Their theatre seems to be much in the same condition as Horace describes that of Greece in the time of Thespis. At Madrid, the capital, or at least the residence of their court, they have no such thing as scenes, only a striped curtain, like those we put about beds, slit in various places, through which apertures the personages of the play generally enter, to the no small discomposure of their peruke. In the royal palace of the Retiro, there is indeed a
very

very famous opera house, which the late queen built, who was particularly fond of Italian music, and at that time the unmaned singing gentry made no small harvest. I do not know whether Farinelli had not then a pension of two thousand pounds a year. After the death of the late queen, the long malady of Ferdinand the sixth put all public diversions out of fashion; for in these monarchical countries, the least indisposition in the head obliges the subjects throughout the whole realm to lay aside all their public mirth and jollity. But the unbearded songsters of Madrid began to raise their spirits upon the death of his late majesty. They flattered themselves, that a king who had been so long at Naples as Don Carlos the third, could not but have brought a musical taste with him from that grand school of harmony. But, whatever the cause was, the fact has turned out quite the contrary. The king, upon his arrival at Madrid, professed a public dislike to all sorts of musical perfor-

mances, and sent Farinelli away, who I believe is now gone to spend the remainder of his decrepid days in Italy. In short, the fine-toned Neapolitans, that came to Madrid to fell air modulated through their wind-pipes, have been entirely disappointed, and with long countenances think of returning to their native country. Some of them however, stay, in hopes of an opera being allowed during the festivals for the inauguration of the king, which whether it will or no is what I can not say.

L E T T E R XLI.

ST. ROCK'S, MAY 5, 1760.

THE morning before yesterday I left Malaga. The consul would accompany me some part of the way, tho' he was obliged to be back by ten or eleven o'clock to receive the cession of a prize the French had unjustly made. They had cut her away from her anchor at Marbella, a little maritime town between Malaga and Gibraltar. She was laden with corn. Now the French were certain, upon this affair's being represented at Madrid, that they should be obliged to restore her, but they knew at the same time that corn being a perishable commodity, it would in all probability be spoilt before a messenger could go to Madrid and return to Malaga. The rascal that took her was malicious enough to make a handle of this, and insist

upon a gratification to restore her immediately, without fuss or sending to the ministry; and I think the day before yesterday a certain number of pistoles were agreed upon, which the English thought better to pay than seek for justice, and lose the whole cargo. Besides corn is said to be much wanted at Lisbon, so that in all probability it will sell well, and as some water had got in among it, it was beginning to spoil, which made a quicker vent the more necessary. It was the having this ship delivered over to him that obliged the consul to return, when I proceeded to dinner at Coin, a very pretty place as any I have seen in Spain, and the country watered at almost every hundred yards with little murmuring rivulets. From Coin we went and slept at Munda, the plains of which, if the hilly country about it could ever afford a plain, are famous for a battle between Cæsar and Pompey the younger, in which the former was victorious. They point out the
field

field of battle to you upon the least uneven spot, but a disquisition about it can be neither entertaining nor useful. From Munda I went the next day over not unpleasant but craggy mountains to dine at Marbella. I had a letter there for a Spanish gentleman, who was born at Gibraltar, and part of whose family still lives there. There are a number of Spaniards still residing at Gibraltar; for when the place was taken those families which chose to continue there had full permission, and I believe a great many may have been more contented under the English government than that of Spain. The rest retired to St. Rock's, where they formed this town, which is now the Spanish head quarters in these parts. After having dined with my friend at Marbella, we pursued our way along the sea shore, near which we were to travel almost as far as Gibraltar, that is till within three or four leagues of this place, when we were to turn up the country a little. We

overtook a troop of horse not a great way from Marbella, who put me at their head, and in this manner we continued our march to Estepona, a little village where we were to pass the night. I wanted to get as early as I could to St. Rock's the next day, to be able if possible to obtain my Spanish passport and enter Gibraltar in the evening; but the muleteers, of which there were no less than two to reconduct our horses, declared they must hear mass before they set out the next morning, as it was a holy-day. Not thinking myself bound by these religious ties, there was nothing hindered me from mounting my horse, without any Roman catholic attendants, as early as I pleased. The way I imagined I could not lose, as it was mostly along by the sea side, and as for what remained after leaving the sea shore to St. Rock's, I thought the course of the country would direct me. Besides, the back part of the rock of Gibraltar was in view. It had been so ever since

I emerged from the mountains between Munda and Marbella, and came down towards the sea. I did not doubt therefore of finding out a place that was already under my eye. Accordingly, leaving my servant and the muleteers to accomplish their devotions, I set out by moon-light, and took my solitary way along the strand, which was at about every three hundred yards distance garnished with old round towers, in each of which I believe there used formerly to be a guard, to give from thence signs by beacons upon the coast of the appearance of any Moors, and so alarm the whole neighbourhood. The Spaniards, however, at present neglect these precautions, and only keep a company of troopers posted up and down in two or three places. Indeed I believe the Moors very seldom attempt to land in this part of Spain, tho' it is what is nearest to their own country; but the Algerines very often make little disembarkations upon the more northern coasts. The moon

with uncommon splendor assisted my early journey, and the gentle breaking of the then pacific waves upon the strand incited contemplation. At last I came to the place where the Moorish towers ended, and where I was to penetrate a little into the inland country just by St. Rock's. They had the night before dunned me so much about being sure to leave the sea shore, when there were no more towers, that I overdid the thing, and went too soon and too much on the right hand. An ugly river, which I did not much like fording alone, had some share in making me leave the sea. Indeed I had met with a good many rivers and rivulets from my setting out from Estepona, some of which were deep. I think the way I went was just the place where all the rivulets in the country discharged themselves into the Streights. But I at last, by going higher up, passed the stream in question, and got into a wild sort of country on the other side of it,

it, where I was obliged to go on a great way before I met any person to ask about the road. At last a country fellow, who was watching some horses while they grazed, told me upon enquiry, that I was quite out of the way, and that the only thing I could do to get into it again was to go back the same road I came, and continue along the sea-shore about a mile and a half farther before I left it. That the river too was very safely fordable just by the sea, for indeed the impassible look of it had been one of the principal reasons which had biaised me to turn so soon up into the country, or else I might perhaps have gone straight along half a mile farther, for there was still one remaining tower at that distance. It was now broad day-light, and had been so for some time, tho' the moon had before shone so bright, that I think she almost rivalled her brother Apollo. You may perhaps wonder at the reason of my going so far up into the country as St. Rock's, when Gibraltar being
upon

upon the sea-shore, you will naturally imagine that by keeping close to it, I ought sooner or later to come to my journey's end. But you will remember that every person, (as indeed I have already hinted) who wants to enter the garrison, must first go and get leave of the Spanish commander at St. Rock's to pass the lines. To execute therefore this intention I was obliged, upon the horse-grazier's information, to turn about the head of my steed, and follow the traces I had already made till I got back to the sea. But not to keep you any longer upon the road between Estepona and St. Rock's, I will only tell you that, after having passed through many queer sort of places, I arrived this morning in safety to this latter town. Indeed I thought I should never have got here, and a misling cloudy day, as it has turned out from about an hour after sun-rise, rendered my journey still more intricate. However, at a cottage I got a good draught of milk, (which is a scarce

scarce commodity in southern countries,) and it heartened me up to ford a great river, and arrive at my journey's end. I have just been to wait upon the commander of the lines. Bucarelli, who had that post when I was last at Gibraltar, is now made governor of Barcelona, which I should think so haughty a man will be far from liking, as at St. Rock's he was sole in command, and even king in his little territory, and at Barcelona he will be under the captain general of the province of Catalonia, who resides in that city. His post here is occupied by Don Carabeo Grimaldi, whom I knew at Madrid. He has received me with the greatest civility. When I asked him leave to enter into Gibraltar and to return the same day, he immediately ordered the passport to be made out. The reason of my desiring to return, is, that I have not only heard at Malaga, but from a gentleman I have met at St. Rock's am informed of our ambassador's having set sail for Barbary above

a fortnight ago, which if true will forever lose me the fight of Marocco, and I have nothing to do but to return to Madrid.

L E T T E R XLII.

GIBRALTAR, MAY 8, 1760.

TH O' all hopes of the Barbary expedition are over, as some of the ransomed slaves are already arrived at this place, I shall stay here a day or two, before I set off for my journey through Spain to embark at Barcelona for Sicily, as we have settled. The Barbary affairs go on extremely well. However, I believe we paid more money for the redemption of our slaves than was at first demanded. Captain Barton, the captain of the Litchfield, is already come on board the Guernsey, tho' I believe only upon his parole to return upon the emperor of Marocco's enjoining him so to do. They say he wept upon finding himself once more in an English ship. But to continue my proceedings in a sort of historical method,

which

which may, as I have said, be less tiresome than a detached description of customs and countries, and other occurrences. The governor would make me eat a beef-steak with him upon my arrival at this place; for so he called his good dinner, and in the interval I made a short visit to the several acquaintances I had within the garrison, which consisted mostly in officers and merchants. Indeed, there are few other persons of the least character at Gibraltar. I say of the least character, because, what the garrison consists of besides, is the scum of all nations mixed together. When first I came to Gibraltar, I could imagine no entertainment greater than standing at the window, and remarking the different nations that passed. It seemed as if the town was in masquerade. One moment a Turk stalks before you; the next a Moor presents himself to your view; then comes, perhaps, a Barbary Jew, dressed after his fashion, with his long beard and long black gown; then

a com-

a common Jew ; then a Spaniard, with his cloak and flopped hat ; then a Spanish countryman, with his queer cap, that when you look him in the front, forms a triangle, in which his face is inclosed. After all these figures, a *jemmy* red-coat officer varies, perhaps, the scene a little ; or a Spanish officer, of Spanish and English foldiers or failors, or Italians, or French, or Germans, or all sorts of nations. But you come, at last, to be used to all this medley of figures, and it makes no impressiion. In the evening I returned to St. Rock's, and, as I had found tolerably good lodgings at Gibraltar, I resolved to return, and stay a few days there. Upon my arrival at St. Rock's, I made a visit to Carabeo, desiring a fresh passport to re-enter Gibraltar with my things. He complied with my request, and at the same time gave orders, that my baggage should not be molested by the custom-house officers. However, I collected from his behaviour that what he was doing for me was to be

confi-

considered as a favor, and an act of friendship from his having known me at Madrid. I told him I understood it in that light, and thanking him very kindly, took my leave. He pressed me to stay dinner, but I excused myself by being engaged to the governor, at whose table I appeared just as it was serving.

When we were seated, a ship appeared in the bay, of which you have a full view from the convent or governor's habitation. It was one of the vessels that had been cruising off Sallee, with our ambassador to Marocco. Besides the Guernsey, his own ship, he had set sail with a couple of frigates in company. It was one of them which was now returning, and which had on board eighty of the three hundred slaves he was to redeem. About five o'clock she anchored, and the late captives came on shore in a most shattered condition. However, most of them got old cloaths lent them,

them, which, as they were not of a piece, rendered them very curious figures. There were but two or three officers along with them. After having left the governor's, I went to take a little walk upon the parade, the general place of resort after the dinner and bottle are finished. It was here I had the first conversation with our redeemed slaves. They did not, however, so much complain of their treatment as I had imagined, but in every thing else their story nearly agreed with what I have already told you. Captain Barton still remains behind. One or two of the officers, indeed, told most strange things. I asked them how they lived, to which they answered, "very hard." Upon desiring to know their general fare, they told me it was beef, mutton, fowls, and game, which did not appear to me to be such very hard living, at least, I had often fared worse in Spain. But what seemed to be really disagreeable was, the contempt in which the Moors held them.

They used from time to time to spit in their faces; in revenge of which injury they did not dare to move either hands or tongue. One of them told me a very bloody story about a Spaniard. He had made use of some reviling terms in his own language upon a Moor's spitting in his face. They tore him immediately before Sidi Mahomet, the emperor, who with a battle-axe cleaved his skull. The brains flew about on all sides. But I know too well how fond travellers are of recounting wonderful stories. I am surprized, however, at their finding implicit believers. Before my setting out for Spain, I was informed by some ladies, that a gentleman had seen a person clapt alive upon the fire, and slowly burnt in the Spanish inquisition. Upon my contradicting it, I was laughed at, and told that it was from an eye witness they had the account. My surprize was not from such a story's being recounted, but from its finding credit. Hyperbolical licenses are used in travelling

travelling as well as poetry. Not but that I believe severe executions may have been performed in that tribunal, but it is so very secret in its proceedings, that I dare say what is transacted within its walls has very rarely transpired to the public.

LETTER XLIII.

ST. ROCK'S, MAY 11, 1760.

THIS morning, after having bid adieu to my Gibraltar friends, I mounted a hired horse and sallied forth from the garrison. Upon my taking leave of the governor I received a commission from him to endeavour to get a renewal of the free communication with Spain, which the English had enjoyed when Bucareli commanded at St. Rock's. In his time every person who had the governor of Gibraltar's permission might pass the lines. But as many bequeathed their passports, which were little tickets, to some friend when they left Gibraltar, they had been extended to such a degree, that there was scarcely a shoemaker without them. To this Carabeo, and our governor himself, expressed a dislike. But they were not as yet sufficiently acquainted

acquainted with each other to settle these matters. My lord wanted a familiarity to be introduced between them. I promised to acquaint Carabeo that his lordship hoped he would favour him with his company one day to dinner in the garrison, for he said he was sure they should do nothing till they had eat and drunk together. Having executed this commission, and dined with Carabeo, or Grimaldi as they call him at Gibraltar, I am now retired to my inn, which is not so bad as the generality in Spain, having been a sort of airing place for the English. I shall set off early to-morrow morning for Port St. Mary's. — — —

LETTER XLIV.

PORT ST. MARY'S, MAY 15, 1760.

I Arrived the day before yesterday at this place, without any thing remarkable in my journey. I intended yesterday to set out for St. Lucar, making it in my way to Seville, and so to Madrid, but the coach-man whose vehicle I had hired disappointed me, which changed my destiny from travelling to an evening's ride on horse-back with the consul's family. The country about Port St. Mary's is very pretty, and every thing is now in its best bloom. The sun was a little hot, but we avoided it in part, by riding under the shade of olive grounds. Upon our return, we passed through one of the most delightful lanes I ever saw. Thousands and thousands of spontaneous honey-suckles were blossoming in the hedges on each side.

They

They perfumed the whole atmosphere. We had with us some of the English merchants settled here and at Cadiz, of which there are but two or three families, as they do not find the same account in trade as the Irish, being obliged to retire in time of war. The Irish Roman catholics, and I believe there are no protestants of that nation at Cadiz, are of an amphibious nature. In time of peace, or when it serves their turn, they are British subjects, and in time of war, or when they want to go to the Spanish west Indies, they are Spaniards. Our ambassador however, has just put them all into confusion, by dispatching an express to the consul here, with orders to send to all the Irish families inhabiting within his district, and desire them to declare whether they are British or Spanish subjects. It certainly is a puzzling question, as the major part would have chosen to hold the scale doubtful, and then turn the balance as affairs afterwards should direct. Some of them, as you will imagine, declared

themselves British subjects, and some Spanish. Some said, they would not tell what they were, and that the ambassador had no authority, to make such a demand*.

* The king of Spain has, since the late peace, settled this affair, by making the Irish declare whose subjects they choose to be.

L E T T E R XLV,

PORT ST. MARY'S, MAY 18, 1760.

I Have put off my departure for Madrid till this evening, and yesterday was to visit my friends at Cadiz, with one of whom I dined. As our discourse turned upon the possibility of a very surprising story, believed here in Spain, and witnessed in a particular manner, I can not avoid giving it you,

Some fishermen a few years ago, were exercising their trade off Cadiz. As they were drawing their nets they perceived an animal that had the form of a man, swimming along at some distance in the sea, and from time to time playing upon the waves. They had seen this figure two or three days, I think, successively, and once it came so near them that they threw it some bits of bread, which

which the sea-monster, for such they imagined it to be, snatched up greedily, and devoured. The city of Cadiz thought itself interested enough in the affair to give orders to all their fishermen and sailors to do their utmost endeavours to catch it. Accordingly they went out, and after many trials, did at last surround it so completely with their nets, that it remained entangled in them. Upon its being brought into Cadiz and particularly examined, it was found to have the perfect form of a man. However, his nails were almost eaten away, and some affirmed, that upon his first landing he had a sort of scaly matter down his back-bone, which however fell off in a little time. Tho' he used from time to time to make a noise, yet he articulated nothing, except one word which no person understood, and which was that of *Lierganes*. There happened however to be a Biscayan at Cadiz, who having heard that this man-monster often used to pronounce the word *Lierganes*, came and said that

that there was a little village of that name in Biscay. Every person was astonished that this amphibious human creature, who seemed to shew few signs of understanding in any of his actions, nor articulated any other sounds, should light upon the word Lierganes, which he repeated very often. It was agreed, out of curiosity, to conduct him to the place. The monster and his attendants set out accordingly on foot, and arrived at length to the brink of a little hill, that looks down upon Lierganes. The moment the houses were in sight, away he ran before his guardians and entered the place. With much surprize they followed him. However he got out of sight. They enquired after him, and it was not difficult to trace such a particular figure. He was gone into a poor old woman's house. They came there and found him with the old woman. She told them upon their enquiry, that the figure before them was her son. That she had sent him apprentice to a carpenter at

Bilboa.

Bilboa. That he had there taken such a passion to the sea, that every moment of leisure time was consumed in swimming. That he had arrived to such perfection in diving, as to stay under water a considerable time, and would go to most surprising distances, That one day as he was swimming with some of his companions, he went out so far into the sea, that they lost sight of him. They waited some hours, but finding he did not come back, imagined he must have been drowned by some accident, and with much grief returned home. That she from that time had considered her son as dead, when he now so surprisingly appeared before her. The old woman having thus finished her story, the persons who had accompanied her son, remained in the utmost astonishment. A little time after a great many persons flocked to the house, and most of them recollected him, besides he had a brother and sister, and other relations, who knew him perfectly well, so that there could be no doubt

doubt concerning the identity of the person. He did not live I think above five or six years after his having been thus taken out of the sea. He never recovered his senses or speech except two or three words, such as bread, wine, &c. which, however, he pronounced without any coherency. During this time he was visited by a number of learned people in Spain, who all give testimony to what I have here said.

Now you will think this story very surprising, and for my own part I do not believe a single syllable of it, but surely never did a lie meet with more favourers to defend it, or more learned men to authorise it. The clever Feyjoo attempts to prove the possibility of the thing by natural means, tho' some would clap a miracle upon it, by saying it was owing to a curse he received from his mother for some misdemeanor or other he had committed when he was a little boy. What Feyjoo says with regard to this wonderful

derful man-fish is as follows. After dividing his dissertation into different articles, he attempts to prove the possibility of a man's living in the water a considerable time, and that without sleep, and only nourished with raw fish. One of the arguments he brings upon the first head is, " that a man who had " never walked would think it as impossible " to go twenty miles on foot, as to swim " as many. That we see in persons who " practice swimming what advances they make " every day in that art, as well in being able " to go a greater way, as to dive a longer " time. Now, if we imagine a person " almost continually in the water, as our " man-monster was, the perfection which " he ought to attain to must be infinitely " superior to what is commonly seen." He says likewise " there have been divers, who " by use have dilated their lungs to such " a degree, as to be able to stay some " hours under water." He recounts as an instance, what I believe a great lie, the story

story of a Sicilian, who could live I think almost a day under water. I may give you the story upon the road to Madrid, which being the same I travelled last time, will probably afford little new to entertain you. With regard to our monster's living without sleep, Feyjoo says, " That want of rest is
 " often an attendant upon madness, and
 " as our man-fish was certainly out of his
 " senses, he had as good a right to live
 " without sleep as any other lunatic. But
 " who hindered him from coming and
 " reposing upon the shore on nights? He
 " was not chained to the bench of a galley.
 " There are desert places enough, where he
 " might have landed often, between Bilboa
 " and Cadiz." Feyjoo reasons pretty much the same with regard to his nourishment.
 " I think it very possible," says he, " for
 " him to have been able to catch live fish
 " and devour them. Or, if not, when he
 " came on shore, he might live upon the
 " herbage, and other things he found
 " there

“ there in abundance. I should think, for
“ many reasons, he did not stay continu-
“ ally in the sea, from the time of his disap-
“ pearance at Bilboa to his being taken up
“ off Cadiz. As for the scaly matter said
“ to be found upon his back, that, if true,
“ might be caused by the force of the wa-
“ tery element, as well as the loss of the
“ greatest part of his nails, as no person
“ is ignorant of the corrosive quality of
“ sea water.” I have given you, however,
enough of what my author says concerning
this amphibious Biscayan; as, if nothing
remarkable happens upon the road, you may
have the history of his brother in miracu-
lousness.

L E T T E R XLVI.

ECIJA, MAY 22, 1760.

I AM got thus far on my way to Madrid by the same road I went last time. I am in company with some Frenchmen, who were the officers of the French East India ship, called the duke of Penthièvre, which you know was taken off Galicia by the Antigallican privateer, and was by the Spaniards given back to the French at Cadiz, but has since been disarmed. We have been very merry as yet, and our living upon the road has been better than usual, as the Frenchmen set all hands to work in the inns, and make very excellent ragouts. We are a good many in number. There is the captain of the vessel, with two officers, and a surgeon, and purser, besides some sailors, who accompany us on foot. They

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have

have almost all at different times been taken by the English, and in general speak very well of our nation. One of the sailors went so far as to declare, that he had rather be a prisoner with us, than travelling in Spain. The youngest officer, however, who, upon his being taken, had been carried into Ireland, complained a little of a march they had obliged him to make from Waterford to Londonderry, during our last year's apprehensions of an invasion from the French in that island. This little young fellow had deserted from us. He excused his so doing by the ill usage he said he had received, as well during this march from Waterford to Londonderry, as afterwards. He seems most picqued at his and some other officers having been mixed with the common sailors. He says, that a hundred of our troops, commanded by an officer, drove them through such dirty roads, that he waded sometimes half up to his knees in mud. He confesses, however, that the English

lish officer, having taken a liking to him, did now and then let him mount up behind his horse. But the French sailors themselves were the persons he principally complained of, who were so maliciously happy to see their officers reduced to an equal footing with themselves, that they were continually cutting jokes, and laughing at them. As soon as he came to Londonderry, he deserted, I think, to Dublin, where he got on board a Spanish vessel bound for Cadiz. He says, the Irish country people, especially the Roman catholics, assisted him all they could in his escape, and gave him victuals and drink; filling up bumpers to the confusion of King George. Upon his arrival at Cadiz, he engaged himself on board the duke de Penthièvre, and upon that ship's being disarmed, was returning with the rest of her crew. This was his story. Some of the rest had been lately taken by the Windsor, I think, where, they say, they were treated very well, and set on

shore at Lisbon; the French consul giving a receipt for them. This is a practice in all neutral ports, where the English and French consuls give reciprocal receipts for the prisoners that fall into their hands, which are sent to their respective nations, and the exchange regulated accordingly. Most of the sailors have little round English hats, the fruits of their confinement. You may imagine, we make a terrible slaughter of fowls upon the road. In the inns all hands are busy; some in buying, some in picking, some in roasting, some in boiling, some in making sauces; when, at last, we all join together in the universal science of eating. But the description of it not being so entertaining as the execution, I will give you the story I promised you, which I have translated, as near as possible, from the Latin. I have found it inserted in a book that describes the remarkable events of Sicily; but the author of that book has only quoted it from Kircher, in a treatise

treatise of his concerning the subterraneous world, tom. 1st, lib. 2, cap. 15.

“ I will here adjoin a history of what
 “ happened during the reign of Frederic
 “ king of Naples, by which we may prove
 “ the truth of what has been hitherto said
 “ concerning the inequality of the bottom
 “ of the sea. There was in those days in
 “ Sicily a very famous swimmer, called
 “ Nicholas, tho’ more known among the
 “ common people by the denomination of
 “ *Pesce Cala*, or the fish Nicholas. His
 “ vast practice, joined to a particular
 “ strength in diving, were the means of
 “ his gaining a miserable livelihood by sell-
 “ ing shells, coral, and other products
 “ extracted from the deep. He was so
 “ delighted with the water, as sometimes
 “ to stay out four or five days at sea, with-
 “ out other nourishment than the raw fish
 “ he could catch. He used continually to
 “ be carrying messages from Sicily into

“ Calabria, and is reported more than once
“ to have advanced as far as the islands
“ of Lipari. Sometimes he was met by
“ vessels in the midst of a stormy sea, bear-
“ ing away towards Calabria, to the asto-
“ nishment of the sailors, who thought
“ him a sea monster ; till, by being known
“ by some of them, he was received on
“ board ship. Upon being asked whither
“ he was going in such stormy weather, he
“ generally answered, that he was carrying
“ letters to some town or other. These
“ he used to convey in a leathern purse
“ closed with much art, that the circum-
“ ambient moisture might not spoil them.
“ After a hearty meal, and bidding the
“ sailors adieu, he would replunge into
“ the deep. He is said, likewise, from so
“ continually living in the water, to have
“ contracted an amphibious nature ; and
“ that webs like those of geese had grown
“ upon his hands and feet, with such an
“ extreme dilatation of lungs, as to be
“ able

“ able to contain air sufficient for supporting
 “ life under water during the space of a
 “ whole day.

“ The king of Naples being at Messina,
 “ and hearing of the wonders of this diver,
 “ from an impulse of curiosity, ordered
 “ him to be brought into his presence;
 “ which, after long searching for him by
 “ sea and land, was at length done. As
 “ the king had heard much of the parti-
 “ cularities of the neighbouring whirlpool
 “ of Charybdis, he thought a better occa-
 “ sion could never offer of exploring the
 “ internal constitution of its parts. He
 “ ordered, therefore, Nicholas to descend
 “ to the very bottom, and observing him
 “ rather unwilling to execute his commands,
 “ under pretence of the great danger, which
 “ he said he alone knew perfectly, the
 “ king, to render him more courageous in
 “ the execution of the attempt, ordered a
 “ cup of gold to be thrown into that place,
 Q 4 saying,

“ saying, it should be his, if he could
“ recover it. Nicholas, instigated by avarice,
“ accepted the condition, and plunged into
“ the whirling billows. He stayed under
“ water near three quarters of an hour, while
“ the king and his attendants stood with
“ anxious expectation upon the shore. At
“ length the waves thrust him up with
“ much violence, bearing in his hand with
“ an air of triumph the golden cup. He
“ was conveyed to the palace, something
“ weakened through the excess of fatigue.
“ A good dinner, and the indulgence of a
“ little sleep having reinstated him, he ap-
“ peared before the king. The following
“ is what he is reported to have said in
“ answer to the royal questions concerning
“ what he found at the bottom of that
“ abyss.”

I must refer what he said to my next paper, and even that, supposing nothing remarkable happens upon the road.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLVII

ELVISO, MAY 25, 1760.

AS there are other chaises with us upon the road, my having four mules proves very useful. I make my postilion drive before, by which means I get the best rooms, not only for myself, but for my French company, else perhaps we might sometimes have been obliged to look out for quarters from the corregidor, as we were you know at Veilen, the first time I went this road. Elvifo, where I at present am, is the first town in the province of La Mancha, famous with us for giving birth to Cervantes's knight of the woful countenance. As there are so many French, and I the only Englishman, they esteem us all of that nation in the inns. In consequence of this, a number of poor Frenchmen, with which Spain swarms,
come

come begging about us, and swearing they have been taken by the English and used wonderfully ill. This very evening a blind man, that sings extemporary verses to a guitarre, has come in to us, and begun sounding his instrument and exercising his voice, to the dispraise of the English, whom he called so many Turks and Barbarians. Upon being informed however, there was one of that nation in company, he changed his note, and readily enough began rehearsing the praises of both nations, and wishing they might soon be united by peace. Before he had been extolling the French as defenders of the Roman catholic religion, and as trampling under foot the hydra of impious heresy. As for religion, the French are without doubt Roman catholics, but still, there is much difference between them and the Spaniards in the energy of their way of thinking. There is no getting at least the young officers at present with me to go and hear mass. They laugh at it, but their captain

tain has given them a round scold. "I would
 " always (says he) keep up to the forms of
 " my religion, tho' I did not believe a word
 " of it. Were I even a Turk, I would do as
 " the Turks." But the young fellows do not
 seem to mind much what he says, and are
 always ridiculing him behind his back.
 Nothing else occurring to write to you, I will
 begin the pompous speech of our amphi-
 bious Nicholas,

" Most mighty sovereign, what you have
 " ordered I have performed. But never had
 " I obeyed your orders, tho' you had even
 " promised me the half of your kingdom,
 " if I had known before, what I found in
 " the depths of the ocean. I committed a
 " greater rashness than disobeying the com-
 " mands of my sovereign." Upon the king
 of Naples asking him the reason, he thus
 answered. " Your majesty must know,
 " that four causes render this most horrible
 " gulph almost inaccessible, not only to
 " divers

“ divers like myself, but even to the very
 “ fishes. First, the force of the waves boil-
 “ ing up from the lowest abysses of the
 “ ocean, which the strongest man could
 “ hardly break through, nor could I resist,
 “ which obliged me to descend to the bot-
 “ tom by very oblique rounds. Secondly,
 “ the great multitude of rocks I met with
 “ every where, and which I could not
 “ approach without manifest danger of my
 “ life, or at least of being very much bruised,
 “ by being dashed against them. Thirdly,
 “ the whirlpools of the subterraneous
 “ waters, gushing with amazing force from
 “ the inmost caverns of the rocks, which
 “ caused a formidable conflux of contrary
 “ waves, capable of depriving a person
 “ almost of their senses only at seeing them
 “ boil. Fourthly, the herds of immense
 “ *polypusses*, who clinging to the sides of the
 “ rocks with their claws stretched wide out,
 “ struck me with the greatest horror. One
 “ I saw bigger in its body than a man. Its
 “ claws

“ claws were more than ten feet long, and
 “ if he had pressed me between them I had
 “ died with the very fear of his grasp.
 “ Fishes of the fiercest nature, called the
 “ dog-fish, have their dens in the adjoining
 “ cavities of the rocks. They have their
 “ jaws armed with a triple row of teeth,
 “ and are not unequal in size to dolphins.
 “ Their fury is such, that whoever they
 “ catch between their teeth is lost, as no
 “ saws, however sharp, can equal the cutting
 “ force of such monstrous tusks.”

“ Having related these things, he was
 “ asked how he could find so quickly the
 “ cup of gold. He answered that it had
 “ not descended to the bottom, upon account
 “ of the flux and reflux of the waters, but
 “ that after being beaten about by the force
 “ of the waves, he had found it in the
 “ hollow of a cliff. Had it gone to the
 “ bottom, he declared it was impossible to
 “ find it in such a boiling ocean. He added
 “ besides,

“ besides, that the sea was so deep, as
 “ to cause almost a total darkness. Being
 “ questioned concerning the nature of it at the
 “ bottom, he answered, that it was inter-
 “ woven with innumerable rocks, and that
 “ the waters gushing in and out among the
 “ roots, caused those whirlpools upon the
 “ surface, which sailors experience to the
 “ great danger of their vessels.

“ He was then asked if he had courage
 “ enough to try a second time the bottom
 “ of Charybdis, but answered, no. Being
 “ overcome however with a second cup of
 “ great value filled with gold, and thrown
 “ into the same place, incited by avarice,
 “ he a second time plunged into the whirl-
 “ pool. But he never appeared after,
 “ hurried perhaps, by the force of the
 “ torrents amidst the labyrinths of those
 “ hidden cliffs, or devoured by those fish,
 “ which he had so much feared.

“ I have thought proper to recount this
 “ history, as described in the royal acts,
 “ communicated to me by the secretary of
 “ the archives, in order that the stormy
 “ tracts of the hidden ocean might appear
 “ more clear.”

This is the account of the Sicilian swimmer, which,

——— credit Judæus Apella.

However, Lionardo di Capua, in his treatise of poisonous exhalations issuing from volcanos (page 47), defends the truth of it in the following words.

“ Scylla, says Herodotus, was the greatest
 “ diver ever known in the world. He could
 “ remain under water a surprising space of
 “ time. He once dived from the coast of
 “ Affeta quite to Artemisium, which is
 “ eight miles, astonishing every person how
 “ he

“ he could remain so long without breath-
 “ ing. And Pausanias says, that he and
 “ his daughter, who swam likewise admi-
 “ rably well, did much damage to Xerxes’s
 “ ship in a storm. Nor was Glaucus less
 “ famous than him, whom the people ima-
 “ gined to have been transformed into a sea-
 “ god, as he was almost a continual inhabi-
 “ tant of that element, when, as Casa sings,
 “ his human appearance was mingled,

*Di spuma e di conche e fer alga sue chiome. **

“ There are many other famous divers that
 “ have been able to live a long time under
 “ water, but the most particular was our
 “ countryman Nicholas the fish. He used
 “ to live whole days under water without
 “ any inconvenience. I wonder Boyle could
 “ suspect this story, as being a fable that
 “ Cardano invented. Besides so many au-

* With foam and shells, his hair becoming sea weed.

“ thors

“ thors that relate it, Alexander of the Alex-
 “ anders, and Pontani evidently confirm it.
 “ The latter wrote the following beautiful
 “ verses concerning him.

*Ille autem irato sese committere ponto
 Audet, Nereidum et thalamos intrare repositos,
 Tritonum penetrare domos Glauciq; recessus,
 Et tentare imi pulsans clausa ostia Nerei.
 Sæpe illum Galatea cavo dum prodit ab antro
 Mirata est, stupitq; viri per cœrula gressum.
 Sæpe suas Arethusa comas dum ficit, euntem
 Obstupuit, simul et vitreo caput abdidit antro.*

“ The town of Tropea not even many years
 “ ago has had very famous divers, amongst
 “ others Jeronymo, who used to stay whole
 “ days under water as well as Nicholas the
 “ fish, but the most particular was that he
 “ used to sleep there likewise. Dormi-
 “ turus *, as Severino relates of him, scopuli

* When inclined to repose, he with contempt rejected the hard bosom of the rocks, and incumbent upon the most yielding bed of the waters, would sleep placidly upon them for the space of two or three hours.

“duritiem aspernatus, mollissimo incubat
 “æquoris strato, ibi somnum dormit placi-
 “dissimum duarum aut trium horarum.”

But I will finish my dreams and paper
 together.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

MADRID, JUNE 2, 1766.

I HAVE been obliged to omit one letter upon account of want of leisure to write it. Nothing has happened worth relating in the remainder of my journey to this capital, so that I will give you a description of the bull feasts I saw here yesterday. There was very good sport, to use the Spanish phrase, three horses killed, one man gored in the breech, and another lamed by the kick of a horse. But you must not think this is common, for, in general, there is little or no danger for the men, but it is a most cruel diversion, and unfit to be seen by any person of the least compassion. To give you the description of it. Upon being arrived at one of the entries into the amphitheatre, which is situated without the walls of Madrid, I paid my

R 2

price,

price, and took my seat. I had been afraid of being too late ; but, instead of that, I was much too soon. After having waited a considerable time, near an hour, I believe, which indeed made the people rather impatient, a gate into the amphitheatre opened, and the alguazils appeared. However, the time I had been waiting was not entirely lost. I was very much pleased in beholding the magnificent view of the amphitheatre crowded with people. I seemed to be transported within the walls of ancient Rome, and that the impatient croud was expecting the entrance of the gladiators. But to return to the appearance of the alguazils, who entered with the hangman and a couple of jack-asses. You may think this an odd set of company to get together, but I will tell you the reason. It is for fear the people should be jumping into the middle of the arena, and not only endanger themselves, but hinder the diversion of bull-fighting, that

that the laws have enacted, that he, who dares infringe them upon this head, shall be placed upon one of the jack-asses, and be by the hangman scourged three times, upon his naked back, round the amphitheatre, with a sort of canes, exhibited upon the jack-asses for that purpose. Two alguazils attended on horse-back to see the law put into execution. They were dressed in the antique Spanish fashion, with their hats, feathers, and short black cloaks, and made a droll stiff figure. This procession being finished, the trumpets struck up, and the bull-fighters entered. Two on horse-back, and the rest on foot. Those on horse-back were to face the bull's first fury, and when the poor animals were a little weakened by repeated wounds, the men on foot were to attack them. Accordingly, two folding doors were opened, and out galloped a jetty bull. As one of the cavaliers was the first object he saw, he was the first object of his rage; but as the knight received him cleverly upon his

lance, he suffered no damage. Indeed I think it can happen but seldom that the men receive any hurt. The manner that those on horse-back fight is as follows. They face the bull exactly with the front of their horse, and provoke him till he runs at them, which indeed the most part of them do without being incensed, as they are of a wild breed. The moment the cavalier perceives the bull galloping towards him, he begins to turn about his horse to the left, holding his spear always in the direction of the bull. Very often the spear alone stops the furious animal, as he can not run on without piercing himself farther, supposing the bull-fighter takes him well. However, in case he does not, and the bull, in a rage, continues his course, as, by that time, the flank of the horse is entirely turned towards him, that is all his vengeance falls upon, and the rider is in safety, unless, by accident, his horse should happen to fall; nor indeed do I then think him in much danger, for, in the manner

manner he turns from the bull, the horse must be always the nearest; and, in fact, it so happened when I was seeing the bull-feast. It was the third bull, I think. The man had his lance extended for him to run upon; but, in his turning, the jade he rode upon fell. The man was thrown at some little distance from him. The bull, finding no opposition, pushed on to the horse, whom he gored in so terrible a manner, that the poor beast was hardly able to get up, and walk out of the arena, with his bowels trailing upon the ground. He died in a little time after. In the interim, the man had got up, run away, and jumped over the rails of the amphitheatre upon the lower ranks of the people; a thing which they all do, when they think themselves in the least danger. As soon as the regulators of the bull-fight think the men on horse-back have exercised their skill sufficiently against the bull, they beat a drum, as a token for the men on foot to advance. They came forward accordingly.

with a sort of light dart in their right hands, and a cloak in their left. Now, to understand things perfectly, you must know that when a bull runs at any person they say he always shuts his eyes. The Spaniards, therefore, hold their cloak before them till the bull is within a couple of yards, and then they step a little aside, on the right hand, their left arm remaining extended, with the cloak on it, which the bull takes instead of the person. In the mean time, with their right hand, as he passes, they pierce him with their darts. I can not say but it is noble to see him the first two or three spears he feels within him. He foams, roars, gallops, shakes himself, and seems to tear up the earth before him. It is noble too to hear his bellowing, and see him paw the ground, before he runs at any person, but all the rest is mere butchery. Especially when orders are given to kill him, which is when the bull begins to grow faint with the loss of blood. The same stratagem of
the

the cloak is made use of, as before, only, instead of a dart, they have swords in their hands. I think it very surprising, that an animal should be so extremely foolish as to be deceived so many times by the same artifice. And yet the bull constantly runs straight forward to the cloak, and never turns about to the man. It is surprising too, if he is running after any person, what a trifling thing will call him off. If you throw but a hat in his way, he will generally stop to toss about the hat, and neglect the object he was running after. In short, a bull has great force, but very little understanding, or else I am sure he might laugh at all his antagonists. As soon as his wounds and loss of blood have rendered him so weak, that he is no longer able to support himself upon his legs, some of the men generally venture up to him with a dagger, which they stick between his horns, and the poor beast expires immediately. Indeed sometimes, tho' extended upon the ground, they

are

are afraid to come quite so close up, especially if he is a malicious bull, as they style it; however, they do it sooner or later, according as courage or opportunity suits. Upon the poor bull's having breathed his last, the drums and trumpets sound a flourish, and four mules enter the arena, gaily dressed up with trophies. They trot up to the bull, their traces are put about his horns, and away they drag him galloping. They then begin with another, and so on till the destined number of bulls are slain. There were six died in the morning, and twelve more were to be killed in the evening. There were also two horses in the morning, besides that which fell down, that had their bowels torn out by the bull's horns, and a man that was running away to jump in among the people was overtaken, and, instead of being obliged to use all his force in the leap over the rails, received a gentle lift from his roaring friend behind. Satisfied with this diversion, I can not say but I was glad when it was

was finished, and I retired home to dinner, without much intention of returning in the afternoon. But as the Frenchmen that I had accompanied from Cadiz, came to me, before they went there, the captain would have me go along with him in his chariot, with which, after having refused many times, I was at last obliged to comply. We all went there then, part on foot, and part in coaches. It was the first time they had ever seen a bull-feast, I think, except indeed the captain, who had passed through Spain before. Upon the fight's beginning, they expressed their abhorrence of it, which encreased the longer they staid, so that, at last, we thought we had better all go away. But, just at that time, they began dividing the amphitheatre into two parts, with rails, and fighting the bulls in rather a different manner, which made us stay a little longer. As the amphitheatre was divided, two bulls were fought at the same time, and the different manner was, that the horsemen, instead

instead of waiting for them with their great heavy lances, had light spears, with which they rode up to them, and broke them in their bodies. If we thought the former diversion cruel, you will imagine this seemed doubly so, which made us walk off very quickly. Indeed I think it can not be an agreeable sight to any foreigner to see a miserable animal tearing about with half a dozen of broken spears in his side. There was one thing too happened, which gave me the worst idea of the Spaniards of all I have seen in this country. A man on foot, coming too near one of the horsemen, received such a kick from his horse, that the poor fellow was laid sprawling and considerably hurt upon the ground. Whether the horse imagined that the bull was behind him, or voluntarily derogated from the Spanish assertion, "That their horses never raise their heels," I can not say, but certain it is the fact was so, and it entertained the people to such a degree, that the whole amphitheatre rang with a horse-

horse-laugh. I confess this gave me a bad idea of the Spaniards, for to laugh at the misery or pain of others seems to me but an ungenerous diversion. The poor man, as soon as he was got up, looked round with a most woful face indeed, which still encreased the mirth. It was equal, if not superior, to what they had shewn in the morning, when the bull helped the gentleman to get over the rails of the amphitheatre. They both, I believe, heartily wished the whole assembly was in their circumstances, and the latter poor fellow hobbled out of the circus as well as he could with a very long grave countenance. Upon this the Frenchmen and myself left the theatre, and I and the captain separated from the rest, to take a little airing in his chariot. He talked prodigiously in praise of the English, said that in time of peace, he always used to stop at St. Helena, in his way to the East Indies, where he had been very civilly treated by my countrymen. We went towards a place, called las Delicias,

or

or *the Delight*, to translate it into English, where the marquis of Ensenada, while he was in this administration, has made two or three miserable trees grow. While I was at Port St. Mary's the marquis of Ensenada lived there. He was relegated to that place for his behaviour during the time of the late king of Spain. It is he who put the Spanish fleet into its present good situation. He seemed convinced that the marine of Spain is as essential a point to the welfare of that kingdom as of England. He bribed over English and Irish builders, and did every thing he could to augment it. However, he at last displeased the Spanish government, upon what account I do not know for certain. He was then ordered to retire to Grenada, and live there till further directions; however, upon solicitation, he got his place of banishment removed to Port St. Mary's. It is said he chose this before any other part of Andalusia, on account of its being a town more in the way

way of news than the rest of the province, except Cadiz, and to that it almost joined. Indeed these two places, tho' divided by the bay, may be considered as one and the same, except indeed that Port St. Mary's is a rural spot, with a good pretty country about it, while Cadiz is the most dirty, filthy town I have seen for some time. For a minister in exile he lived with great magnificence, had a fine stable of horses, used to dress very well, and, the day the king was proclaimed, the buttons of his coat were, I think, reported to be diamonds. It was this person who planted the trees of *the Delight*, which the French captain and myself were driving amongst, in our carriage. Upon our return to his inn, he would make me stay supper, where the other young officers assembled. After an entertaining evening, I took leave of them all, and wished them a good journey. In fact, they went away pretty early next morning. I have now, therefore, made two
long

long journeys in Spain, in company with Frenchmen, and in both they were very civil and obliging. As I have hinted before, that nation seems much better company at present, than they were a couple of years ago.

L E T T E R XLIX.

MADRID, JUNE, 5 1760.

I Have this morning been to see the procession of the Corpus Domini, or consecrated wafer, which you know the Roman catholics hold to be the actual flesh of our Saviour. The procession began by a great number of paste-board giants dressed up, the men in the form of petits maitres and the women of belles. A petticoat extends from the waste of those in form of men as well as from those of the fair sex, to hide the persons who carry them tripping along, and make both men and women giants courtesy at every appearance of a saint or Madonna. An Irish gentleman informed me that this was in imitation of David, when he danced before the ark in the old testament. After much other pageantry, and some dwarfs with great

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heads

heads to counterbalance the giants, the consecrated wafer appeared exposed to public view. It was stuck round on all sides with premature grapes and ears of corn, as symbols of the bread and wine. But I do not think the procession of the Corpus Domini so particular, as the procession of the passion of Christ, which I saw during lent at Lisbon. After numberless friers have passed on with their standards and insignia, come a set of little boys dressed up like angels with paste-board wings, and all other angelic appurtenances, to which were added certain great tye-wigs. Each carried in his hand something belonging to our Saviour's passion. One the hammer, another the nails, another the spear that pierced his side, another the reed with the sponge on the top of it, which was dipped in hyssop, and so on, till at last came an image of our Saviour himself, fainting under the weight of the cross. The hair upon the head is said to grow and be cut annually. The image is followed by
all

all the penitents in their several penitential exercifes. Some drag great bars of iron; others great croffes; others carry I do not know how many fwords, with the points held between their teeth; others fcouge themselves with cords till the blood trickles down their naked backs. They have all their face covered, all wear a sack-cloth petticoat with a crown of thorns, and altogether make a horrible appearance. Thefe fort of bloody proceffions are only in lent, and I believe even then in no other country, but in Spain and Portugal. I have heard fay the Pope does not approve of them, but as the people here are mad after things of this nature, he would not abfolutely thwart their inclinations. It was indeed laid afide in Portugal, but fince the earthquake has been revived.

All the nobility are now at Aranjuez where the court is. As I am leaving Spain fo foon, I fent a letter there yefterday to our

ambassador with thanks for all favors, and to acquaint him with my being returned to Madrid, and of the short stay I intended to make there, as the ceremonies of the king's inauguration have been deferred to such a distant time, that it is impossible to wait for them. This city is I think pretty nearly as empty at present as London in the summer time, and indeed their want of manufactures, and depending entirely upon the court, makes its absence more sensible than in other towns. Lord Marshall however is still here. He is said to be charged with the king of Prussia's affairs. He will shortly go to London to kiss the king's hand, who has granted him his pardon for being in the rebellion of 1715. He is thence to continue his journey to Scotland, his native country, where he is in hopes of regaining part of his confiscated estate, but I should think without much foundation. He is a knight of the king of Prussia's order of the black eagle, which is an orange coloured ribband with a black eagle

eagle

eagle in the middle of the star. There being so few persons at Madrid has given me an opportunity of seeing some plays, a diversion I could not enjoy while our ambassador was in town, as I dined with him when I was not elsewhere engaged, and their theatrical diversions begin at the awkward hour of three o'clock, just the time when I was with his Lordship. But having now seldom any person to dine with, no impediment obstructed my curiosity of seeing Spanish acting. But their performances are so very bad, as not to be worth the trifling money you pay for them. I have beheld Themistocles dressed in a laced night gown, or at least his robe was just in that form. Scenes they have none, but a sort of curtain slit up in various places, and which at times the comedians push aside with their hands and enter. The opera house indeed is very fine, but there have not been any musical representations since his present majesty's accession to the

throne. What however has entertained me most since my arrival in these parts, was my ride to the Escorial. It is situated under a barren chain of hills at about a little day's journey from Madrid, and is as wild a place as ever I beheld in my life. The convent however is magnificent, but the royal apartments adjoining to it nothing very extraordinary. The circular vault where the ancient kings of Spain are buried is very rich and magnificent. The Escorial is imagined in England to be a palace of the king of Spain, but the monastery is the principal part of the building, and only one side of the quadrangle is occupied by the rooms intended for the reception of the king. It is built in the form of a gridiron, as St Lorenzo, to whom it is dedicated, was burned upon that instrument. I believe Philip the second must, as they report, have built it for a place to retire and think upon death in. However, there are at present some good pictures,

pictures, and particularly the famous Madonna of Raphael. I do not know whether some of them were not those purchased by the court of Spain from Oliver Cromwell, when he sold as superfluous all the finery of Charles the first. Upon the whole I was entertained with the sight of a place, the name of which is famous in Europe, tho' perhaps more so than it deserves. My impending departure from Spain now renders it necessary for me to speak to you concerning some affairs of another nature. — — —

L E T T E R L.

TORTUERA, JUNE 9, 1760.

I AM now advanced three days journey and a half upon my road from Madrid to Barcelona. When I travel alone, as I do at present, I put a book in my pocket, and pass my leisure time in the inns very agreeably in reading. As the nature of the accommodations, country, and every thing very much resemble what I have already described to you, only the reception rather better north of Madrid, which renders an account of it less entertaining, I will make you partaker of my lucubrations, and give you an allegorical extract from Gratian's Critic, which shews how well the Spaniards understand the advantages of trade, tho' their pride hinders them from following it. It is as follows.

“ It

“ It is said (and I believe the report,)
 “ that once upon a time the French nation
 “ presented itself before the altar of Fortune,
 “ with all that degagée air for which it is
 “ renowned. After complaining to the
 “ goddess of her favoring the Spaniards,
 “ they thus continued their address. O!
 “ thou parent to Spain, but step-mother
 “ to us, is it possible that France, being
 “ the flower of all kingdoms; the possessor
 “ of every good from the first ages; adorned
 “ with kings famous for their piety, wis-
 “ dom and valor; the seat for a time of
 “ the Roman pontiffs; the theatre of glo-
 “ rious actions; the school of learning;
 “ the mansion of nobleness, and centre of
 “ all virtues; merits which are worthy of
 “ the first favors and immortal rewards;
 “ is it possible, we say, that thou shouldest
 “ give solid fruits to Spain, whilst we are
 “ only left to gaze upon the flowers? * How
 “ canst thou wonder at the excess of our
 “ complaints, when thou treatest their nation

“ with

* The French possessed Florida at this time.

“ with such an excess of kindness? Thou
 “ hast given them both the Indies, and left
 “ us only a Florida in name, but a desert
 “ in reality; whilst they enjoy rivers of
 “ plate; mountains of gold; gulphs of
 “ pearl; aromatic forests, and amber islands.
 “ Besides all this, thou hast made them
 “ masters of those honied rivers and sugared
 “ rocks of Brazil,” (by the conquest of
 Portugal,) “ from whence come those well-
 “ tasted sweetmeats, that render it a paradise
 “ of comfitures. All for them, and nothing
 “ for us, which is a hardship unexampled
 “ in thy other distributions. To these
 “ complaints the goddess angrily replied.
 “ Ignorant and ungrateful that you are,
 “ I deny your charge. Dare you say that
 “ I have not given you the Indies, and can
 “ you maintain your assertion with any
 “ degree of truth? The Indies I have given
 “ to you, and without any expence on your
 “ part. Spain is your Indies. What the
 “ Spaniards do with regard to the Indians,
 “ you

“ you put in execution towards the Spa-
 “ niards. If they deceive those favages
 “ with bits of glaſs, bells and toys, and get
 “ numberleſs treaſures from them ; do not
 “ you do the ſame with your combs’ and
 “ etuis, and Paris têtes : by which you
 “ draw from the Spaniards all the gold
 “ and ſilver they obtained in the Indies ?
 “ All this you do without the expence of
 “ fleets, or firing a ball, or ſhedding a drop
 “ of blood ; without digging mines, or
 “ penetrating abyſſes, and without depopu-
 “ lating your kingdoms, or croſſing the
 “ ſeas. Go and learn at length to thank
 “ me for theſe favors, and know I have
 “ made Spain an India to you, which is
 “ leſs upon her guard than the real one,
 “ ſince the Spaniards bring you their
 “ bullion in their own veſſels to your
 “ houſes ; and are at the trouble of puri-
 “ fying and coining it before you ſheer
 “ them ſo cloſely as to leave them only
 copper.

“ copper. The French could not deny
“ this truth, but still continued murmuring
“ against Fortune, which made the goddess
“ order them to explain themselves clearly
“ upon the cause of their discontents.
“ Mademoiselle, said they, we could wish
“ not only to have the profit of the Indies,
“ but to enjoy it in a more honorable way,
“ than by serving the Spaniards with the
“ meanness, which you well know we are
“ obliged to do. Very pretty, indeed,
“ replied Fortune; and do not you know
“ that honor and money never yet went
“ together in this world. No, long has
“ it been settled by the superior powers,
“ upon the division of blessings to mankind,
“ that honor should be the portion of Spain,
“ while France enjoyed all the advantages
“ of interest.”

L E T T E R L I.

SARRAGOSA, JUNE 12, 1760.

I AM now in the capital of Arragon, a kingdom once famous in itself, and graced with a long line of victorious kings, till the marriage of Ferdinand with Isabella of Castille united the two states, and sunk the former, with its dependencies, into the latter. I came here yesterday morning, and in the afternoon gave a glance over what is most curious in the town; but as there is nothing, I think, will entertain you in the relation, I shall only say in general that it is a good handsome city, with tolerable buildings, and the Madonna del Pilar, a fine cathedral.

I have been reading the famous epic poem of Don Alonzo de Ercilla. Its subject is
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the rebellion of certain Indians in Chili, whose savage name being Araucanians, it is entitled the Araucana. As Don Alonzo was personally present in this distant warfare, he intermingles his own adventures with those of his countrymen; and an enchanter gives him a view of the victories at St. Quintin and Lepanto. At length, after various turns of fortune, the savage chief Caupolican is taken prisoner, and executed. He extends his poem to no less than thirty-seven cantos, but the barbarousness of the Indian names, with the distant part of the world in which these exploits were transacted, may render any quotations uninteresting to you. I will, therefore, come nearer home, and as the defeat of the Spanish armada, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, is one of the things that make the greatest noise in English history, I will conclude my paper with giving you what Mariana says upon that subject. He is
reckoned

reckoned the best and most unprejudiced Spanish historian. He has written a general history of Spain, divided into annals. Under the year 1588 he gives the following account of the ill success of the invincible armada, which is only a high sounding Spanish word for a fleet of ships of war.

“ The king, Don Philip the second, had
 “ in Lisbon a very great and strong armada
 “ got ready in haste, in order to revenge
 “ the death of that innocent queen, (Mary
 “ queen of Scots,) and chastise the common
 “ flights and darings of the English against
 “ his majesty. The first commander of the
 “ armada was the marquis of Santa Cruz,
 “ but as he died in the midst of these prepara-
 “ tions, the duke of Medina Sidonia was
 “ named in his place. He set sail in the
 “ month of June, with middling weather,
 “ but after doubling cape Finisterre, his
 “ fleet was so shattered by a storm, that he
 was

“ was obliged to put into Corunna. It
“ was not got ready for sea again till the
“ month of September. They at length
“ arrived on the coasts of Flanders, with
“ the English fleet at their backs, and our
“ people saw themselves in much danger
“ from their artillery, and the many shoals
“ with which those seas abound. Some
“ ships were taken by the enemy, and the
“ greatest part damaged by the balls that
“ were continually raining upon them, as
“ well as by the length and danger of the
“ navigation. In order to return to Spain,
“ they were obliged to go all round the
“ island of Great Britain by the northern
“ ocean. A great number of ships went
“ to the bottom in those stormy seas, and
“ many sailors perished by the force of
“ cold, and want of provisions; so that
“ very few vessels, and a small number of
“ men returned about the beginning of
“ winter, and anchored in different parts
“ of

“ of Spain. In this manner are human
“ undertakings frustrated by a superior
“ power. Without doubt the flower of the
“ troops and sailors of Spain perished in
“ this enterprize. With this blow Al-
“ mighty God chastised the many and great
“ sins of our people.”

L E T T E R LII.

BARCELONA, JUNE 16, 1760.

I Am just arrived hither, so that I cannot say much to you of the place or the people in it. As for the mere town I have seen enough of it, for as I had not a passport, they made me drive about to half a dozen officers houses before I was admitted. They had asked me for a passport at Lerida, the first town on the frontiers of Catalonia, the province in which this capital is situated, but as the regiment in garrison there was Irish, they had let me pass through.

As my books are not unpacked, I will give you from memory, the general view of the history of Spain which you desire. We know little certain of this kingdom, till it fell under the dominion of the Romans,
who

who expelled the Carthaginians from thence. It remained under the yoke of this aspiring nation for a long time, till luxury at length enervated the conquerors of the world, and bowed their necks to a hardy race of adventurers, who poured upon them in detached parties from the north. Those who succeeded to the Roman dominion in Spain were called Vandals, a nation different from the Goths, but of whose original situation we are equally ignorant. It is supposed that some part of Scandinavia, or Sweden Norway and Denmark united, poured from her loins those victorious emigrants. They extended likewise their conquests into Barbary, but were in time driven from thence by a new set of fanatics, whom Mahomet had taught to make arms a part of their religion. The Saracens encouraged by these successes passed over into the peninsula of Spain, now in possession of the Visigoths or western Goths. They were invited, it is said, by the revenge of an injured baron, Count Julian,

about the year 713. They soon conquered the greatest part of it, but the seeds of their own expulsion were remaining in a little kingdom they left in the Asturias under Prince Pelagius, who fled from their arms. From these inaccessible fastnesses various conquerors came forth, who by degrees drove the Africans to the south, and formed the kingdoms of Leon, Castille, Arragon, Navarre, Valentia, and Murcia, with their dependencies. Various great engagements, and above all the victory of Medina del Campo, signalized the Spanish, and particularly the Castillian arms, till at length Ferdinand and Isabella drove those eastern conquerors quite out of Spain by the reduction of Grenada. Some wretches indeed remained after the extinction of their government, who, urged by ill usage and religious persecutions, strengthened themselves amidst the rocky heights of the Alpuxarrian mountains; but the imprudent policy of Ferdinand after the death of his queen drove them
them

them out of his kingdoms, by which he rid himself of his enemies, but at the same time lost his subjects. The expulsion of the Jews encreased the depopulation of Spain, and the perpetual drains to both the Indies brought it into the state it is at present. These emigrations, which were increased by forces sent to the conquest of Mexico and Peru under Charles the fifth, brought gold but not riches to the Spanish monarchy. However the bravery of the adventurers was great, if it had been employed in a better cause. I think the heroic magnanimity of Cortes was particularly deserving of a more virtuous incitement to Spanish valor. When he was advanced within the city of Mexico itself, which was at that time under the dominion of Motezuma, finding the inhabitants were preparing destruction for him and the few troops who accompanied his daring steps, by a resolution wonderful both for its boldness, and its conducing immediately to the end proposed, which is true fortitude, he by

force seized upon, and imprisoned that monarch. By this amazing act he stopped all the springs of a despotic government, and a handful of Spaniards soon overpowered the kingdom. Thus, and still by more unjust means with regard to Peru, did Castille obtain the sovereignty of a new world, which however she did not enjoy, for notwithstanding the wealth which seemed to pour in upon her, Spain has been ever since declining. The three Philips who succeeded Charles the fifth of Germany, or first of Spain, in vain even by the unstable acquisition of Portugal endeavoured to maintain her dignity, till the death of Charles the second without issue, brought on the long contended revolution, which settled the crown upon the head of a son of France. Since this time the two governments of France and Spain have been closely united, to the particular detriment of Great Britain, except indeed for a short space during the minority of Lewis the fifteenth, when the Duke
of

of Orleans regent joined with England, Austria, Savoy and Holland, to force Spain to make peace with the Emperor ; but this quadruple alliance, as it is called, might have had little effect, if Admiral Byng, created afterwards Earl of Torrington, had not destroyed the Spanish fleet off Messina in 1718.

L E T T E R LIII.

BARCELONA, JUNE 20, 1760.

FINDING it impossible to get any vessel bound from hence directly to Sardinia or Sicily, I have agreed to go to Nice in a Catalan bark, and, as that town is in the king of Sardinia's dominions, there are perpetual opportunities offer for going to the former island, The master is to set sail on wednesday or thursday next at farthest, if the wind permits.

I have had but little to do with the Spaniards since my short residence in this city. The consul and the other English settled here have been very obliging and hospitable. The town of Barcelona is handsome, but the port, or road, is but indifferent, nor can

a ship of burden come into it. I have made an excursion to see the famous convent at Monferate. It is situated upon the top of one of the oddest mountains I believe in the world. We gained the summit with difficulty. In the church belonging to the convent I saw one of our colours hanging up as a trophy, and streaming to the wind. However, by the rusty looks of it, it might, for what I can tell, have been taken in queen Elizabeth's time. The hermitages at Monferate are very remarkably situated upon the summit of the most pointed rocks that ever were seen, and which rise like large obelisks, or sugar loaves, from the platform, if I may be allowed the expression, where the monastery stands. As they told me one of the things I was to enjoy at Monferate was the music at high mass, I desired one might be celebrated the next morning, which the friars had no difficulty in performing, if I came up to their price. They had a particular value set upon all their religious ceremonies,

monies, which not being very high, I chose, for I think twenty four reals of plate, about twelve shillings, the mass appropriated for christmas day. The voices of the choiristers were very pretty, but as there was only one priest to officiate, whereas there ought to have been two, my friends said, upon my return to Barcelona, that I was cheated, and that they had given me sculls instead of oars. The valley beneath this remarkable mountain is pleasant, as indeed the whole province of Catalonia in general. It is I believe the best part of all Spain, as well with regard to the country, as the accommodations and behaviour of the people. In the inns they furnish you with dinners and beds, as in other parts of Europe. The inn-keepers and postilions too are civil. The customs of the people seem more to resemble those of France and Italy than Spain. The government oppresses them, and has done so ever since the defence of Barcelona, when the Catalans opposed the victorious arms of Philip

Philip the fifth, after having been shamefully deserted by their allies, among whom Great Britain is included, The marshal duke of Berwick, natural son to James the second, commanded the French and Spanish troops, that formed the siege of the town, in the defence of which, it is said, that even the women and priests assisted, so much did they dread the yoke of the Bourbon family. But perseverance and slaughter at length forced them to a capitulation, which they did not make time enough to preserve the rights and honors enjoyed by other Spaniards, and to this day can not bear arms, and I believe not even carry swords, without a particular permission, a thing which is doubly dishonorable in a country, where it is the custom for the very lowest persons to wear a rapier. However, it is reported that the present king has an intention to restore the Catalans to the same privileges as other Spaniards, which indeed are not very great, and the motive they give for it is, the many demonstrations

demonstrations of affection he received from them, upon his landing in their town from Naples. I think too the province made a petition to him to that effect, but time must shew what fruits it will produce.

L E T T E R L I V .

BARCELONA, JUNE 23, 1760.

THE Spanish ideas of astronomy are very different from ours. They adhere to the Ptolemaic system of the immobility of the earth, condemning that of Copernicus as ridiculous and contrary to the scripture. Accordingly they make the planets and fixed stars run a race about the earth every twenty-four hours. They imagine also every thing included in a great chrystalline sphere, which they call the *primum mobile*, and which, by the will of God, is continually revolving and communicating its motion to the stars, planets, and other bodies included within its circumference. Besides this general rotation, the planets follow their own particular movements. The Spaniards have many more of these forts of castles in the air; but I have

have so imperfect an idea of them, that I will go no further in this paper than give you one or two of their reasons against Copernicus's system of the world. And I will take the words from the clever Feyjoo, who notwithstanding his being so great an advocate for Newton, as he expressed himself in the quotation I have formerly given you, yet here professes he honours him as a sublime genius, but does not believe a word of what he says. I fancy so ingenious a man, if he had written in another country, would have professed a different opinion. Indeed, I think, we may collect from his writings, that he approves of our way of thinking, tho' in words he contradicts it. After having explained our system, and defended it from being ridiculous, according to the vulgar opinion, the weak objections he seems unwillingly to bring against it are as follow. He writes them in a letter to a friend.'

“ In

“ In the Copernican system, what we call
 “ the firmament, or the fixed stars, are
 “ obliged to be removed to such an enormous
 “ distance, not only from the earth, but from
 “ the whole planetary world, that imagi-
 “ nation can hardly suffer the idea. To
 “ attempt to give some conception of this
 “ distance, you must suppose first of all,
 “ that, after the most exact observations,
 “ modern astronomers have agreed that the
 “ sun’s distance from the earth is thirty-three
 “ millions of leagues.” [He makes a note
 that the leagues he means are not Spanish,
 but common leagues, twenty-five to a degree.]
 “ You may imagine an observation of this
 “ kind cannot be so exact as not to admit
 “ of an error of some millions of leagues.
 “ But this signifies so little in the present
 “ case that we will content ourselves with
 “ counting no more than the round number
 “ of thirty-millions. From hence it follows,
 “ that the diameter of the orbit, in which
 “ the earth is imagined to revolve round the
 “ sun,

“ sun, is sixty millions of leagues, and the
“ circumference one hundred and eighty
“ millions. You must now suppose, se-
“ condly, that, notwithstanding the circle
“ which this orbit includes is of such a
“ surprising magnitude, (astronomers call
“ this orbit, the annual orbit, an appellation
“ equally proper, whether the sun revolves
“ round the earth, or the earth round the
“ sun) yet, that it is an imperceptible point,
“ with regard to the vastness of distance of
“ the firmament. The proof of this is,
“ that, tho’ you suppose the earth transfer-
“ red from one point of her annual orbit to
“ the point diametrically opposite, no person
“ has been able to find any parallax to the
“ fixed stars, tho’ it has been attempted
“ an infinite number of times with the
“ greatest application. That is to say, the
“ apparent place of any fixed star is the same
“ seen from a certain point in the annual orbit,
“ as when seen from the opposite point, sixty
“ millions of leagues distant from the former.

“ Now,

“ Now, without supposing the distance from
 “ the earth to the firmament to be immense,
 “ the parallax of any fixed star must be very
 “ great. For example, if a fixed star, as
 “ Sirius, or the dog star, which is one of
 “ the greatest and brightest, was not more
 “ than ten thousand times farther off than
 “ the earth is from the sun, a very sensible
 “ parallax would be observable. In fine,
 “ the best astronomers are agreed that, if
 “ the earth revolves round the sun, the dis-
 “ tance of Sirius from the earth is more
 “ than forty thousand times greater than
 “ the distance of the earth from the sun.
 “ Consequently, this star is much more than
 “ a million of millions of leagues distant
 “ from the earth. Endless vacuity! dis-
 “ tance inconceivable! which imagination
 “ can not admit without repugnance, altho’
 “ reason has no argument to confute the
 “ falsehood of it.

“ This is the only argument *a ratione*
 “ against Copernicus of any force.

“ But the misfortune is, that after having
“ examined every thing which philosophy
“ and mathematics can demonstrate with
“ regard to the case, an argument of a very
“ superior nature remains against him. And
“ that is the authority of scripture. In
“ various parts it is so clearly expressed,
“ that the earth is immovable, and the sun
“ revolves round it, that the Copernican
“ system can not be maintained against such
“ a powerful opposition, but by recurring
“ to forced interpretations.

L E T T E R LV.

BARCELONA, JUNE 26, 1760.

THE Catalan vessel I am to go to Nice in, has deferred her sailing for two or three days. I can not now exactly say the time she will go away. I hope, however, the day after tomorrow, or Sunday morning. In the mean time Feyjoo goes on as follows in his weak confutation of the Copernican system.

“ Do but consider the following texts.
 “ Gen. xv. 17. And it came to pass,
 “ that when the sun went down, and it
 “ was dark, behold, &c.” (He quotes the
 24th chapter of Judith, but I can find only
 sixteen in our bible, and therefore I omit
 his quotation). “ Joshua x. 12. Then
 “ spake Joshua to the Lord in the day

“ when the Lord delivered up the Amorites
“ before the children of Israel ; “ Sun, stand
“ thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon
“ in the valley of Ajalon.” And the sun
“ stood still, and the moon staid until the
“ people had avenged themselves of their
“ enemies. Is not this written in the book
“ of Jasper ? So the sun stood still in the
“ midst of heaven, and hasted not to go
“ down about a whole day. II. Kings
“ xx. 8. And Hezekiah said unto Ifaiah,
“ what shall be the sign that the Lord will
“ heal me, and that I shall go up into the
“ house of the Lord the third day ? And
“ Ifaiah said, this sign shall thou have of
“ the Lord, that the Lord will do the
“ thing that he hath spoken. Shall the
“ shadow go forward ten degrees, or go
“ back ten degrees ? And Hezekiah an-
“ swered. It is a light thing for the
“ shadow to go down ten degrees. Nay,
“ let the shadow return back ten degrees.
“ And Ifaiah the prophet cried unto the

“ Lord,

“ Lord, and he brought the shadow ten
 “ degrees backward, by which it had gone
 “ down in the dial of Ahaz. Pfalm xix.
 “ 5. (Speaking of the sun) Which
 “ cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his
 “ chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run
 “ his course. Ecclesiastes ch. i. v. 15. The
 “ sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down,
 “ and hasteth to the place whence he arose,
 “ &c.” I omit some other quotations.

“ I am not ignorant (continues Feyjoo,) .
 “ that the Copernicans say, in answer to
 “ this, that the scripture in things purely
 “ natural, and entirely unconnected with
 “ every thing theological or moral, makes
 “ use of expressions adapted to the opinions
 “ of the vulgar, tho’ in reality they may
 “ be false. And they produce some exam-
 “ ples of this kind. But this solution could
 “ only be admitted in case the arguments
 “ that favor the Copernican system were
 “ so strong as absolutely to stand in need

“ of it. But the case is not so. It must
 “ be confessed, however, that the vulgar or
 “ Ptolemaic system is absolutely indefensi-
 “ ble, and only reigns in Spain upon ac-
 “ count of the ignorance of our schools
 “ with regard to astronomical matters; but
 “ we may abandon this and Copernicus’s
 “ system both together, and embrace that
 “ of Tycho Brahe, which sufficiently ex-
 “ plains all the celestial phenomena.”

“ Nor am I ignorant that these phenomena
 “ are better and more simply explained
 “ by the Copernican system, which is the
 “ cause of so many nations following it in
 “ preference to the TychoBraic. The most
 “ learned father Dechales, upon account
 “ of this natural explanation of the phe-
 “ nomena, calls it *inventum divinum*. But I
 “ do not see why God was obliged to form
 “ the world according to the system which
 “ appears to us most proper. Perhaps the
 “ system which seems best regulated to us,
 “ may

“ may be the most improper of all. We
 “ are ignorant of the various aims of provi-
 “ dence. In fact, the Copernican idea
 “ strikes me at present, as being the most
 “ inconvenient. It has just occurred to me,
 “ that if his system be true, I am actually
 “ whirling about the sun, I and the table
 “ I write upon, cell and all, and that with
 “ a very great velocity. The very imagina-
 “ tion of which has been the cause of a
 “ kind of vertigo in my head, which obliges
 “ me to lay down my pen. Heaven guard
 “ you, &c.”

“ Addition. Some days after I had
 “ finished this letter, a particular manner
 “ of confuting the Copernican system oc-
 “ curred to me, which seems to have more
 “ force than any thing I have said against
 “ it. And the reason of this is, because
 “ it is taken from the supposition so com-
 “ mon among the Copernicans, that the
 “ fixed stars are other suns equal to ours in

“ brightness and magnitude, joined with
“ an ingenious observation of the noted
“ Dutchman Christian Huyghens, a famous
“ philosopher and mathematician. So that
“ this may be considered as an argument
“ *ad hominem*, against those who follow the
“ Copernican system.”

I will give it you in my next.

L E T T E R LVI.

BARCELONA, JUNE 29, 1760.

I Imbark for Nice to morrow, but in the mean time to finish with Feyjoo, who continues thus,

“ That great philosopher and mathematician Huyghens, supposing Sirius, which
 “ is the greatest and most brilliant of all the
 “ fixed stars, equal to the sun, had a mind
 “ from that supposition to ascertain its distance with regard to us. For this purpose
 “ by making use of a telescope invertedly,
 “ he diminished the magnitude of the sun
 “ till he reduced it to an equal size and
 “ splendor with Sirius. After this having
 “ calculated by the rules of dioptrics that
 “ he had reduced the diameter of the sun
 “ to be no more than the 27,664 part of
 “ what

“ what he appears to us commonly, he
“ concludes, that if the sun were 27,664
“ times farther from the earth than he is
“ at present, he would appear to us in
“ that same degree of diminution and want
“ of brightness. From hence it follows
“ evidently that if Sirius is equal in splen-
“ dor and magnitude to the sun, that fixed
“ star must be 27,664 times farther off from
“ us than the sun.

“ From the result of this calculation I
“ form my argument. If Sirius be no far-
“ ther from the earth than has been said,
“ supposing the Copernican system true,
“ some parallax must be undoubtedly ob-
“ served, upon examinations made at the
“ earth's being in two points diametrically
“ opposite of that circle, which the Coper-
“ nicans make her describe round the sun.
“ But such a parallax has not as yet been
“ observed. James Cassini, who applied him-
“ self to the making of this observation.
“ with

“ with great care and during a long time,
 “ as the history of the royal academy tells
 “ us, could find no such parallax. There-
 “ fore the Copernican system is false.

“ To prove the major: According to
 “ Cassini himself, to save the Copernican
 “ system by there being no sensible parallax
 “ to Sirius, it must be at least 43,700 times
 “ farther from the earth than the sun, to
 “ make the orbit which the earth describes
 “ by her annual motion, (the diameter of
 “ which is sixty-six millions of leagues,)
 “ become as a point with regard to the
 “ firmament. For supposing the distance
 “ less than that, some parallax would be
 “ observed. But the distance of Sirius from
 “ the earth resulting from Mr. Huyghen’s
 “ observation is much less, all the difference
 “ of the number 27,664 to that of 43,700,
 “ ergo &c.

This

This is all Feyjoo can produce against the system of Copernicus, and which ought rather to be called objections than proofs, but as you will be able to see the strength or weakness of them better than myself, I shall not say any thing more about them, but leave you to form your own judgment as you shall think best.

The post goes out this Sunday morning so very early that I have not time to say more.

L E T T E R LVII.

CANET, JULY 2, 1760.

I AM now at a little fishing village upon the coast between Barcelona and France. I set off from Barcelona on Monday last, as I mentioned to you ; however, not in my Catalan bark, but in a chaise ; for as the captain was to stop to take up some few things at Matarò, a little port about five leagues from hence, I thought I might as well go there by land as by sea. I was the more strongly induced to this, as an English gentleman of Barcelona favored me with his company. We arrived there in the evening. We did not, indeed, set out from Barcelona till after dinner ; for the captain having assured us that we need not be in any very excessive hurry, we took his word, and true it was, for his bark did not fail
from

from Matarò till three o'clock the next day, which was yesterday. There being but very little wind upon my embarking, we got but a very little way. I landed, and lay at a small village called Reins. However, the inn, bed and accommodations were so bad, that I believe I should have been better off on board my vessel. As there has been a calm almost all to day, we are now come but very little farther to the village mentioned in my date, which is tolerably pretty. I am come on shore to spend three or four hours of the afternoon here, as we arrived early, but I intend to return on board at sun-set; for my inn does not afford me the most agreeable prospect of spending the night. The reason of my captain's stopping here so early is, that it is now such a calm, that he can not stir a step forwards; and he says there is a little current, which would rather have carried him backwards, if he had not cast anchor.

To

To fill up my paper, I will tell you that the road to Matarò from Barcelona is extremely pleasant, partly by the sea side, which then represented to us the smooth surface of a lake, and partly through agreeable groves interspersed with villages. Our vehicle was no greater than a one-horse chair, the reins of which I conducted. The distance about twenty miles. We baited at a sort of half-way house, upon a collation of wine and cakes. Being arrived at Matarò, and having put up our chaise at the inn, taken beds, and left there a little packet of things I had not put on board the Catalan vessel, we sallied out to find my companion's friends. They consisted of the officers belonging to a whole regiment of Walloon guards quartered in that town. There are two or three regiments of them in the Spanish service, and they are called Walloons from a part of Flanders, which bears that name, from whence, I suppose, they originally came; but are composed now
of

of all forts of Flemings and Roman catholic Dutch. The regiment at Matarò is always quartered fix months of the year at Barcelona, and the other fix in that little place. As by these means they were all very intimate with my friend, they crouded round us, and were fighting who should carry us with them to their quarters to supper. The colonel, at last, prevailed, and after we had strolled with him for some little time about a very agreeable country, enjoying the sweets of a free conversation and a fine evening, we were conducted to his mess. The time here passed on in various and lively conversation till we were on the wrong side of midnight, when we retired to our inn to sleep. We had as yet heard nothing of the Catalan vessel that was to come from Barcelona. Being assured however, that there was no fear of the captain's failing without me, we deferred looking after him till next day. In fact, as the wind had not been favorable, he did
not

not arrive from Barcelona till the morning. He then told us he should in a few hours be able to get on board what little he had to embark at Matarò, and that if the wind continued only as fair as it was then, he should set sail exactly at three o'clock. This a little displeased my companion as well as myself; for we had the very evening before engaged ourselves to dine with the governor of Matarò. But as we had only bargained to wait upon him in case I did not fail, we thought this at least a good excuse for my hurrying away after dinner. Upon our arrival at his house, some of the Walloon officers, together with his niece entertained us with music vocal and instrumental till dinner was upon table. It consisted in a great collection of unknown dishes, which my English friend, unused to, could not touch. The governor, tho' a Neapolitan, seemed not to dislike liquor, and was not only continually drinking himself, but making his company do the same. He would

not give a friar that sat next him a moment's peace, but was continually pouring wine down his throat; and when the good man wanted to mix it with water, he would not suffer him, telling him that,

Vinum adaquatum conturbat stomacha fratrum.

This he repeated various times, with many other similar quotations of Ciceronian Latin, and Virgilian verse, interlarded with his Neapolitan jargon. Before dinner he had produced me a Tasso translated into Neapolitan, and read me a good part of it with great pleasure. Tasso travestied in this manner, gives nearly the same idea as Milton would do translated into Scotch. The old man in perusing some of his country phrases would burst out into a fit of laughter, that held him for a quarter of an hour, to my no small entertainment. A summons, however, from the captain of my bark obliged me to leave his table and the
diver-

diversions of it, as soon as the desert appeared. I would have had my friend remain and not accompany me all in the fun, but he said he would see me embark. We went directly down, therefore, to the sea-shore, where the Spanish captain's boat was waiting for me. After proper leave taken, I entered the bark, and my friend returned to the governor's. I was soon conducted to the vessel, the sails of which being unfurled we gathered in them what little wind there was. However, as I have already told you it brought us only to an insignificant village called Reins yesterday evening. This morning I returned on board the *St. Paul*, my Catalan vessel, but we have continued our voyage only to this place.

L E T T E R LVIII.

BARCELONA, JULY 6, 1760.

YOU may wonder to see my letter dated once more from Barcelona, but you must know that I went up the coast only a little farther than Canet, the place I wrote my last letter from. After having finished it, I diverted myself partly in walking about the place, and partly in seeing some fishermen draw a large net. They did not however catch many fish. That evening after bathing in the sea I returned on board to sleep, as my accommodations, tho' bad, were still better than what I should probably find on shore. In the morning the wind became so contrary, and the sea began to run so high, not to speak of the clouds threatening still worse weather from towards the gulph of Lyons, that our captain after a slight attempt
turned

turned tail, and with the wind in our stern brought us back to Barcelona before dinner time. I can not but say he was in the right, for it could answer no purpose to remain loitering upon the coast without being able to get a step forwards. Whether he foresaw it or no I can not tell, but we had very bad weather last night. However not so much with regard to the wind, as the thunder and lightning. A clap of thunder awoke me, and I thought the house had been clattering upon my head. A poor man was killed in bed by it in a little square on the back side of my habitation. But the heavens have now laid aside in part their angry countenance, tho' they are not as yet returned to their wonted serenity, and still eye us with a gloomy aspect. I believe the captain will not sail again till the weather is entirely settled, which may not be these five or six days, for as our sunshine lasts longer here than in England, our bad weather perhaps for the same reasons does not blow off so

quickly. My friends in this place were a little astonished at my return, tho' they had indeed imagined that the winds would not have permitted me to get to any very great distance.

Barcelona, July 7, 1760. The summons is come for me to go on board immediately, as the wind is turned fair. I have therefore not even time to finish my paper, but must in a hurry bid you adieu.

L E T.

L E T T E R LIX.

PALAMOS, JULY 10, 1760.

MY second fally from Barcelona has been but little more prosperous than the first. I am still at a little town upon the coast of Spain. Tho' indeed rather farther than the villages I mentioned to you in my paper from Canet. The last time we got to a place but a league or perhaps not more than half a league farther than Canet, called Canela, and we are now four or five leagues higher up the coast. The wind indeed was more auspicious for some time, and blew us in two or three hours to the places we had been two or three days in going to before, but as it began to face us in our voyage we have put into this place. At present indeed there is no fear of our returning to Barcelona, as we are got into a tolerably good port, at least for

little vessels, however last war two pretty large ships of ours entered this bay. You may imagine what a poor place it is, when all the tax the captains of those vessels proposed to lay upon it was a hundred dollars and some provisions. A hundred dollars does not amount to twenty pounds English. But the town professed their incapacity of paying such a sum, and I think the affair was compounded for even a smaller, with an ox or two and some greens. However after four or five days the vessels returned and made a fresh demand, which I believe was not complied with, for they set themselves to battering the houses, and succeeded in knocking down a great many. However, to shew you the nature of the inhabitants, what they seem to take to heart most was a cross, which stood upon their church-steeple and which was carried away by a shot, however they formally hope it was not done on purpose, but by accident. They do not know what the name of the ships or captains were.

I was recommended to a merchant of this place. As the town is miserable, you may imagine the merchants can not be very flourishing. He did indeed upon my first seeing him ask me to dinner, but with such a negative countenance, that I thought the greatest favor I could do him would be to refuse his invitation. I did so accordingly, and he seemed not a little glad of it. It is now the third day that we have been here. All I trouble my new acquaintance for is, when I come on shore in the morning to sit under the cover of his house, and write or read till it is dinner time. After my dinner on board, which is generally a tolerably good repast, I am Spaniard enough to sleep two or three hours, and then go on shore again, and write or read in my friend's habitation till the evening, and it is from this place I am at present inditing my paper.

L E T-

L E T T E R L X.

CADAQUES, JULY 13, 1760.

WE fet out from Palamos the day after I wrote you my last paper ; however, it was but to very little purpose, for bad winds obliged us to put into this port in the evening, where we have staid ever since. It is the last port in Spain this way towards France, and among the Pyrenean mountains. I think all these little ports in Catalonia were put under contribution last war by some of our vessels. There was one came here as well as those I have mentioned to Palamos. Perhaps it might be, and, indeed, most probably was one of the same. The captain, at least, demanded the same sort of contribution as they had done there. When he sent on shore to order the mayor and other ruling people of the town to
come

come on board, and agree about what provisions they were to find him, their answer was, "that the captain general at Barcelona had given them orders, under pain of death, not to furnish any thing to the English." But our captain, whoever he was, eased them of that doubt by assuring them that it was he who commanded at that time in Cadaquès, and not the captain general at Barcelona; and that if they did not comply with his orders, he would immediately knock their houses about their ears, beginning with their church first. The gentlemen upon this strenuous summons came on board, and the stipulation of what they were to furnish was agreed upon, tho' I think they could not entirely raise the number of things demanded. I think too there was some little sum of money to be paid, which they failed in. However, the captain would not quarrel with them for a trifle, and went off. The inhabitants here made me laugh when they told me that the

name

name of the ship was the Black Cow of seventy-four guns; a name which I do not believe ever yet belonged to any ship of war of any nation, and which does not convey a very military idea; however, they insisted upon it that it was so, and that there was a black cow carved upon the stern. In our voyage hither we have always kept very closely in with the shore, not only upon account of the smallness of our vessel, but also for fear of the Moors, who have lately been very daring upon this coast. They have even come on nights in the summer-time, and carried away a great many people. At times they enter the vineyards and eat the grapes, at least, so the Spaniards tell me, but who knows that the uncircumcised may not maliciously have laid that fault upon the Muffelmen. However, they had the impudence, I think it was last year, to enter into this port, and cut a Neapolitan vessel from her anchor. The people, indeed, had all saved themselves on shore. As they
were

were towing her out, the Spaniards kept a continual fire upon them with two little pieces of cannon they have at the entrance of the port, and had the good luck to break the cable, by which the Moors were dragging away their prize. But not in the least daunted, they tied a fresh cable to the vessel, and carried her off hooting and hallooing. Another time they landed, and planted Moorish colours upon a rock just before this town. The common talk, however, at present is, that the court has just sent out a fleet from Carthagena, not only to check the insolence of the Moors, but even to take Algiers. I doubt, indeed, of their having these orders, or if they have, I doubt of their success. In the mean time, to secure myself, in case of my falling by any accident into their hands, which seems, however, impossible to happen with our wary captain, who never goes twenty yards from the shore, I have furnished myself with a passport from

our

our consul at Barcelona, manifesting me to be an English subject, and, consequently, that the Moors have no sort of right to make a slave of me. But as I have said the captain takes good care I should not try the force of my passport, as he never sees a fishing vessel but he runs into shore. We arrived here from Palamos late in the evening, and if our commander had not made his men tow us a little in the boat, I do not believe we should have got here at all, for the wind, tho' little, was contrary. Late, however, as it was, Paul Meystres, my captain, said he would go on shore to a friend of his, and get me a bed that night. I accepted his offer, for I was now become the more anxious for lying on shore upon account of the quantity of bugs and fleas, with which we were pestered on board. I had, indeed, my own bedding, but during the time of its lying in the vessel, those little animals had so entirely rendered themselves masters of it, that I was very often
at

at night obliged to quit the field of battle, and go and air myself upon deck, to the no small entertainment of the crew, who had no idea any thing of that kind could molest me to such a degree. My friend Paul returned from on shore with news that he had done every thing, and that a good bed was ready for me. I therefore embarked with him in his long-boat, while the silent bay of Cadaquès re-echoed to the strokes of the sailors oars. The water was as smooth as glass. Some distant lights from the little town assured us there were living inhabitants in it, or else the stillness which reigned all about might have made us imagine we were in a desert. It was not so dark, but that we beheld the Pyrenean mountains, which terminated the landscape, but are not here very high. I imagine it was about midnight. After having crossed the bay, we landed, and went to the person's house where the bed was prepared for me, I was obliged to sit a disagreeable half hour, notwithstanding-

notwithstanding I was very sleepy, chatting with the master of the house, and making compliments to him, a tax upon being in other person's territories. But, at last, I had the pleasure of entering into a good bed, where I slept most soundly. After I had drank my chocolate in the morning and written a little, I was going on board to dinner, as they dine very early. Crossing over a little square by the sea-side, I was accosted by an officer in English, who asked me whether I was not an Englishman. Upon my answering yes, he said he had heard that there was one in town, and upon seeing me, he had imagined I must be the person. He told me that he was the commanding officer in that little place, detached with forty men from one of the Irish regiments then quartered at Girona. In Spain during the summer time they generally send little detachments in this manner to all sea-port villages, and particularly in Catalonia, where little landings of the Algerines have

have been lately, as I have already told you, frequent. The Irish officer would make me come to his quarters and dine with him. The dinner he gave me was but bad, indeed, I should, in all probability, have had a much better on board; however, he seemed to receive me with a hearty welcome, which sets off ordinary fare. You may imagine it could not be very good, when the only cook he had was one of his soldiers. He was a Londoner, and there was another Englishman among the forty men the captain had with him. All the rest were the scum of other nations mixed together; Italians, French, Germans, Irish, Scotch, every thing, in short, but Spaniards. This is the way they make up their three Irish regiments in Spain. I had some private conferences with the Londoner about his leaving England, and entering into the Spanish service. He said he embarked on board an English vessel, to go from London to Philadelphia. That a storm drove them

into Cadiz. He here met with some Irish soldiers, who dissuaded him from going fortune-hunting in America, and that he would do better to serve the king of Spain along with them. Influenced by their arguments, and by money, which is no unconvincing incitement to a person who has not a farthing, he enlisted. There is another encouragement, likewise, to enter into the Spanish service, which is, that every five years a soldier may solicit for his discharge. Indeed, they find means of drawling their men on from one five years to another. However, the poor people have still hopes of being freed at the last. Whereas, with us, making yourself a soldier is like marrying; one uncautious hour may engage you for your whole life. The Londoner, enticed by the foregoing inducements, and being, moreover, a Roman catholic, enlisted into the king of Spain's service. This is the story he tells, which, whether true or no, I can not say. As for the other
English

English soldier, I had not much talk with him. Their officer in the mean time was treating me with the utmost civility possible, and by his affability was making up for his want of delicacy in house and fare, which was plain meat coddled in the English manner. His quarters did not fear plunder, as there was nothing in them to be carried away but his soldiers arms and knapsacks. After dinner we entered into a *tête à tête* conversation. It turned upon not admitting Roman catholics into our service. The captain said for his part he should never have accepted a commission from a foreign prince, if his religion had permitted him to serve at home, with many other things of this nature. Our conversation, however, was interrupted by the arrival of the principal magistrates of the town, who came to pay their respects to the commander in chief. The mayor and all his under officers entered, bowing and scraping, into the room. I then thought of England, and

the difference between a civil and military government. With us the civil commands, in Spain and other monarchies the military. Think in England of a foreigner in the service of Great Britain giving law to a little town and its magistrates. The case is similar for an Irishman to command at Cadaquès. We should not permit an English-born officer to rule even in a hamlet, much less a foreigner. But in monarchies, being used to this sort of government, they are contented with it. The captain would make me sup with him, and the evening was spent dully enough, as we were forced to enter into a grave sort of conversation with the magistrates. We talked much about what was least understood by the majority of the company; namely, war, and we glanced from foreign affairs to the fleet which was just sailed from Carthagena. The magistrates told us that his most catholic majesty intended to root out entirely the Moorish nation, and upon that account

was

was sending a fleet to Algiers, to begin with reducing that city to ashes. But, alas ! I fear it will still remain upon the face of the earth. Our conversation being finished, the magistrates returned to their respective dwellings, and I, after a supper similar to my dinner with the captain, retired to my bed, but was obliged, as before, to pay the tribute of half an hour's talk to my landlord. The wind this morning not answering what it had promised the night before, I have varied the scene by taking a little walk with the Irish captain. We have been to the point of land, which terminates the bay of Cadaquès on the French side. He was placing a couple of pieces of cannon as a battery there. He had removed them from a very different part of the bay, where they had been but of little service. Indeed, I believe where they stand now, they can not have much command over any Moorish vessel that has a mind to enter the port. The country about Cadaquès is

pretty, however wild and mountainous, but the higher part of the Pyrrenées is at a distance.

The laudable custom of dedicating books seems introduced into all nations, but we in England, at least, dedicate them to persons inhabiting this sublunary world, and who we hope may make us some little present for having put their name in great letters at the beginning of our literary abortions. But the Spaniards are often much more disinterested. Instead of seeking their protectors, like our nation, among the inhabitants of the earth, they dun the whole society of saints and angels to patronize their works. St. Patrick, St. Anthony, St. Francis, and those other demigods in Roman catholic countries, are the Mecenas's to whom their epistle dedicatories are sometimes addressed. I need not mention to you that it is the Virgin Mary who bears the bell above all the rest of the sanctified choir of heaven in the attention paid her by those authors.

authors. From these dedications being so common, you may naturally collect that I have seen a great number of them. Some to be sure are more curious than others, but as I have sent most of my Spanish books to England, I can only give you a sample of one I have at present before me, which at least will give you some insight into this, to us so new a method of dedication. I shall only give you some fragments of it.

To the most august etherial princefs of the
two globes celestial and terrestrial, Mary
most sacred mother of the Omnipotent

WORD;

recommended to the hands of the illustrious father Saint Basil, the great enlightened conductor, and first chief after Jesus Christ and his apostles, of regular and monastic philosophy.

“ Not without good reason, O! amiable
“ and divine Basil, lord of this heart, do I

“ solicit your protection, do I supplicate
“ your patronage, in order that the august
“ and sovereign princess Mary may receive
“ this humble attempt, may shelter this
“ seventh fatigue of my genius under the
“ enlightened and illustrious shade of her
“ celestial and sacred name. The singular
“ favors she showered down upon you with
“ so liberal and generous a hand, whilst you
“ sojourned in this mortal life are manifest
“ and notorious throughout the whole globe.
“ For no person is ignorant, that moved by
“ the pathetic force of your continual en-
“ treaties, and by those burning tears which
“ humbly and devoutly you shed before the
“ miraculous image of that lofty lady,
“ placed in the retired pinnacle of a moun-
“ tain; no person I say is ignorant that by
“ her order the famous soldier and martyr
“ Mercury, transformed to warlike Mars,”
(this alludes to some article in St. Basil’s life,
but I am sure I can not understand it) “ came
“ out from the silence of the venerable urn
“ and

“ and rich mausoleum, and with the sharp
“ steel of his lance pierced in the Persian
“ war the agitated breast of that barbarous
“ atheist and apostate Julian, fatal scourge
“ of the catholic name, horrible pest of our
“ sacred religion, and sacrilegious mansion
“ of filthy and blind paganism.” — — —

L E T T E R LXI.

FROM ON BOARD THE ST. PAUL,

JULY 17, 1760.

YOU see by my date that I am now no longer in Spain. The sea is in a perfect calm, which gives me a very good opportunity of addressing this paper to you from the midst of that element. In a distant view lie the barren looking hills among which the harbour of Toulon is formed. Close round about us an innumerable quantity of dolphins or porpusses are rolling in the sea; a sign of fair weather; too fair I am afraid, for I doubt our voyage will be very long upon account of the calms. We left Cadaquès on Tuesday last the fifteenth of July, which makes this the third day of our continued navigation. Upon spreading our sails to the wind the French coast off the province of Roussillon

Rouffillon began to be discovered to our view. However towards the evening we forsook the land in order to pass over the gulph of Lyons. As we had left the coast of Spain, we now reckoned ourselves secure from the Moors, who only haunt that shore. The province of Rouffillon formerly belonged to the Spaniards, but the French have it now in their possession. Before it was dark we had entirely lost sight of it, and were in the middle of the gulph, or were *ingulphed* to use the strong Spanish expression. The gulph of Lyons is reckoned a bad sea in stormy weather, but it was as smooth as glass when we passed it. This was no disagreeable circumstance to me, as our vessel had but one mast, and went with latin sails, which you know are those triangular sails used in the Mediterranean. She might probably be called the St. Paul from the Christian name of our captain. We made the coast of France off Marseilles early in the morning. All the coast of Provence seems to me very much burnt

burnt up and barren. However, there were a good many country houses upon the hills near Marseilles which a little enlivened the scene. We could not see Marseilles itself, as the sea enters within the land, which hides it. In all our passage along the coast of France, we have not seen one ship, nor indeed any other vessel except a fishing boat this morning off Toulon; we can see no more of Toulon than we did of Marseilles. We are passing through the middle of the islands of Hieres, little islands off Toulon. I should think, the having one of them in our possession in time of war would not be unuseful to us, and that the conquest would not be very difficult. Upon arriving at the spot where Matthews and Lestock engaged the Spanish fleet, our captain burst out into the greatest imprecations against the French, and pointing to the place said, "Here it was that they deserted us, and
"left our vessels exposed to the whole fury
"of the English. Here was the Real Phi-
"lice

"like attacked, and I was in her." For you must know that most of the Spanish mariners are registered under the government, but in time of peace are permitted to enter into private employments. With regard to the battle, I believe the Spaniards will never forgive the French for not assisting them that day, nor were we much more content on our side. I hope we shall be able to get into Nice in a couple of days more. The king of Sardinia obliges all mercantile ships under a certain burden that pass between Nice, Villafranca and the island of Sardinia, to pay him a certain tax. And if his little privateers, who are often out upon that business, meet with any vessels who have a mind to slide by unperceived, they bring them into port and confiscate them. The English I think are exempted by treaty from this duty.

.. My curious dedication goes on thus. My author continues to address himself to St. Basil.

" To

“ To the powerful efficacy then of your
“ affectionate prayers, O ! illustrious father,
“ the universal church owes the unspeakable
“ blessing of the unconquered Bellona Ma-
“ ria’s obtaining from her omnipotent son
“ the extermination of that loathsome sink
“ of vice (Julian) which was ruling in the
“ world to the miserable corruption and fatal
“ massacre of what is true in religion, of
“ what is sincere in truth, and of what is
“ honorable in manners. And before this
“ marvellous success happened is not it well
“ known that this triumphant empress def-
“ cended in person from the lofty top of the
“ empyreal court, and from a majestic throne
“ presented you with a rich and curious
“ book, containing the sacred history of the
“ creation of the world, concerning which
“ she commanded you to write, an order you
“ obeyed with such glorious punctuality and
“ celestial aim, that from the abundant foun-
“ tain of your Exameron or Six Days Work,
“ that blazing light of the church, and sacred
“ pastor

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“ pastor of Milan, Ambrosius, copied elo-
“ quent torrents, and translated almost all
“ the sentences ? Ambrosius always professed
“ the greatest friendship for you, and always
“ preserved a faithful intercourse, acknow-
“ ledging you to have excessive advantage
“ over him as a philosopher.

“ It is now then my pretension, O heroic
“ chief and sovereign conductor of the mo-
“ nastic militia, to change the lots, and
“ alternate the die. Your humble and orphan
“ pupil throws this studious birth of his
“ mind at the sacred feet of the ever most
“ august princess, that it may be crowned
“ by her receiving it from your hand, and
“ enlightened by her casting a kind and
“ pleasing eye upon it. She upon your soli-
“ citation, kind and propitious, will not be
“ sparing of her pious patronage ; she who
“ is protectress of the beggar, and the uni-
“ versal shelter of the necessitous. That
“ sublime princess presented you a precious
“ book,

“ book, you return her this, in order that
 “ under the happy auspices and good omened
 “ beginning of her royal and sacred name,
 “ it may sally forth freely and walk with
 “ confidence. I, encouraged by such heroi-
 “ cal protection, will in a short time publish,
 “ O famous teacher, the already promised
 “ production of the phenix of Greece. After-
 “ wards in three volumes I will pursue those
 “ festivals of the year which our holy mother
 “ church commands, and which are nomi-
 “ nated for solemn celebration; such as are
 “ those of her sacred spouse Jesus Christ, of
 “ his sacrosanct mother, and those saints
 “ who with most advantageous steps follow-
 “ ed their traces.

“ But you, O great doctor, promoter of
 “ this my intention, patron of this my
 “ cause in the pious tribunal of so powerful
 “ a queen, Oh ! aid my humble attempts.
 “ If it is the glory of the son to have so
 “ illustrious a father and protector, some
 “ honor

“ honor redounds to him from the encreas-
 “ ing proficiency and advantage of the son.
 “ And who like you to perfect this, if you
 “ undertake it? you who are the bright
 “ torch of the church, the blazing son of
 “ truth, the inimitable in action, the perfect
 “ in life, the wise in sciences, the lofty and
 “ sublime column of the faith, the consum-
 “ mate in every thing, the refulgent light
 “ of divine knowledge, the ornament of the
 “ hierarchy, the fullness of understanding,
 “ the school of virtue, the treasure of what
 “ is to be learnt, the teacher of sacred and
 “ divine councils, the strong and sonorous
 “ trumpet of the word of the gospel, the
 “ rattling thunder and fiery bolt that felled
 “ the perfidious Arius, destroyed the blas-
 “ phemous Eunomius, confounded the
 “ blind Sabellius, conquered the perverse
 “ Macedonius, prostrated the impious Apol-
 “ lonius, and reduced under the yoke
 “ every enemy of the catholic name. Who
 “ like you can be my northern star, the
 Vol. II. Z “ pontiff

“ pontiff sincere, unpolluted, unbiaſſed by
 “ the world, and whom we might affirm
 “ without too much boldneſs to be loftier
 “ than the ſurpaſſing heavens? Who like
 “ you can be my flaming conductor, you
 “ who are the faithful writer of the church,
 “ the tower, the pillar immoveable, inex-
 “ pugnabile, that not only valiantly perfe-
 “ vered againſt, but triumphantly conquered
 “ the fierce and cruel contraſts of ſo many
 “ impious united enemies, of ſo many here-
 “ tical and apoſtate ſcepters? Who like you
 “ can be my brilliant chief, that are the firſt
 “ offspring of wiſdom, the ſecond precursor
 “ of the father, the faithful manſion of the
 “ Holy Ghoſt, and the glorious pride of the
 “ divine bounty.

“ Your ſlave, ſoul and body,

“ Father James Niſeno.”

L E T T E R LXII.

NICE, JULY 20, 1760.

MY pen run on so fast in my last letter, that instead of giving you only fragments of the man's dedication to the Virgin Mary, through the hands of St. Basil, you have almost had it all; but you are obliged to be content with whatever nonsense I can produce. We arrived in this port yesterday morning about ten o'clock. The calmness of the weather has caused the chief disagreeableness of our voyage. We, at last, however, got sight of Antibes, and the morning after entered this port. I was surprised to see it such a dirty little place, as I have heard so much in favor of it. However, the country round about looks pretty, consisting in green hills, interspersed with country houses. We had some difficulty in getting excused

Z 2

from

from performing quarantine, upon account of a suspicion of the plague being on board a vessel at Marseilles. We assured them that we had never touched the coast of France, and were at length admitted to set foot on shore. I can not speak with certainty concerning the truth of the plague being at Marseilles, but I know the report of it has put many of the ports of the Mediterranean in a bustle not to receive any ships from thence. There came strict orders from Barcelona to Cadaquès, that if any French ships attempted to enter that port, they were to be fired upon as if they had been Moors. However, in case of hard weather they did permit them to anchor out at a distance. Upon landing, I regaled myself with a dish of chocolate at a coffee-house. But you must not think I was yet within the town. The port is above a mile from it, and there are only a few houses built up there for the accommodation of the sea-faring people. The
walk

walk from the port of Nice to the town is delightfully pretty. The sun, however, as it was more than ten o'clock, was rather too hot, but I, at last, entered the gates, and some narrow streets sheltered me from his rays. Indeed, I think all the streets in Nice are narrow, and that it is but a poor miserable town. I was recommended to some Swiss gentlemen, who invited me to dinner, before which we took a little walk, and, at last, sat ourselves down upon benches placed in the high street, where the inhabitants of Nice seem to meet in summer time before dinner, to enjoy a little fresh air. I was here introduced to various Swiss officers of the king of Sardinia, who has a whole protestant regiment of them in his service. I have met with many civilities from them. The governor of Nice is a Scotchman, but is at present in the country. After having dined with my Swiss correspondents, we adjourned with some officers to the sea-shore, and bathed in a placid

sea, where they were fishing for anchovies. At night I lay at an inn in the town, which, tho' bad, was better than my vessel. But I have now entirely left her, and agreed with the captain of a Leghornese ship to carry me to Cagliari in Sardinia. From thence I shall easily be able to find an embarkation for Sicily. The Catalan set sail for Genoa this morning about ten o'clock, The die is therefore cast, and in about a couple of days I hope to be upon my course towards Sardinia. In the mean time I am diverting myself as well as I can in 'this little town of Nice. The people are polite, but the place dirty, and the port as bad as the town, nor capable of receiving ships of burden. But at Villa-franca, which lies just on the other side of a hill, they have a road for them.

L E T T E R LXIII.

NICE, JULY 24, 1760.

Notwithstanding I talked of being so near setting out at the end of my last paper, contrary winds have detained me in this port ever since. The great uncertainty of marine expeditions is I think one of the most disagreeable circumstances attending those that travel by sea. I hope however we shall sail tomorrow morning, for the wind seems upon the change. In the mean time swimming and a bad comedy are my principal diversions, exclusive of invitations from the Swiss about the town, who are my principal acquaintance*.

* The rest of this letter private,

L E T T E R LXIV.

AJACCIO IN CORSICA, 28 JULY, 1760.

YOU may wonder to see my direction from a town in Corsica, but we do not command the winds and waves. Indeed I am not a little glad we are got hither. I thought we should have gone to visit Neptune at the bottom of his oozy bed. Not that the storm, which you will by this time imagine we have met with, was so violent, but the ignorance and unskilfulness of the sailors, joined with the blustering wind, did not please me at all. The fact was thus. On Friday morning we left Nice pretty early, and the whole day was tolerably calm. The dolphins rolled as much about as they did upon the coast of Provence, and seemed to portend fair weather. But towards the evening the wind freshened to the north, and at night blew much stronger

stronger than my Leghornese sailors could well manage. The wind still continued in the morning, and the sea being very rough added to the confusion of my Tuscan mariners. They looked pale, the captain with a trembling voice said, the wind and sea were very high. Our half furled sails beat about to and fro with the wind, which we now drove before, not daring any longer to keep our course. The head of the vessel ducked from time to time, almost under the waves. The union of all these circumstances unmanned my seamen. We abandoned our ship, lighted up a little lamp before an image of the virgin Mary, which was down below in the cabin, and began to place our only hopes in heaven. However, as they thought that I, as a heretic, had very little chance of going thither, they seemed to look upon me with a scouling eye. I had heard of stories of Roman catholics throwing protestants overboard upon similar occasions. I did not like my situation at all. In the mean time we
made

made the mountains of Corsica. We immediately bent our course towards them to get to land as quick as we could, notwithstanding we were at first ignorant of the exact part of the island of which we were in sight. But a French pilot we had, by long reconnoitering at last found out, that we were off the port of Ajaccio, into which he at last clumsily steered us. This port is in the hands of the Genoese, who keep a little garrison to defend themselves from Paoli and the rebel Corsicans, for that name I must give them now, as I am under the dominion of Genoa, otherwise, perhaps, I might call them the valiant assertors of their country's liberty. All the officers of this small garrison are most excessively obliging to me. They invite me to dinner, and shew me a thousand other civilities. I am just now going to dinner with the commissary of war, an office they have here among them. Every thing in this part of the island of Corsica is at present very quiet. Pasqual de Paoli the
head

head of the malecontents gives us no disturbance. They say however, he is pretty brisk towards Bastia, the capital. I hold it indeed almost impossible for the natives ever to drive the Genoese out of their fortifications ; and I hold it as impossible for the Genoese ever to be masters of the internal parts of the island. A person who once sees the mountains I now have full in my view, will easily conceive it almost impracticable for troops or artillery to penetrate into the center of the country. In fact the Genoese do not attempt it. On this side of Corsica the contending parties seem to have made a truce. The Genoese live quiet in their sea-port towns, and the Corsicans upon their mountains.

It is now thirty years and above since these islanders have shaken off the yoke of the Genoese, if the having maintained a civil war in their country against that republic for so long a time may be expressed by those terms. I say a civil war, as Corsicans are not wanting
who

who side with the Genoese, and even among the malecontents there are different parties. The most powerful is that which is headed by Pasqual de Paoli, and was so formerly by king Theodore, the German adventurer, who died in England. His name was Baron Neuhoff. He is said to have landed in the island without any thing, but by promises of money and artillery made himself general and king over the principal of the malecontents. It is reported that money is still extant of his coining, and that he enjoyed all the marks of royalty. Some provision of arms and money was sent to him, but whether from England or Naples, or what other state, I know not. That fund however failing, he was at last obliged to leave the island, and at length took refuge in England, where you know his fate. As for Paoli the present head of the malecontents, he seems to be much the cleverer person. Even the Genoese give him a good character. Besides his native Italian he talks a little English,

English, with some other languages: His father is a colonel in the service of the king of Naples. The son must be a very brave enterprising young fellow. Grimaldi, who was some time ago general of the Genoese in Corsica, set a price upon his head, and offered a thousand zecchins reward to whoever should bring him to him, dead or alive. This did not discourage Paoli; nay, he retaliated the same upon Grimaldi, in the following words.

“ The confederates of the island of Cor-
 “ fica, now in arms for the defence of their
 “ privileges and liberty, thinking it allow-
 “ able to use the same means to defend
 “ themselves from the impending yoke,
 “ which their enemies make use of to oppress
 “ them withal, declare, the senator John
 “ James Grimaldi, their capital enemy and
 “ a disturber of the peace of the nation.
 “ They promise, therefore, a thousand
 “ zecchins

“ zecchins reward to whoever shall deliver
 “ them from him, by bringing his head
 “ into the camp of the confederates, or to
 “ the residence of the council general of the
 “ nation. The same recompence shall be
 “ given to whosoever conducts him alive to
 “ the before mentioned places.”

You know the Genoese and English governments are not upon a good footing together. It was that republic, perhaps, who was the cause of the loss of Port Mahon, by furnishing the French with men. For they say our last ministry had an account, that the French could not man their ships at Toulon, and for that reason were negligent in sending proper assistance to Minorca. But the Genoese, all of a sudden, lent them two or three thousand sailors, and the ships were manned. Those French ships that I saw at Cadiz, had I believe as many Genoese on board as French. In all their boats that
used

used to come to take water at Port St. Mary's, I think they talked nothing but Italian. Nay, how many of them have we in our French prisons in England. All these things together have made the Genoese fearful, lest the avenging arm of England should fall upon their possessions. Admiral Hawke, and afterwards admiral Osborne were roaming about the Mediterranean, and it was thought the English might like some other port, instead of that they had lost at Mahon. The Genoese desired the French to garrison two or three of theirs in Corsica. This step was made after much deliberation, for, when the French had been in the island before, there had been quarrels between the Genoese commissaries and them. Fear, however, at last prevailed over any private piques, and it was agreed, that the French should send three thousand men into Corsica, totally independent of the Genoese. The substance of the treaty was as follows. That six French battalions, which are named, should be sent into
 Corsica,

Corfica, to guard the northern and western coasts. That the rest of the coast should be guarded by the Genoese, who were to distribute themselves in detachments at Bastia, Porto Vecchio, San Benefazio, &c. That the French head quarters should be at Calvi, where they should have four battalions; that the other two should be quartered in Ajaccio and St. Florence; that a detachment of four hundred men, taken from the battalions at Calvi, together with bombardeers and cannoneers, should be dispersed about that part of the island, where there were towers and batteries. That the Genoese should entirely abandon Calvi, Ajaccio and St. Florence to the government of the French, leaving in them all their artillery and ammunition, of which a list should be taken, that they might be restored, at the time fixed. These were the principal articles of the treaty, which being concluded, the French fleet set sail from Antibes, waiting till ours was off the coast. They had three frigates

to

to escort the transports. The marquis of Castres commanded the forces. The Corsicans did not oppose their motions in the least. The French, however, had assured them, that they did not land with an intention of doing them any damage, but only to defend these parts from the English. Paoli, indeed, kept a continual eye upon them. A letter written from Corsica, at that time, says thus.

“ The French and Corsicans treat each
 “ other with great reciprocal cordiality.
 “ However, the French troops may cause a
 “ famine in this badly cultivated island.
 “ The heads of the malecontents perceive
 “ it, but do not care to give disgust to the
 “ French, by attempting to remedy it. The
 “ French seem to have expected some compliments from their chiefs. Paoli was
 “ counselled to make some, but he alledged
 “ many reasons to the contrary. First, he

“ was afraid the people might say he was
 “ selling them, as it happened when Gaffori
 “ and Guilian spoke with M. de Dursay.
 “ Secondly, he should not like to have his
 “ offered compliments rejected, as he was
 “ not certain, whether M. de Castres would
 “ receive his deputation. Thirdly, he
 “ did not know whether he was to call
 “ these troops Genoese or French; if the
 “ former, no compliment was to be made
 “ them; if the latter, let them swear never
 “ to violate the liberty of the Corsicans,
 “ and, from that instant, the confederates
 “ would become as brothers to them.
 “ Indeed, there is no answering these reasons.
 “ Persons are not wanting among the Cor-
 “ sicans, who come and make great offers
 “ to M. de Castres. But they only want
 “ to fish in troubled waters, and he would
 “ be much deceived, if he was to give ear
 “ to them. If the French have a mind to
 “ have the Corsicans devoted to them, the
 “ way is certainly very easy, &c.”

Upon

Upon our entering this port of Ajaccio, all the people came out of the town upon the strand to look at us, as if they had never seen a ship before. I went on shore, with the captain, in his boat. A Genoese soldier held up his bayonette to our breast, and plagued us with a thousand interrogations, before he would let us land. At last, after telling him whom we were, and whence we came, and where we were going, and, having shewn him our bill of health, he permitted us to set foot upon the island. When we came to the town, I thought the inhabitants would have torn us to pieces. One demanded a letter from his father, another from his mother, another from his uncle, aunt, brother, or sister. Nor could we for a long time persuade them, we were come from Nice, and not from Genoa. These poor people see ships so rarely enter their ports, that they imagine every person that arrives must be loaded with whatever they want. When, however, they were, at

last, convinced that we came from Nice, and not from Genoa, they desisted, in some measure, from their importunities, and let us go about our business. However, the boys and girls still ran about after us, crying, in a squeaking piping voice, "From Nice they come, from Nice they come, &c."

I have been spending the day with the Genoese commissary, or governor, who, with his officers, are very civil. He once, indeed, made a little blunder, but turned it off again pretty well. We were talking about islanders. It was agreed the Corsicans were a very bad sort of people. We joined the Sardinians along with them, and from thence glanced off to the Sicilians; "In short," says the commissary, "all people that inhabit islands are of a villainous character." A gentleman hinted to him, that, as an Englishman, I was born in an island. He seemed a little confused, but turned it off, by adding, "Oh! sir," says he, "England

“ England is so large an island, that we
 “ reckon it a continent.” I took a ride out
 early in the morning, with a Swiss officer
 in this service, who procured me a fine
 Sardinian horse. We went up about ten
 miles into the country, armed with pistols
 and two guns, partly to use in shooting,
 and partly for defence, in case of an attack.
 The countrymen in this place have likewise,
 generally, a pair of pistols in their girdle,
 and they have often skirmishes, whenever
 Genoese and Corsicans meet. The face of
 the country seems pretty, tho’ very moun-
 tainous. But, they tell me, the part I saw
 was the worst. They say, there are some
 most delightful vallies in the interior parts
 of the island; but, what charms can rural
 prospects have, when occupied by arms and
 terror? The Corsicans, however, being
 inured to these scenes, from their birth,
 suffer less from them, than nations which
 have enjoyed long tranquillity; and bullets
 and bread are considered by them, and their

antagonists inhabiting this island, as the only two necessities of life.

Before I conclude my paper, I will give you a circular letter, lately written by Paoli to every parish under the dominion of the Corsicans, by which you will see how many endeavours are used to incite them to the defence of their country. That which I shall translate is directed to the rector of the parish, as all the others likewise are, or, at least, to the clergyman who takes care of it.

“ Most reverend rector,

“ In order to make known to the public the
“ valor and piety of those who have shed their
“ blood in defending the rights and liberty of
“ their country, and to point out and extend
“ the influence of their merit to their families,
“ we have determined to form an exact
“ and compleat catalogue of their names,
“ to be printed in a book for that purpose

“ to

“ to be made, and which will be also of
 “ assistance hereafter in compiling the history
 “ of our nation. You, therefore, as rector,
 “ being the best informed of the affairs of
 “ your parish, will, I dare say, with plea-
 “ sure take upon you the trouble of assisting
 “ us in this intention ; and by informations
 “ from the oldest and most creditable per-
 “ sons of your neighbourhood, will be so
 “ good to send us the names and families
 “ of those who either died or have been
 “ wounded in the service of their country
 “ from the year 1729 to this time, marking
 “ with the greatest exactness possible, the
 “ place, month and year, when the event
 “ happened.

“ We expect, therefore, from a person
 “ of your care and zeal for his country, a
 “ clear and true account of what we have
 “ desired, within the space of one month
 “ from the receipt of this letter. In the

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“ mean, time Heaven grant you all prof-
“ perity.

“ Pasquale de Paoli,

“ General of the

“ kingdom of Corfica.”

LET.

L E T T E R LXV.

CAPRARA, AUGUST 1, 1760.

I AM now in a little island, or rather upon a rock belonging to the Genoese, where I anchored about a couple of hours ago. My Leghornese vessel proved so bad, and was so badly managed in the storm, that by advice I have deserted her, and am now going in a felucca to Leghorne, from whence I shall continue my route to Sicily as far as I can go by land. The deficiency of sailors was not the only inconvenience I suffered on board the Tuscan vessel. We were crowded with a company of troops going to Cagliari for the king of Sardinia, with a low officer at the head of them. Besides this, the smell down in the cabin was most terrible, owing to a quantity of foul water in the hold, which, mixed with
the

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the scent of pitch and tar, would, I believe, have turned the stomach of the most experienced mariner. By advice of the Genoese officers, therefore, I embarked on board this felucca or open boat, which did not leave Ajaccio till wednesday night, as my new friends would, by force, delay the diminutive vessel, to have, as they said, a little more of the pleasure of my company. Our sailors are good sort of people, and the master very civil. Upon our entering Calvi, the first place we put into, and where I dined the day after my setting out, we were obliged to go up to the top of a hill, where there was a strong fort, and exhibit ourselves to the governor, tho' I had brought a passport from Ajaccio. The governor was very courteous, as well as another officer, for whom I had brought a letter; however, I mean courteous in words, for they did not invite me to dinner. I was forced, therefore, to make my repast at an inn, which was not bad, as it had been polished

a little

a little by the French troops. The governor, however, sent me a present of fish just before I re-embarked. We here took a Franciscan friar on board. We set sail about three o'clock in the afternoon, but as the wind turned contrary, we put into a little creek, where we landed upon the rocks, and broiled our fish like gypsies. The sailors caught also some more, which added to a sort of muscle we found among the rocks, composed our supper. The friar, as he had never been out of Corsica, and, consequently, never at sea, had been very sick, and still lay extended upon the rocks half dead and half alive. However, the wind freshening we set sail again, and continued our course all the night by rocks desolate, wild, and lashed by the sounding waves. As our bark was little, we always kept close to shore. In the morning we got to cape Corso, the farthest extremity of the island towards Leghorne. We were to come to this place, which, as I have said, is a little island, or rather

rather a rock in the middle of the sea, about half way between cape Corso and Leghorne. But as the wind freshened considerably this morning, the sailors did not care to trust themselves from land during its continuance, and we put into another little creek, where there was a village or hamlet, which, I believe, belongs to the Corficans; but it was so very miserable, it did not much signify who was the master of it. It was, indeed, totally deserted, but whether the inhabitants were voluntarily gone forth, or fled through fear of us, I can not tell. The friar and I took a walk here a little up the country, and entered into a miserable vineyard, where, however, we found some ripe grapes, which you will think very early, as it is only the first of August. When we returned to the bark, as the wind was calmed a little, our mariners determined to cross over to this place, and, accordingly, we embarked and set sail, leaving the island of Corsica to its miserable
and

and unfettled state. I should have liked, indeed, to have crossed it by land to Bastia, instead of coasting as I did, but the Genoese assured me it was by no means safe. Not that I think there would have been any danger, except from stragglers; for, as to Paoli and his officers, I dare say they would have treated me very civilly. However, as the Genoese talked so much against it, and seemed not to like it, I did not care just after I had received so many favors from them, to go and present myself to their enemies.

The place I am in at present does not seem much inferior in poverty to that where we touched in the morning, nor does it afford any public house. In that where they have received me there has been such a violent quarrel about who should march out of his apartment to make room for me, that the son-in-law and son of the family came to very high words about it, and
from

from words to blows; the consequence of which was, that the party in the wrong went and complained to the Genoese governor of the party in the right, and the poor fellow has been put into prison, I mean the filio-familias, whose only crime is the having desired his brother-in-law just for one night to lie with him, in order to make room for me. But the crusty gentleman is a Genoese, and the other a native of Caprara; and the Genoese in power have at least the patriotic idea of justifying their own countrymen right or wrong. However, I intend to wait upon the governor or commissary, as they call him, tomorrow morning, and solicit the prisoner's release, as I was the innocent cause of his confinement.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXVI.

LEGHORNE, AUGUST 4, 1760.

I Arrived here the day before yesterday in the evening. We had a tolerably good passage from Caprara hither. We were, I think, about ten or eleven hours. That is, we set out from thence about eight o'clock in the morning, and about sun-set arrived at this place. Before my departure I made a visit to the commissary, and freed the fellow who had been put under confinement upon my account. No person, to be sure, expected to see me in Tuscany, and I myself can hardly believe that I am making this my *route* to Sicily; but I answer with Philip the second of Spain, upon the news of his *invincible* armada being destroyed, that we can not fight against the winds and waves. The fleet which the Spaniards bragged

bragged so much of being gone to reduce Algiers to ashes, has, it seems, only a commission to treat about the redemption of the Spanish slaves in those dominions. My friends upon the coast of Catalonia will not be pleased with this information, as they flattered themselves that all Barbary, at least, would be in their possession. I mean the common people, for those of higher rank do not seem to trouble themselves much with politics, or, indeed, with any thing else. Our idea in England is, that those who are married are, at least, agitated by the passion of jealousy, but I really do not find any great difference between them and other nations.

L E T T E R LXVII.

PISA, AUGUST 13, 1760.

YOU see by my date that I am at present in a town I always liked. Its being a university, the neatness and silence of the streets, the number of groves which surround it, and the river Arno, which now creeps, and in winter rushes through its fertile meadows, render it a proper seat for study and contemplation. Leghorne, as a sea-port and a garrison, is too noisy and too full of people for persons who love sometimes to have the muses of their party. I must return there, however, for some things, but shall be back in the evening. It is only fourteen miles from hence. As my business in Sicily is not extremely pressing, I intend to take my own time, and shall change my head-quarters to Lucca upon

the 28th of this month, where I shall stay during the continuance of a very good opera they are going to have in that town, when all the gentlemen come from their country seats, and I shall meet some of my friends there. From Lucca I shall pass some days at Florence, Rome and Naples, in my way to Sicily.

The summer weather seems to be here extremely moderate, after having been used to the burning climate of Spain. However, even these inferior heats begin now to abate a little.

Upon the table before me lies a strong modern eulogium of Sir Isaac Newton, written by the senator Adami, who, in poetically praising the emperor Charles the fifth, says, he was as much superior to other princes as Newton to other philosophers, in the following simile, to which I will add a lame prose translation,

Forse

Forse così quando fra i spirti egregii
 Padri di filosofiche famiglie
 Che han nei beati Elisi eterna sede,
 Il gran Britanno scese,
 Che senza abbaglio il primo
 Nel sen dei più profondi
 Aditi di natura il guardo stese.
 Ignorati e soli
 Al comparir di lui fra l'ombre amene
 Pei boschi fortunati
 Fur visti a caso errar gli gia orgogliosi
 Di Stoa sostenitori e di Stagira,
 E mesto anche esso rinselvossi e tacque
 Il sognator dei vortici ingegnosi
 Di cui full' orme appena
 Evvi chi sulla Senna ancor delira.
 Ne fuvvi alcun fra tanti
 Per sapienza rinomati un giorno
 Che osasse più nell' immortal foggiorno
 Far pompa in faccia a lui dei prischi vanti."

" So perhaps when the illustrious Briton,
 whose undazzled sight first penetrated the
 inmost recesses of nature, descended amidst
 the patron spirits of philosophy, that in
 Elysium hold their everlasting abode, at
 his approach the disciples of Stoa and the

Stagyrite, wandered through the groves unhonored and forlorn. He too (Des Cartes) with gloomy gesture sought the shades, he the ingenious dreamer of his vortices, but now abandoned by his native Seine. Nor was there in those immortal mansions, who dared to utter their once vaunted wisdom."

I am just going to see a famous illumination in the cathedral this evening, upon account of its being the eve of the assumption of the Virgin Mary. This festival, founded upon a tradition of her being carried up to heaven, we have nothing to do with in England. The Roman catholics, upon what authority I know not, assert, that she was borne after her death to the celestial regions upon the wings of angels. But these are disputes I leave to the learned in divinity. In that enthusiastic field of battle,- where so many giants fight,

fight, it is not for me, or pygmies like myself, to attempt to shew our strength.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

PISA, AUGUST 18, 1760.

THE illumination of which I spoke to you in my last paper turned out in fact very elegant, and the columns on the inside of the church were gaily adorned with festoons of lights, and wax candles formed into other vagaries. It looked like what you read of fairy temples.

Upon my word the original Merope of Maffei is a very fine play, from which Voltaire took his, and what we have is I think almost translated by Mr. Hill from Voltaire's translation, and yet pleases upon the English stage. I will give you a fine speech concerning Merope's anxiety for her son which is neither in Voltaire nor Mr. Hill. Upon her attendant's urging the impossibility of her

her son's being lately murdered, Merope
answers,

O caro Euriso, lo veggio ben che questo
Nulla é piu che un sospetto, Ma se ancora
Fosse falso sospetto, or ti par egli,
Che il solo peregrinar del mio Cresfonte
Mi dia cagion di dover esser lieta ?
Rozzo garzon, solo, inesperto, ignaro
Delle vie, de' costumi e de' periglii,
Che appoggio alcun non ha, povero e privo .
D'ospiti, qual di vitto e qual d' albergo
Non patirà disagio ? Quante volte
All' altrui mense accosteraffi, un pane
Chiedendo umile ? E ne farà fors' anche
Scacciato, egli il cui padre a ricca mensa
Tanta gente accogliea. Ma poi se infermo
Cade, come é pur troppo agevol cosa,
Chi n' avrà cura ? Ei giaceraffi in terra
Languente, afflitto, abbandonato, e un sorso
D'acqua non vi farà chi pur gli porga.
Oh Dei, che s'io almeno potessi ir seco
Parmi che tutto soffirei con pace.

“ O Eurifus, my suspicions of his death are
vain, but tho' groundless, ought not the
very life of my dear Cresphontes to tear this

breast with anguish? his unskilled youth, void of friendly assistance, and ignorant of men, knows not danger. None has he to support him, but poor and destitute, must be a stranger to food, nor will the humble roof receive him. How oft perhaps will he supplicate the offals of the rich, and be repulsed. He whose father's ample board received so many guests. But should sickness, too probable sickness overwhelm him, who will then take under his care my son. Stretched on cold earth will he lie, afflicted, abandoned, oppressed, nor will a friendly hand be ready with even a drop of water to relieve him. Oh heavens, could I but accompany his sufferings, I should bear all in peace."

A friend of mine at Lucca having invited me to spend the intervening time till the opera begins at the baths there, I shall leave this place the day after tomorrow and repair to the Lucchese state.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXIX.

LUCCA, AUGUST 21, 1760.

I Came this morning from Pisa hither, and in the evening shall proceed to Lucca baths, which are about sixteen or seventeen miles farther. As it was fine weather and the road most delightfully pleasant from Pisa hither, I have had a very agreeable ride. What makes the road so pleasing is their manner of planting vineyards here in Tuscany. It is just in the way poets describe them. Elms are first of all set. They are planted about as thick as cherry trees in the orchards of Kent. At the foot of these shoots up the mantling vine, the luxuriant branches of which the country people tie up in a sort of festoons from one tree to another. This is the nature of the road after you are got about three miles from Pisa to
Lucca,

Lucca, and have passed the baths built by count Richecourt, when you coast the mountain,

*Per cui i Pisan Lucca veder non ponno *.*

DANTE.

In many other parts of Italy, as well as in Spain, and I believe all over the world, except in Lombardy and the kingdom of Naples, the vineyards are the most ugly things I ever saw in my life. Little sticks are driven into the ground three or four feet high, and they let the vines rise no farther than to the top of them. They even criticise the Tuscan manner of planting vineyards, and tell you that it takes away from the strength of the wine. But the proof that this cannot be so, is that the wines of Tuscany are stronger I believe than any others in Italy, tho' supported only by low stakes, and perhaps is almost the only wine of these countries, that has body enough to be sent into England.

* Which shields fair Pisa's town from Lucca's view.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXX.

LUCCA BATHS, AUGUST 24, 1760.

I Arrived on Thursday last in the evening to this place, which is pretty enough and romantic, however mountainous and wild. The principal diversion here is that of sitting for an hour or two up to your chin in hot mineral water. I attempted this sedentary ablution in order to enter into the mode of the place, and get off in some measure the bronze colour with which the Spanish sun has tinged my skin, but the vapor of the water made my head ache so much that I will have nothing more to do with hot baths for the future.

To give you a faint idea of this place I will copy you a few lines of a poem abby Betti has written upon these waters, to
which

which I will add a translation and two or three notes, that you may understand it.

Qui dove al Serchio minacciò in riva
 Trovò l' Etrusca libertade asilo,
 Vivo placidi i giorni, e lieto il cuore
 Alla natia simile aura respira,
 E se non veggio torreggiar superbe
 L'ampie moli di Roma incontro al cielo,
 Almen non odo il fufurrar del volgo
 E i mobili Quiriti, e in van mi mostri
 Donna del Tebbro i lagrimevol segni
 Del tuo prisco valore, e per me indarno
 Gli sculti marmi il Campidoglio addita,
 Che i cheti alberghi aman le Muse, e i sacri
 Silenzj delle selve. A voi mi dono
 Verdi colli felici, de' miei carmi
 Nò, non andranno inonorati i gorgi
 Della Lima orgogliosa, or che la cetra
 Le vostre onde salubri a dirmi impara.
 Sia principio da voi, limpide ninfe,
 Che le mediche *fonti* in guardia avete,
 Da voi che i ciechi tortuosi varchi
 Del fuol scorrendo &c.

“ Here

“ Here where Tuscan liberty * has found
her asylum upon the banks of the threat-
ening Serchio †, I pass my days in peace,
while my heart drinks gales resembling my
native

* The Lucchese tho’ their little state is an aristocracy
call themselves free, and indeed so I think they are in
comparison to the rest of the Tuscans, who have not
only lost their liberty, but are gone under the dominion
of foreigners, under the government of

———northern sons, an iron race,

to use the words of the old song called Arno’s Vale,
written I think by some English nobleman, when the
Tuscan state for want of successors in the Medici family,
passed, after the death of John Gastore, by agreement
with the Spaniards, under the dominion of the Germans.

† Serchio is the name of the river that runs through the
Lucchese state, coming out afterwards into that of the
grand duke of Tuscany. It empties itself into the sea
not far from where the Arno does the same. There is
now little water in it, but in winter time, as it rises
among mountains, it swells some times to such a height
as to break down dams and carry away every other
im-

native air †. Tho' I behold not the mighty edifices of Rome raise their towering heads against heaven, I likewise hear not the murmurs of the inconstant Romans. In vain, Nymph of the Tiber, dost thou shew me the melancholy remains of thy ancient valor; in vain does the Capitol point out its sculptured marbles. In peaceful mansions dwell the muses, and in the sacred silence of these woods. To you I dedicate myself, green

impediment to its course, trees, great stones and every thing, to the great detriment of the inhabitants of Lucca and Pisa. Count Richemont, who was regent of Tuscany for the emperor about eight or ten years ago, and a great enemy to this little Lucchese state, upon a quarrel between them about making a road, dammed up this river and overflowed half their lands. This however he could not effect without doing some hurt to the emperor's own subjects. He erected likewise elegant baths near Pisa, where there are also mineral hot waters, in hopes to draw foreigners from those of Lucca; however, tho' what he caused to be built is very commodious, I think his intention has not met with any great success.

† The author was born at Verona.

happy hills. No, the babbling current of the swelling Lirne* shall not be unhonored in the verse, which my harp meditates upon these healing springs. From you be my beginning, ye limpid Naiads, guardians of the medical fount; you who running through the dark entrails of the earth, &c."

* A river which runs close under Lucca baths, and afterwards empties itself into the Serchio. As it lies also among the mountains it is very much subject to floods. We walked upon the banks of it every evening. There is one part where the course is interrupted with great stones, which divide the channel into four or five little foaming branches. This with the country about it, which is very romantic, gives a very pleasing but confined landscape to the eye, as the mountains rise on each side.

L E T T E R LXXI.

Lucca baths, 3 o'clock, afternoon,
Monday, Sept. 1, 1760.

IN my future papers, that they may be rendered more exact, I will not only give you the day of the month and year, but I will also acquaint you with the day of the week, and even with the very hour of my writing them. Indeed, here in Italy there will be now and then some trifling difficulty in comparing Italian hours to the way we count; for their clock goes upon a quite different system from ours. As we begin to count from twelve, or midnight, they begin to count from sun-set, or, to speak exactly, half an hour after, just when the twilight begins to give place to total darkness; at which time all the bells of every church toll to denote its being four and
twenty

twenty o'clock, and that all good Roman catholics may say their Ave Maria. You may wonder to hear me talk of four and twenty o'clock, till you know the Italians do not stop counting at twelve as we do, but continue their reckoning the whole round of a *nuſtemeron*, or day and night. As for ſtopping at twelve hours, and beginning again to count another twelve, as we do, or continuing the whole round to twenty-four, as the Italians practice, I think it is indifferent. The advantage of our method of counting time is, that the two points, from whence we begin our computation, midnight and noon, are fixed; on the contrary, half an hour after ſun-ſet is an indeterminate period upon account of the ſun's ſetting either ſooner or later every day of the year. Beſides, they can never know the exact time of mid-day or mid-night without looking into their almanacks. In the ſpring when the ſun ſets every day later, of conſequence, a leſs number of hours

must in a course of days intervene between its setting and noon. The contrary necessarily happens at this time of the year, when the sun sets every evening sooner and sooner. This is the principal fault I find with the Italian clock. It has, however, some advantages, and to a traveller in particular, as you always know the exact minute of the sun's setting from your watch, and, consequently, how much or how little day-light remains, be the weather ever so misty, to complete your journey, and get time enough for the gates of foreign towns, which generally are shut at that time. However, there is no doubt, upon the whole, but our way of counting is much preferable, and in fact, all European nations, I believe, but the Italians, follow it. Even among them there are some provinces that have changed from their old way of computation to ours. Tuscany and the Milanese state, and I think that of Naples, count their time in the same manner as we do, one fruit of their being

under the government of foreigners. On the contrary, those states that still are under the government of Italians, as the ecclesiastical state; that of Lucca, Modena, Massa Carrara, Venice, Genoa and Monaco, still preserve their old-fashioned clock. I have mentioned nothing of the king of Sardinia's dominions, as I hear he reckons them out of Italy. His states, you know, are situated among the Alps, and other mountains that divide Italy from France and Switzerland. However, Piedmont is undoubtedly in Italy, but the manners and customs of the French prevail greatly above those of the Italians; at least, if I may judge from what I saw during the little time I stayed at Nice. Indeed, Nice is one of the nearest towns to France in the king of Sardinia's dominions. It was formerly a part of Provence. You discern Antibes very plainly from it.

I took a ride this morning for above five miles, to see a place the Lucchese call *Prato fiorito*, or the flowery meadow. Tho' called by that name, it is upon the top of a very high mountain. After having broke my neck almost in passing precipices to get up there, all I could find when I was at the top was a little turf like what every hill in Surrey is clothed with; but is here a sort of rarity, and only a mountainous production. They say, however, that in spring there are a prodigious number of all sorts of flowers, which grow there spontaneously, from whence, indeed, it takes its name. They tell you it commands too a prodigious extensive view. It is said you can discern Florence, Leghorne, and even Corfica from the summit of it. However, I could not see two yards before me, upon account of a very thick mist, which afterwards degenerated into rain. As the clouds, and consequently, the rain descended into the valley as fast as we did, I have had its company quite home. The
badness

badness of the descent rendered my progress slow, and I was obliged to have recourse to patience and reflexion to pass the time. The immense forests of chefnuts, with which many of these hills are crowned, struck my imagination as a blessing of Heaven upon the poor. It is not possible for any person to starve in these countries, if there is a good chefnut season. The peasants gather them up in sacks, and not only make use of them for present consumption, but after they are dry grind them into a flower, of which they make bread. I can not say it is palatable, but, I believe, very nourishing, and custom may have inured the feeders upon it to its *maukish* taste. To look at the men, they seem very hale and lusty.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Lucca, one o'clock, Thursday,
September 11, 1760.

ON Friday last I left Lucca baths, and returned to their little capital; where I have been this morning to see the ceremony of the institution of a *Gonsaloniere*, or Doge of the Lucchese state. It only consisted of an assembly of the nobility at his family house, from whence they all went afterwards to the palace, where the Doges reside during their two months government. You have seen a lord mayor's show. Imagine a procession infinitely inferior to that, tho' of the same nature, and you have an idea of what I was looking at. This fust is only made the first time of a person's being mayor. I think the name of mayor is the most adequate to express the office of Doge. Indeed,

at

at Lucca he is the fovereign, tho' limited; however, as the ftate is fo little, that they have but few foreign affairs, for they dare not quarrel with any neighbouring nation, their authority is pretty much confined to the civil jurifdiction of their city. The government of Lucca is nearly the fame with that of Genoa and Venice. It is ariftocratical, and their common people are as much flaves as under the Turks. The body of cavaliers, or gentlemen, is what forms the legislative power. They have their counfel or parliament, where they harangue and give their votes. However, a foreigner is not permitted to be prefent at any of their deliberations. Out of this body of nobility they elect a Doge and eight anziani, or aldermen, who have the immediate government for two months. By the immediate government, I mean the immediate execution of the laws; for to elect new magiftrates, or upon any weighty deliberation, the affembly of the whole body

of cavaliers is necessary. But this little commonwealth, venerable for having preserved its own government, while all the surrounding towns have fallen under arbitrary masters, assumes an air, which is neither becoming its diminutiveness, nor do I see that it can be of the least service to the state. That ladies who are dressed well enough to appear before the courts of London or Versailles should not have a hoop sufficiently large to shew themselves before the Doge is ridiculous, and with many other things of that kind excites a rage within the breast of a foreigner, which destroys the former favorable idea he had received of these people, when he saw liberty written upon their gates, and all the marks of an independent republic. As they expect more trifling obediences from travellers than other nations, they are very little troubled with their company, except just at the present time, when the town puts on a gaiety unusual to it, upon account of the
opera

opera and festival of the holy cross, which will be in a few days. Tomorrow I go to Montopoli, to make a visit there,

Montopoli, 7 o'clock, evening, Friday, Sept. 12.

You see then, as I said, I have set out from Lucca for this place. We have now no more Italian clocks to puzzle us. The emperor, as I have already told you, has introduced our way of counting time into Tuscany. The people are now very well used to it, and like it, but at first they thought it a very great hardship. It was like our changing from the old to the new style, when at the election at Oxford they called Lord Macclesfield, almanack maker, and asked what he had done with the eleven days. Things of the same nature happened in Tuscany, and the other states in Italy, which have got our clock, upon its being
first

first introduced among them. They say there is a village here in Tuscany, I have forgot its name, where the Italian manner of counting is still preserved. They had done something for the service of the emperor. He sent and told them that he wanted to reward them, and that they might chuse what they liked, for that he would grant them what they pleased. The favor they begged, as the greatest that he could bestow, was, to leave them their old clock, which was accordingly done. However, the Tuscans in general have now quite changed their ideas, and laugh at the Lucchese for keeping to old fashions. They, indeed, most of them seem to allow our clock to be the best, but they say they are jealous of changing old customs for fear of its being a cause of fresh innovations,

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

Lucca 11 o'clock at night,
Friday, Sept. 19, 1760.

I Returned on Saturday last from Montopoli to this place, where we have been very gay upon account of the festival of the exaltation of holy cros. We have had races here, and are to have them renewed next-Sunday. You may imagine they are not so good as those of Newmarket, tho' much better than in other parts of Italy, where the horses run as fast as they can without riders, down some long street, and you see nothing of them, except the glimmering of their passing by, either from a coach or window. But in Lucca, as they run round an amphitheatre inclosed on purpose, you have a view of the whole course. It is here judged impossible

impossible* for men to ride horses when they run so very fast. The poor beasts have a sort of prickly balls hung about their sides to spur and gore them on. The church ceremonies were very like others of that nature, with an image of our saviour borne in procession. In the great square stood all the troops of the republic in battalia, who have this advantage that, as their country is too weak to make any resistance, they are never obliged to face an enemy. Once indeed upon a time the state had war with Massa Carrara, a little sovereign dutchy adjoining. Lucca being the strongest, marched its troops to besiege that city. Upon their approaching the walls, a whistling noise and afterwards an explosion was heard by the whole army. What is that, cried one? Bless us, it is a bomb, replied another. A bomb! exclaimed the general. To the right about. March! And away they went, as the story goes, not

to Lucca since, and have seen their
at saddles.

to

ITALY, GERMANY, &c.

to the sack of Massa Carrara, but to that of chestnut-flower at Lucca. Joking, however, apart, happy are these little states in not being able to defend their liberties by the extermination of the human race ; and the policy to which they are obliged to recur, aided by the jealousy of their neighbours, may long preserve them in their privileges.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXIV.

Lucca, 9 o'clock morning,
Sunday, 28 Sept. 1760.

I Will to day give you a story taken out of Boccace. “ Abraham the Jew had a long
“ time lived creditably at Paris, and among
“ other acquaintances had formed an inti-
“ macy with an Italian merchant of the
“ same town, called Gianotto. Their af-
“ fairs being much united, they often used
“ to dine together, and among other topics
“ of conversation that of religion often
“ sprung up. After having long talked
“ upon the subject, the Roman catholic
“ merchant began to think of converting
“ his friend, and urged the best reasons
“ his mercantile education would permit
“ to effectuate that purpose. Tho’ Abra-
“ ham was at first indocile, a length of
“ years

“ years made impressiion enough upon him
 “ to think seriously of changing his reli-
 “ gion. He accordingly acquainted Gian-
 “ notto with his intentions, but that he
 “ was resolved first to go to Rome, to see
 “ in person how the vicar of Christ he had
 “ so often spoken about, and the cardinals
 “ behaved.” (I need not inform you that
 the pope in the style of these countries, is
 termed Christ’s vicar upon earth, as he is
 supposed to have all his authority delegated
 to him.) “ Gianotto was very sorry to
 “ hear his friend talk of going to Rome;
 “ as he well knew how immersed in vice
 “ that capital was, and thought that in-
 “ stead of becoming a Christian, he would
 “ be only more strongly confirmed in his
 “ own opinions. He told him how unneces-
 “ sary it was to expose himself to the in-
 “ conveniencies of so long a journey, as
 “ there were learned priests enough in
 “ Paris, to instruct him in every thing of
 “ which he wanted to be informed. But
 “ Abraham

“ Abraham continued obstinate, and said
“ he would never become a Christian till
“ he went to Rome and saw the head of
“ their church. His friend finding that
“ nothing he could say was of any avail,
“ left him to follow the bent of his own
“ inclinations, despairing however of his
“ conversion, as he thought the debauch-
“ ery of the court of Rome was more
“ likely to make a Christian turn Jew, than
“ the contrary. Abraham was no sooner
“ arrived at this metropolis, than he made
“ his visits to the principals of his own
“ religion, without acquainting them of
“ the cause of his journey. In the mean
“ time he observed most narrowly the
“ Roman catholic clergy of that city, and
“ especially those of higher rank, but found
“ them all so entirely corrupted in their
“ morals, that no vice upon the face of the
“ earth was a stranger to them. Lust and
“ luxury predominated in the room of vir-
“ tue and mortification, and the best ecclesi-
“ astical

“astical charges were given to those who
 “best knew how to make their addres-
 “ses to the courtezans of priests, and paid
 “the best price. Instead of being the city
 “in which the works of grace were most
 “frequent, it was here that all diabolical
 “inventions new coined from hell seemed
 “to reign.

“Abraham with a careful eye observed
 “all these irregularities, and after having
 “entirely satisfied his curiosity returned to
 “Paris. The first question Giannotto made
 “to him was concerning his religion, and
 “whether he continued in his intention of
 “changing it, to which he answered in the
 “affirmative. Upon this Giannotto pluck-
 “ing up courage told him he did not doubt,
 “but that the piety of their holy father,
 “together with the virtuous behaviour of
 “the cardinals, had induced him to con-
 “tinue his resolution of abjuring Judaism.
 “But Abraham soon informed him that

“ Rome was a town in which all immorality seemed to concenter ; that the men whose characters ought to discourage it, were its principal votaries, that virtue begged its bread, while vice rode triumphant through the streets, in short that the pope and cardinals seemed to do every thing possible to extirpate their religion from the world. And yet notwithstanding all this, says he, it not only subsists, but is increasing and flourishes, as much as if the greatest pains were taken to extend it. This, continues Abraham, is what determines me to be a Christian, for how such a miracle as this should happen, without some supernatural power, is what I can not see. He then went to the cathedral of *Notre Dame* with Giannotto, where he abjured his errors, and was baptized by the name of John.”

L E T T E R LXXV.

Lucca, Thursday, 12 o'clock, noon,
October 2, 1760.

I Will fill my present paper with an affair that happened at Leghorne a few years ago; for the truth of which I can only rest upon the faith of the recounter.

John Van Beunnel, the only son of a Dutch merchant, was, upon the death of his father, sent by his uncle to Leghorne to learn trade. He was a youth of good parts, and of a remarkable handsome person. But tho' the ladies of Leghorne vied with each other in soliciting his company, Van Beunnel remained unaffected, till the charms of a Flemish girl, one Ann Nuitz, daughter of a Flemish merchant settled at Leghorne, made so strong an impression upon him,

D d 2. that

that he dedicated his whole time to her; nor did he seem to live, unless in her presence. His assiduities at length gained a reciprocal affection. Among the persons to whose care Van Beunnel had been entrusted upon his arrival in Italy, was one Sig. Damiani, who, observing that the young man applied himself very little to mercantile affairs, but, on the contrary, spent almost all his time in attendance upon a girl, thought it his duty to acquaint the uncle with the situation of things. The uncle immediately sent an order for his return from Leghorne by the next ship. You may imagine what distress the two lovers felt at these news, but as they were sitting together drowned in tears, and lamenting their impendent separation, a friend of theirs, by name Vanberti, a physician at Leghorne, entered the room. After being informed of the cause of their grief, he invented the following expedient to relieve it. He agreed to write to Van Beunnel's uncle that his
nephew

nephew was in a bad state of health, and that he could not possibly set out so soon for Holland as he was ordered.

This excuse served during some time, and the old man consented to let his nephew remain a little longer at Leghorne. A letter, however, at length came from Damiani to the uncle, in which he innocently informed him that his nephew was in very good health. Upon this the uncle wrote a second time, informing his nephew how dissatisfied he was with his proceedings, and enjoining him in the strictest manner to set out for Holland by the first opportunity. Upon the receipt of so peremptory a summons, Van Beunnel saw no remedy but obedience, and accordingly prepared every thing for his voyage. Among other presents he gave a fine diamond necklace to his dear Nancy, who on her part was always accusing him of want of love, and telling him she should never be able to outlive his departure.

parture. At length the fatal morning of their separation came. The wind sat fair. The sailors were expecting their passenger on board. But he was now no more, and Ann Nuitz was in a situation little different. The fact was as follows. The morning of the ship's departure, Van Beunnel invited all his friends to his Nancy's lodgings to drink chocolate, and be witnesses of their last farewell. Chocolate over, and the hour of their separation arrived, he rose from his seat and went towards the window, to which his Nancy had retired to hide her tears from the company. He took her by the hand, and told her that he was resolved never to part from her, which protestation she answered coquettishly by saying, "she did not believe any of his promises." Upon which the poor youth, putting his hand nimbly into his pocket, pulled out a pistol, which he had no sooner cocked than he applied it to his head, fired it, and fell down dead at her feet. Ann Nuitz was so struck at this event,

event, that her head immediately turned, and she remained for some years out of her senses, but she is now, they say, pretty well recovered, tho' a profound melancholy still preys upon her frame. She continues to live at Leghorne.

L E T T E R LXXVI.

Florence, half an hour after 12 at noon,
Wednesday, October 8, 1760.

I Arrived here the day before yesterday without any particular accident. As we went post, we got here easily in a day, tho' it is a tolerable journey for these countries, above fifty miles I think. However, by not staying very long at Pistoia, where I dined, if a bit of bread and cheese, and raw ham (for the Italians eat it undressed,) can be called a dinner, I got here in moderate time. As it was, however, an hour after dark, the gates were shut, all but two, which are left open all night, to one of which, namely, Porta San Gallo, we were obliged to go round. We have now no farther trouble with Italian clocks, as all in the grand dukedom of Tuscany go after
our

our manner. There are a good many English here at present, some of whom I am expecting every minute will come and make their visit of ceremony ; for it is a custom established in Italy among all English travellers, that the last comer is to be visited by the rest.

The city of Florence is really a very neat pretty little capital, the head formerly of a respectable republic, till the ambition of the Medici family enslaved their country, but made it flourish with the polite arts and literature. It may be said of them as of Augustus, that their family ought either never to have reigned or never to become extinct. For the present emperor does not seem to have much affection for his Italian subjects, and severe drafts are made upon their men to march against the king of Prussia, a war they have nothing to do with. What must the poor people think at abandoning these fertile vales, for the black and

hostile forests of Germany? In the mean time a few foreign troops are stationed here to keep the populace in subjection, which they do in a manner as harsh as their language. The better sort of intruders are, indeed, Lorenese, and not Germans; for the emperor still retains a predilection for that his native state, tho' political reasons obliged him to exchange it for Tuscany. Hence an inundation from that province into these happy climes, where people, who came with nothing, have made large fortunes. The following story is told of the marquis Buondelmonte. As he was sitting one evening at a coffee-house in Leghorne, a beggar addressed him as well as the other gentlemen for charity. He at first refused him, but the man persisting, and Buondelmonte perceiving he was a foreigner, asked him what nation he belonged to. He had no sooner said, he belonged to Lorraine, than the marquis, in a hurry, drew out his purse, gave him a shilling, and begged him

him for God's sake to remember and assist him as soon as he got a place. This farcastic ridicule upon the Lorenese has been much cried up in Italy.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

Bibbiena, 3 o'clock afternoon,
Sunday, October 12, 1760.

I Yesterday came to this place to visit some old acquaintance. The village of Bibbiena itself is very ugly and good for nothing, but the country about it is pretty, tho' mountainous. We are in a little valley in the middle of the Apennines. Three rivers, the Arno, Archiano, and Corfalone, almost hem us in, and make a sort of peninsula of the rising ground upon which we are situated. I sat out from Florence yesterday morning pretty early in company with a friend. It was about seven o'clock I think when we mounted our horses. The housings upon that which belonged to my companion were pompously laced with a gold colour binding, to give the idea of that metal without its expence. My
steed,

steed, tho' not equally accoutred, did not appear bad for a hack. In this manner we sallied forth, but got no farther than the Eagle coffee house without baiting. After having drunk each a dish of chocolate, our horses were remounted, and we proceeded to the gates of the city. The custom house officers let us pass very obligingly, tho' indeed we had nothing to be examined, as my things had been sent away the evening before by a carrier. The country from Porta della Croce, or Cross gate, to Ponte a Sieve is tolerably pleasant, through a plain richly planted with vineyards and full of country houses. After Ponte a Sieve till you enter the Casentino, the valley in which Bibbiena is situated, there is an ugly, barren, horrid high mountain of ten miles length to pass. At the very pinnacle stood the inn where we were to dine, justly called the Consuma. As the sharpness of the air was increased by the height of the mountain, we were very glad to get to the kitchen fire as soon as we entered

entered the house. It being a meager day we got nothing but eggs, cheese and fallad to eat, which ill corresponded with our keen appetites, but travellers must, you know, be contented with what they find. The country was pleasant from the time we had once descended the mountain, and were arrived into the valley of Casentino, called Clusentium by the ancients, on account of its being shut in by mountains. We left Poppi upon our right hand, a little town situated upon an eminence about three miles from Bibbiena, where we at last arrived, tho' my horse's failing, notwithstanding his good appearance, had made us rather later than I had imagined. Some remains of light still streaked the west, when we were mounting the short but steep ascent which leads up to Bibbiena, where a hospitable roof soon sheltered us from the darkness of the night.

L E T T E R LXXVIII

Bibbiena, 5 o'clock afternoon,
Sunday, October 19, 1760.

I Am just returned from a little ride on horseback, as my friend is so good to lend me the pompous steed with gold colour laced housings he is so proud of. The country round about is very pleasant, tho' as I have already told you mountainous. Silius Italicus calls these hills,

Finiferum cælo miscens caput Apenninus,

which is extremely just, not only from the timber which cloaths them to the top, but the haziness which reigns there and makes the line insensible where the mountains end and the heavens begin.

I have been looking into Livy, Polybius, and other authors, to see if I could trace out Hannibal's march over the Apennines. I think some vestiges of it may be tolerably well ascertained, but more of that when I shall return from Perugia, where I am thinking of going in a few days, and which is situated upon the Thrasymene lake, now called the lake of Perugia. It was here that Hannibal defeated Flaminius the Roman consul, who had a great part of his troops cut off and lost his own life by over hastiness.

I shall leave Bibbiena upon the tenth of next month to go to Florence, where I hope to find the letters I expect, for the greater convenience of my Sicilian expedition.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

Bibbiena, quarter after 8 at night,
Wednesday, October 22, 1760.

ABOUT an hour and a half ago I returned from the Alverna, a high mountain, the summit of which is about five miles off, where St. Francis is said to have performed his penances, and received the sacred stigmata, which, I believe, if you have a mind to understand, I must explain to you. As he was praying one day upon the top of this mountain, under a beech tree, which grow in great plenty upon the very pinnacle of it, our Saviour appeared in the heavens, which opened, and discovered him surrounded with rays and glory. St. Francis had earnestly desired to be permitted to feel the pains of his passion. Our Saviour now told him, that if he pleased, he was come

to inflict them upon him. Which the faint having desired, he immediately felt his hands, feet and side wounded in the same manner as those of our Saviour were. He felt inexpressible pain, especially at his side; the wound of which penetrated quite to his heart, without, however, killing him, as this was all miracle. The torture he underwent made him faint, in which condition he was found by father Lion, a friar, who had accompanied him in his retirement to this horrid mountain, where superstition sits enthroned amidst the most craggy rocks mortal eye ever beheld. I am just called to supper, so that I will wish you good night, and take my leave of you till tomorrow.

Bibbiena, half an hour after 3 o'clock in the
afternoon, Thursday, October 23.

I sat out then as I already told you yesterday morning to go up to the Alverna. We
had

had two men on foot with us to take care of the horses, as we were four in company. Nothing happened remarkable in our getting up the mountain. We were obliged, indeed, to go very slow upon account of the steepness of the ascent, as well as of the badness and rockiness of the roads. Upon our arrival at the convent of St. Francis, the first thing I did was, to find out the father apothecary, for whom I had a letter. You may think it perhaps rather beneath a friar to exercise the art of apothecary, but you must know, when they have monasteries in such desert places, they generally make every friar they admit, follow the profession he used to practice before he abandoned the world. For example, at the Alverna, they have carpenters, taylor, clothiers, and all other trades. In short, they do every thing quite among themselves, nor have they any revenue but their own labor and begging. They receive, indeed, the charitable alms of those who visit the convent, but a friar

who attended me, was offended when I offered them to him in person ; however, he called the treasurer, a layman, who took the money. They have besides eight brothers continually roaming about the country with sacks upon their backs, who, from time to time, bring home the provision they collect. From these scanty means they entertain every person who visits them, and, indeed, better than could be imagined in so desert a place.

L E T T E R LXXX.

Bibbiena, half hour after 11 in the morning,
Monday, October 27, 1760.

TO continue my journey to the Alverna. I was looking you know for the father apothecary in the convent. We found him. He was so ill with the gout he could hardly move. I gave him the letter I had brought for him. Without opening it he asked us what we did there, and how we came to enter the convent without being accompanied by the father who was porter, or having leave from the father who was guardian or prior. It seems it is the custom of this society that not even men can enter their walls without the proper license. We begged pardon for the error we had committed, ascribing it with truth to our ignorance of the rules of the place. At

length we were forgiven, the guardian was sent for, due licenses were granted us, a dinner was ordered to be prepared, and we were given a room, tho' out of the circuit of the convent upon account of our having ladies in company. These friars have rooms on purpose, out of the precincts of the cloister, for the reception of the fair sex, when they scramble up these precipices. They lighted us a mighty fire, a thing not a little requisite, considering the high mountain upon the summit of which we stood. After having sufficiently warmed ourselves we went and strolled about the church and other places where ladies were permitted to go, and among others to a spot where the Devil and St. Francis had a battle together, in which the former was overcome, tho' he behaved with the most consummate courage. In the midst of the combat, he took St. Francis up in his arms, and dashed him against a large rock, but alas! in vain, for the stones on which he fell became

became as soft as a feather bed, and the impression of his body upon them is visible to this day. At length the friars having informed us that dinner was upon table, we returned to our room, and sat ourselves down to eat it. The apothecary and guardian gave us their company during the time, Not that they sat down with us at the table, but remained by the fire side. Other friars waited upon us. I do not think our dinner was remarkably good, but the subtle air we then breathed so near heaven gave us a remarkable appetite. Our food consisted in some macaroni, raw ham, boiled beef, or *bouilli*, and some other stewed dishes of I do not know what, except that among them there was a dish of ravioli, or cheese made into a pudding. They finished with a desert of bad fruit, nothing of that sort growing on the bleak mountain of the Alverna. Dinner over, we chatted the due time after it, and then sallied out to see the procession the friars make every afternoon at vespers.

Three o'clock afternoon.

WE went to the chapel of the Stigmata, supposed to be built in the very place where St. Francis received them. Here we had not waited long before hoarse-sounding voices chaunting at a distance told us the friars were coming thither in their daily procession. The voices approached nearer and nearer. The cloisters through which they were passing rang with *ora pro nobis* added to the name of I do not know how many saints, not forgetting the Virgin Mary. At last the ensigns of the procession began to appear. The roaring priests followed them. Last of all came the guardian alone, the others went by pairs. As soon as they had entered the chapel we followed them, for we had stayed out in a little ante-chapel till they passed by. Their service is solemn, and their action and singing render it still more so. Half a dozen times with a deep note they chaunt out the word *hie*, and at the same time point out their hands

hands to a stone in the middle of the chapel, supposed to be the identical spot where St. Francis received his stigmata, and where the beech tree I spoke to you of in my last paper, formerly grew. They then all touched the ground with their bare heads, and extended their arms in the manner St. Francis is supposed to have held out his, when he received the sacred impressions. They remained some minutes in this posture and in a universal silence, after which they got up bellowing, and walked out as they came in.

I forgot to tell you there is an image of St. Francis in the ante-chapel, to which they all turn about as they pass, stop a little, make a reverend bow, and then proceed, continuing their vociferation of *ora pro nobis* &c. all the time.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

Bibbiena, 3 o'clock, afternoon,
Wednesday, Oct. 29, 1760.

AF T E R I and the rest of the company had seen the good friars evening service and procession, we were accompanied by another of the confraternity, who was to shew us every thing that was remarkable in the place. We were first conducted to see the reliques. Having placed ourselves properly upon our knees, the cabinet, where they were preserved, was opened. The friar, with a wand, pointed us out every thing just as the woman at the wax-work in Fleet-Street does, and with much the same tone of voice. “ This, gentlemen and ladies, says he, is the arm of such a saint, this is the leg of such another. This, gentlemen, is one of the prickles of the crown

crown of thorns our Saviour wore upon his head. This, gentlemen, is a piece of wood of the cross, upon which he was crucified." Many other things of the same kind were named, but we saw nothing, except the cases in which they were said to be contained; for I believe the reliques themselves are never exposed to public view, but upon very particular occasions. However, the principal curiosity we were shewn in the church, and which was kept upon an altar by itself, was what follows. A couple of wax candles were obliged to be lighted up to shew due honor to its appearance, notwithstanding the sun illuminated us with his rays. But there are certain remains of particular value, as well as the sacramented wafer or *body of our Saviour*, which never are displayed without a due number of lights attending them. Indeed, the sacrament or host is never locked up in any of the altars of the churches, or any other place, without a dim lamp continually burning

burning before it. But to return to the good friar, who was declaiming to us in the following manner. "This, gentlemen," says he, "and behold it with veneration, "is the true portrait of our Saviour. "The king of Edessa being desirous of "having the true representation of his "divine countenance, sent various limners "to him into the holy land to paint his "picture. Our Saviour, at this king's desire, was so good to sit very often to the "limners. But tho' they all tried, they "could never draw any thing like him, "They could never, gentlemen," continues the friar, "express the majesty, and at the "same time the complacency which reigned "in his divine features. But our Saviour, "at last, taking compassion of their confusion, desired one of them to give him "the canvas, upon which he was going "to begin a fresh attempt. Our Saviour, "gentlemen, then pressed it to his heavenly "countenance, when lo! upon his returning
" it,

“ it, an exact and lively portrait of himself
 “ remained impressed thereon, and, if it
 “ had not been for the want of life and
 “ motion, the copy would have been hardly
 “ distinguishable from the original.” Now
 the friar told us this authentic original was
 at Vienna, and that what he was then
 shewing us, was an excellent copy done by
 one of the best masters, and given the friars
 at the Alverna by count something. I do
 not know whether he did not add, that this
 was the only copy from the original at
 Vienna ever permitted to be taken. After
 we had sufficiently contemplated it, we went
 to see a great many other fine things, and
 the place where St. Francis used to lie. It
 was a bed of iron amidst impending craggy
 precipices, that deprive the sun and almost
 any light from entrance. Indeed, the whole
 top of the mountain is a most romantic
 place. The friars tell you it was one of
 those that were rent at the crucifixion of
 our Saviour. Whether it was so or not, I

can not say, but undoubted it is, the rocks are torn and split about in a remarkable manner, and, as a vast number of trees grow up and down dispersed among them, and springing from the cavities, the view is every where horrid and grotesque. We were shewn several other things, and among the rest an antimonial pill, which had purged, and continues to purge, all the invalids of the convent by recovering it from the *feces*. But I believe you are content with what you have seen already, and I shall therefore bring you to the end of my journey and paper together.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

Bibbiena, 9 o'clock, morning,
Thursday, Nov. 6, 1760.

I Will give you the translation of a letter, which the friar who is apothecary at the Alverna, has sent to my friend in answer to the letter he gave me for him.

Alverna, October 23, 1760.

“ Most excellent signior doctor,
“ I received yesterday the favor of your
“ most esteemed letter from the English
“ cavalier, and I immediately sent to the
“ guardian to receive him well, as he did.
“ *Me* and he tried to receive him as well
“ as possible. I myself, notwithstanding my
“ gout, brought him a dram, a plate of
“ ravioli, and the fruit. Whether the
“ above mentioned cavalier remained con-
tent,

" tent, I know not. We did what we could
 " to serve *be*, as well as your most excellent
 " signiorship. I beg you would salute him
 " from me, and if in any thing I am able to
 " serve you, honor me, I beg you, with
 " your most esteemed commands; and sa-
 " luting you with all fulness of esteem and
 " respect, I do myself the honor of sub-
 " scribing myself,

" Your most excellent signiorship's

" most humble and obliged servant,

" Father Thomas dell'Anciolina."

I think this letter may give you a better
 idea of the person who wrote it, than any
 thing else I could say about him. Last
 Friday I went to Castel-focognano to dine
 with the Potestà and Potestessa, or mayor
 and mayorefs, if the heads of such a little
 place can be called by that name, but the
 Italian word is certainly very ancient, for
 I find it in Juvenal,

----- Gabionarumq, Potestas,

by

by which I presume he meant the same office. We had difficulty in passing the Corfolone, which the late rains have much swelled; for these torrents are formidable in winter, tho' in summer they have hardly any water in them. The Arno was likewise much increased, but we passed it over a bridge, of which, however, there is a great scarcity in this country, tho' I do not wonder at it, as it is difficult to erect any thing of stone that can withstand the impetuosity of melted snows gushing from the mountains. Three bridges were carried away by these winter floods. The present deplorable situation of Tuscany will not much encourage improvements. Tho' one of the finest countries, perhaps, in the world, yet what avail the bounties prodigal nature has bestowed upon it, if amidst her smiles, as Addison says, the unhappy countryman dies for want? The late recruits for the German wars, too forcibly raised throughout the state, have obliged the young fellows, unwilling

to sacrifice their lives against the king of Prussia, to fly into the ecclesiastical dominions, and other places. They say they are in great number, who choose rather to seek their fortunes in foreign climes, than submit to the rigid laws of their own country.

Upon our arrival at Castel-focognano, we were admitted into a straggling house, the residence of our friends, who gave us a dinner, which being more agreeable in the eating than describing, I shall pass over. We had no company except the master and mistress, and their clerk, so that after having warmed ourselves a little after dinner by the fire-side, and drank coffee, we remounted our horses, and returned attended part of the way by our hosts. The rest we made longer by going a secret road, as the medical profession of my companion made him afraid of being pestered by the country people, who would have dragged him into all their houses to see their indisposed relations. This
might

might be contrary to charity, but it was very agreeable to our time, or otherwise we must have passed the roaring Corsalone in the dark. I think, indeed, this autumn has been a very sickly time in Italy, and most of the young children in these parts are at present laboring under the small pox, tho' it is by no means so dangerous as with us, nor do they keep them so close and warm. One of my landlord's children was carried about in his nurse's arms with the small pox full out upon him.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

Florence, 4 o'clock in the afternoon,
Friday, Nov. 14, 1760.

YESTERDAY we had the news of the king's death by a courier to our resident here. I sat out last Monday from Bibbiena for this place. I had a very wet and disagreeable journey, and it was long after dark before I reached the gates of Florence. I was glad to see the triumphal arch at that of St. Gallo, erected when the present emperor came into Tuscany with his consort, who were then only grand duke and dutchess of this province. Alas! poor Tuscany, sure no greater misfortune could ever have befallen thee, after the loss of thy liberty, than the extinction of the family of thy native grand dukes. I believe this country would still have been much happier if it had

2

remained

remained in the hands of the Spaniards, (upon whom it was settled at the death of John Gastone the last grand duke of the Medici family,) than to become as it now is an appendage to the empire of Germany. There would have been more chance for some son of Spain to have come and ruled it in person, than there is at present for any of the emperor's family *. Don Carlos the third, the present king of Spain, was appointed by the treaty of Seville 1729, successor to John Gastone in the grand duchy of Tuscany, as likewise to the states of his mother, Parma and Placentia. Accordingly he and some thousands of Spaniards, escorted by a fleet from England as guarantee to the treaty, landed at Leghorne before the death of that prince, who they say was very fond of his little Charley, as he used to call Don Carlos, at that time only infant of Spain, with very little prospect of

* It is now settled upon the present emperor's younger brother.

ever coming to the crown of that kingdom. War in the mean time breaking out between the Spaniards and Austrians, Italy became the theatre of it, when the former overran the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples, and entirely deprived the Austrians of them. A peace was made by the intermediation of the French, in which Don Carlos, with the consent of his father Philip the fifth, gave up Tuscany to the Austrians, in lieu of which he was crowned king of the two Sicilies, conquered by the Spanish arms. These jarring powers, however, could not long remain in peace, and the war broke out again about fifteen years ago. The queen of Hungary, as much hurt with the loss of Naples as with the Prussian conquest of Silesia, sent an army into Italy under Prince Lobcowitz to reconquer it. The new king advanced as far as Veletri in the Pope's state to hinder the approaching invasion. He succeeded, tho' he was nearly taken in an attempt made to surprise

prize

surprize that city. The Germans were obliged to retire, and the war was carried on with various success in the north of Italy. The end of it, particularly with regard to Tuscany; was as follows. Francis, then Duke of Lorraine, was married to the queen of Hungary. He resigned Lorraine to Stanislaus, titular king of Poland, with the reversion of it to the French after his death, and instead of this province the sole right and possession of Tuscany was confirmed to him by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle. The queen on her part relinquished all right over Silesia and Naples, and her husband was made emperor upon the death of the elector of Bavaria. Thus was every thing settled in its present state.

I will conclude my paper with a beautiful epigram, written by an Italian some years ago upon the miserable state of Italy, with different nations fighting who shall possess her, while she is unable to resist any

of them. The author's name is Filicaia, who I think was a senator of Florence.

Italia *, Italia ! a cui dié il fato
 Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
 Funesta dote d'infiniti guai
 Che in fronte scritti per tua doglia porte,

Deh ! fosse tu men bella o almen più forte,
 Onde affai più ti paventasse, o affai
 T'amasse men, chi del tuo bello ai rai
 Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte.

* Oh ! Italy, Oh ! Italy, thou to whom nature has granted the unhappy gift of beauty, from whence thou derivest the melancholy fruit of those endless woes, which to thy sorrow thou bearest engraven upon thy brow. Oh ! that heaven had crowned thee with less beauty, or at least had bestowed greater strength upon thee, that those who pining for thy irradiating charms, yet challenging thee to deadly combat, might love thee less, or at least redoubt thee more. Then should not I behold torrents of soldiers pouring from the Alps, nor Gallic herds drinking the waters of the Po stained with thy blood. Then should I not behold thee, alas ! girted with others' swords, and fighting with the arm of strangers, to be always a slave, whether thou art the conqueror or the conquered.

Che

Che or giù dall' Alpi io non vedrei torrenti
Scendere d'armati, e del tuo sangue tinta
Bever l'onda del Po Gallici armenti,

Ne ti vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta
Pugnar col braccio di straniera genti,
Per servir sempre o vincitrice o vinta.

There are likewise some verses said to be made extempore by Michael Angelo upon the same subject, the idea of which is far from inelegant. He had carved a statue of night for the sacristy of the church of St. Lorenzo in this place. A friend of his wrote the following verses underneath it.

La Notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormir, fu da un angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, e perchè dorme, ha vita.
Destà la se no'l credi, e parlerà ti.

To which flattering commendation Michael Angelo is reported to have written the following

• Behold how sweetly the Goddess Night reposes!
An *Angel* engraved her from this stone. See she sleeps,
she

lowing answer, supposing the figure of night
to speak thus.

Grato * mi é il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,
Non veder, non sentir, mi è gran ventura,
Però non mi destar. Deh ! parla basso.

she breathes. If thou believest it not, awake her and
she will speak to thee.

* Alas ! awake me not while shame and misfortune
overwhelm our country. Sleep is grateful to me; and
more the being of stone. Alas ! awake me not. Speak
softly.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

Florence, 11 o'clock, morning.

Sunday, November 16, 1760.

I HAVE found a bad Latin translation of the epigram I gave you in my last paper, made by a Frenchman, one Abby Ranier. For fear you should not like mine I will give it you.

~~Ita~~ infausto cœli qui munere pulchra
Huic referenda vides uni infortunia doti,
Quæ te cumque premunt et fronti inscripta leguntur.
O utinam, vel pulchra minus vel fortior esses,
Ut vel amare minus, vel te magis ille timere
Disceret, exitium qui victus amore minatur.
Non ego nunc ruere Alpinis effusa viderem
Castra jugis, non Eridanum nunc sanguine sædum
Strage recens biberet Gallus; nec milite cincta
Non proprio, externa tentares prœlia dextra,
Ut victrix, seu victa, jugo des colla superbo.

I will

I will now copy you another epigram, made upon England, which will give you some little idea of the difference between what the Italians think of us and of their own country. The author is Rolli, who has been there, and is the same who has translated Milton almost literally into Italian blank verse.

* Fiume, che imitator dell' oceano
Sostien gran navi, e seco alterna il corso,
Ponte che ha quasi una Città sul dorso,
Popol cui numerar tentasi in vano.

Senato ch'è un imagin del Romano,
Governo popolar seco in concorso,
Della salvezza altrui sol per soccorso,
Regio poter nel ben oprar sovrano.

Commercio, e di lui figlia, ampia ricchezza,
Libertà, che n'è origine e sostegno,
Viril valor e femminil bellezza.

Queste di Londra e del Britanno regno
Tutte le parti son. Chi non le apprezza
Del nome d'uom, non che di vita è indegno.

With

* Behold a river, which like the ocean swells and falls,
and

With regard to Rolli's translation of Milton, it is but an indifferent performance. The two languages, Italian and English, will not bear a literal construction. I will give you an example of this in one of the finest passages of Milton, where, Adam recounting to the angel, his first beholding Eve, says,

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

This Rolli has translated in the following manner.

Grazia era ne' suoi passi, il ciel negli occhi
Ed in ogni gesto maestade ed amore.

and bears upon its bosom equal loads; a bridge supporter of a town; a people numberless; a senate, image of the Roman, joined to popular authority in works of public weal; a king sovereign in doing good; Commerce and his daughter Wealth, with their supporter Liberty; men whom valor graces, and women who shine in beauty. These are the prerogatives of Britain's isle. Esteem them, or be unworthy of manhood, and even life.

Now

Now the words, "Heaven in her eye," will by no means bear a literal translation into Italian, as they never understand by the word *heaven* the figurative idea of the felicity of the blest, but only the mere sky or firmament, which, you will judge, can not, with propriety, be said to be in any lady's eyes. Many of these instances might, I believe, be given in this and all other literal translations, which is the cause of their rarely being crowned with success. The word *rays*, which use has familiarized in Italian poetry for eyes, could not be used in an English composition without making the readers laugh; and the same case must happen in every language, of which, according to Horace, custom alone is the arbiter and law-giver.

I shall set out shortly from hence for Rome, where I shall stay till I receive the expected letters.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

Florence, 5 o'clock, afternoon.

Sunday, Nov. 23, 1760.

WE have heard to day of the late success of the king of Prussia. We have had news also from Malta, that some Christian slaves have brought into that port a vessel belonging to the Grand Signior, called the Ottoman Crown. The basha, who commanded her, was gone on shore with a hundred men. The Christians killed the rest, weighed anchor, and have conducted their prize to Malta. They say she is a very fine ship. There is a dispute about her. The grand master of Malta claims her as his, being the first Christian port she put into. He intends, indeed, to give the goods and riches on board to the slaves who brought her in, but they, I think, claim vessel and all:

all. They are a mixture of nations. They seized upon her off Constance in the Archipelago.

Notwithstanding it is Sunday, I am, in conformity to the custom of the country, going to the play, which, I believe, however, will turn out but bad. It is entitled, *The Prudent Wife*.

12 o'clock at noon, Monday, Nov. 24.

I am just returned from my usual morning's ride on horseback. It is very cold for this country, and in the fields a hoar frost was lying upon the ground in the places where the sun had not penetrated. The play last night was not so bad as I imagined. It was natural, tender, and affecting. The story was of a merchant's daughter, who, for the sake of a title, had married a young count, who was in love with her. That love being satiated, he was continually following a marchioness, a young lady of beauty and fortune, tho' not of the strictest morals.

The

The prudent behaviour of Rosaura, the count's wife, his hatred and ill usage of her, and the repentance of her father, in having sacrificed a daughter to his ambitious views of gaining her a title and riches, made the principal part of the play. The count, whose name is Octavio, at last resolves to have his wife seized in the night time by four men he had hired for that purpose, put into a coach, and hurried to a distant country-house in the middle of a forest, where he intends to keep her locked up all her life upon bread and water. A servant discovers every thing to her. A very tender scene ensues between the countess and her husband, in which her words and actions strike him to such a degree, that he repents, and the whole finishes happily.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

Florence, 3 o'clock afternoon,

Thursday, Nov. 27, 1760.

I Can now send you an account we have had from Malta, of the fact I gave you a sketch of in my last paper. The place I there called Constance the account says was Stantiò. I do not know exactly where it is, however it is one of the islands of the Archipelago. I shall translate you the original word for word, that you may see a little the manner of thinking of the people that wrote it.

“ An account of the taking the Grand
 “ Signior’s vessel of the line called the
 “ Ottoman Crown, by the Christian slaves
 “ who were on board that ship when she
 “ was at anchor in the island of Stantiò, the

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“ 19th of September 1760, and which was
“ by the same conducted into the port of
“ Malta, the 6th of October following.

Malta, October 9, 1760.

“ On Monday last; the 6th of this month,
“ as we were celebrating with all public
“ demonstrations of joy the exaltation of
“ his catholic majesty to the throne of
“ Spain, and of his Neapolitan majesty to
“ that of the two Sicilies, just as the solemn
“ mass was singing in the great conventual
“ church of St. John the Baptist, at which
“ his most eminent highness” (the grand
master) “ with the venerable council, and
“ all the body of our religious society assist-
“ ed, together with an infinite concourse of
“ people, and after which there was to be
“ a general procession of thanksgiving due
“ to Almighty God the giver of all good
“ gifts, during these ceremonies repeated
“ news were brought of a large vessel being
“ seen at but a little distance from this port.

“ She continually fired cannon and display-
 “ ed five colours ; a white one with a cross
 “ upon the main mast, under which hung a
 “ Turkish jack ; another white one in the
 “ stern with a crucifix painted upon it, and
 “ under it large colours streaked with red
 “ and yellow, which were dragging in the
 “ sea ; and lastly there was a red flag at the
 “ head.

“ The Cavalier Martino de los Rios, com-
 “ missioner of the health office, and then
 “ upon duty, being informed of this, went
 “ on board immediately to reconnoitre her,
 “ and upon his return informed his high-
 “ ness that the vessel was one of the Grand
 “ Signior’s principal ships of war ; that a
 “ basha had embarked as captain on board
 “ her from Constantinople with the com-
 “ mand of an annual squadron, which al-
 “ ways used to set sail about that season to
 “ collect the imperial tributes. That the
 “ Christian slaves who were on board of her
 “ while

“ while she was at anchor in the island of
 “ Stantiò, had rendered themselves masters
 “ of her ; that before they cast anchor they
 “ were desirous of knowing in what manner
 “ they should be received, and that they
 “ would wait an hour for the answer.

“ His most eminent highness ordered the
 “ galleys to be got ready, and appointed
 “ the venerable council to meet at two in
 “ the afternoon, when upon the report
 “ made a second time by the above men-
 “ tioned cavalier, it was determined that
 “ the commodore of the galleys should go
 “ out with his four vessels, and animate
 “ the fugitives to enter our ports, offer-
 “ ing them every thing reasonable, and
 “ making at the same time an acknow-
 “ ledgement for their obedience and readi-
 “ ness in complying with the laws of our
 “ island.

“ The commodore Balì Gaetani d’Arra-
 “ gona went out with the galleys about
 “ three o’clock in the afternoon, and being
 “ come pretty near the vessel sent the cava-
 “ lier de Compons, who commanded under
 “ him, in the long boat, to announce the
 “ determination of the venerable council to
 “ the fugitives. He had no sooner executed
 “ his commission, but they were fully con-
 “ tented, and saluted our standard, declar-
 “ ing themselves happy in being arrived
 “ first to this island, where they would
 “ throw themselves into the hands of the
 “ sacred society of the knights, and con-
 “ sign to them the finest vessel that belong-
 “ ed to Constantinople. However they de-
 “ manded two favors in particular. The
 “ first to erect a chapel, and to place in it a
 “ holy image they had with them of the
 “ blessed Virgin Mary, to whose intercession
 “ they owed their freedom. The second
 “ that five Moors should be set at liberty
 “ whom they had taken out of a Leg-
 hornese

“ hornese * vessel, which they had met in
 “ their voyage, for fear in some port or
 “ other they should give information to
 “ the Turks of the course they had taken.
 “ Both these requests were granted by the
 “ vice-commodore in the name of his prin-
 “ cipal, and at the same time they were
 “ assured of the protection of his most
 “ eminent highness, and that of the sacred
 “ society of the knights, as well as of the
 “ most favorable reception, due to their
 “ gallant and glorious action. These preli-
 “ minaries being settled, the galleys with
 “ reciprocal emulation took the vessel in
 “ tow, and conducted her into the port
 “ of Marsamuscetto, or of the health office,
 “ about seven o’clock in the evening.

“ The fugitives give the following ac-
 “ count of the affair, as collected from the
 “ most exact examinations of them. The

* The Tuscans were at peace with the Moors and
 Turks.

“ basha, called Aptin Xerin, and who is
“ about eighty years old, set sail from
“ Constantinople the second of June on
“ board this vessel. He was to make the
“ round of the seas of the Ottoman Levant,
“ to collect the Grand Signior’s annual tri-
“ bute in those parts. He had his son along
“ with him on board. Besides this ship, he
“ had in company with him and under his
“ command two others, called the *Mistress*
“ and the *Royal*, besides two caravels,
“ five galleys, and some galleots. He stop-
“ ped at Gallipoli, Castelli, Tenedos, Mol-
“ va, Metelino, and Foggia. Upon his arri-
“ val at Scio he left two of the galleys
“ and two of the caravels, and sailed to
“ Micoli and so on to Paris, at which lat-
“ ter place detaching the *Mistress* and the
“ *Royal*, the three galleys and the galleots,
“ he went to the island of Stantiò, where he
“ anchored the 16th of September. On
“ the 18th he went on shore to stay there
“ with all his train, which consisted of
“ near

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“ near three hundred persons, for he in-
“ tended to wait for the return of his ships,
“ to set sail in company with them, and
“ with the entire tribute for Constanti-
“ nople.

“ On board this ship of war there were
“ Christian slaves of divers nations to the
“ number of seventy-one. They had been
“ a long time laying schemes to recover
“ their liberty, and they thought they
“ might now put their intentions in execu-
“ tion. They held various conferences
“ upon this subject. Two obstacles had
“ at first presented themselves. First the
“ great number of men of the Turkish
“ compliment, consisting in about seven
“ hundred persons, including two fixed cap-
“ tains and two supernumerary, and about
“ sixty other officers, and then they were
“ afraid of the two caravels, and two
“ galleys, which had rejoined their com-
“ modore, together with other ships of
“ Dulcigno,

“ Dulcigno, that were anchored there.
“ However their hopes were revived in
“ seeing that the bafha fixed his quar-
“ ters on shore with all his train, and that
“ a great many officers did the same, so
“ that, stimulated by the love of liberty
“ and their own courage, they fixed the
“ 19th for the attack. They accordingly
“ settled all necessary dispositions. \

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

Florence, 3 o'clock in the afternoon,
Sunday, November 30, 1760.

— — — “ T H E very day which
“ the Christian slaves had appointed for
“ their attempt, viz. the 19th of September,
“ a * Ragusean vessel of twenty pieces of
“ cannon, and which had three hundred
“ Turks on board, that were come from a
“ pilgrimage to Mecca, anchored in the
“ port of Stantiò. She anchored just before
“ the Ottoman Crown. This cast no small
“ gloom upon the Christian slaves, as they
“ doubted she would be a hindrance to
“ their setting sail after they had made

* Ragusa is in Dalmatia, and was the ancient Epidaurus. The inhabitants are Christians, but under the dominion, or, as they call it, the protection of the Turks.

themselves

“ themselves masters of the ship, and
“ slipped their cables. Besides, they were
“ afraid of the number of Turks she had
“ on board. However, their schemes being
“ now so far advanced, the dread of a dis-
“ covery confirmed them in their first reso-
“ lution. The hour being come, they em-
“ braced, swore not to abandon each other,
“ and recommended themselves to the blessed
“ Virgin. They then separated, and each
“ man went to his post. One of them upon
“ deck gave the signal of attack by stamping
“ twice with his foot and crying, “ *viva*
“ *Maria santissima.*” At that moment, with
“ nothing but common knives in their
“ hands, they all most courageously began
“ the assault. They killed some and
“ wounded others, taking their arms from
“ the dead and wounded to fight the rest.
“ A great many of the Turks, surprized at
“ the sudden attack, ran down into the
“ hold, or threw themselves into the sea.
“ The greatest part of those that resisted,
were

“ were either killed or very much wounded.

“ A captain, the only one that was then

“ on board, after having received a couple

“ of wounds, jumped into the sea. He

“ died there, staining the water with his

“ blood. The skirmish was as hot as can

“ be imagined, and continued above an hour

“ and a half. Of above three hundred

“ Turks that were on board at the begin-

“ ning, only forty remained, that have

“ been brought here slaves. Of these fif-

“ teen are dangerously wounded. Except

“ the pilot, they are all common sailors.

“ On the contrary, not one of the seventy-

“ one Christians had perished as yet. As

“ they were now masters of the vessel,

“ they immediately cut the cables, and set

“ sail. They were pursued by the Ragu-

“ sean, the caravels, the galleots, and the

“ vessels belonging to Dulcigno. The

“ quickness and dexterity with which some

“ unfurled the sails, many of which were

“ unbent, was astonishing; while others

directed

“ directed the navigation, and others trans-
“ ported four pieces of cannon to the
“ stern to defend themselves from the pur-
“ suers. An unforeseen accident had like
“ to have blasted all their hopes. They
“ found the ship did not obey her rudder, and
“ was running upon a shoal. However, full
“ of confidence, they invoked the most sacred
“ name of the blessed Virgin. That instant
“ one of them found out that the Turks
“ who were still on board the vessel had
“ cut the cables which governed the rudder,
“ and that they were all collected near it
“ down below to hinder this misfortune
“ from being remedied. The Christians
“ were obliged here to make a second attack
“ upon their enemies, and after a hot skir-
“ mish, in which three of the former
“ perished, conquered them. They then
“ readjusted the rudder, and continued their
“ course; defending themselves as well as
“ they could from the ships of the enemy,
“ which continued to molest them. At
last

“ last night came to their assistance. They
 “ steered towards Barbary, in order to avoid
 “ their pursuers. The wind freshened. In
 “ the morning they had the consolation of
 “ seeing themselves alone, nor did they
 “ meet with any other ships in their course,
 “ except one with latin sails, of what na-
 “ tion they knew not, and a Leghorne
 “ vessel that they went on board of for
 “ some water, and out of which they took
 “ by force, the pilot, to conduct their navi-
 “ gation, and the five Moors that they
 “ were afraid would discover them, as we
 “ have already mentioned,

“ The vessel is a new one, well and hand-
 “ somely built, and well provided with
 “ every thing. She has sixty-eight guns
 “ mounted, and two in the hold, all brass,
 “ and twelve mortars. She has three guns
 “ on each side of her lower battery to fire
 “ stones of an enormous bigness. Of the
 “ sixty-eight Christians that are living, seven
 “ are

“ are wounded. The basha’s being fixed
“ with all his train in the island of Stantiö,
“ at the time of the revolt, is reckoned to
“ be the motive of his richest effects not
“ being found on board, no more than any
“ part of the tribute that he himself, as well
“ as the two caravels that rejoined him,
“ had collected.

“ His most eminent highness has ordered
“ that all the provisions, goods, money, and
“ every thing else found on board, not be-
“ longing to the body or arming of the
“ ship should be entirely left to the posses-
“ sion of the poor fellows, who have so well
“ deserved them. He did not permit any
“ person to go on board till they had taken
“ with their own hands all that belonged
“ to them, dividing the spoils with a most
“ surprising equality. We must except,
“ indeed, the provisions, which can not be
“ distributed till the quarantine is over,
“ upon

“ upon account of the great quantity of
 “ them.

“ This is the faithful account of the
 “ most daring and courageous action done
 “ in the memory of man. It is even almost
 “ incredible how the scanty number of
 “ seventy-one slaves, with only common
 “ sailors knives should make themselves
 “ masters of one of the most formidable
 “ vessels of the Ottoman Porte, at anchor
 “ in one of their own harbours, with three
 “ hundred Turks on board, and in presence
 “ of two caravels armed for war. We may
 “ add to this their setting sail, and happily
 “ accomplishing so long a navigation as
 “ from the end of the Levant quite to the
 “ port of Malta, surmounting all the infi-
 “ nite dangers they were exposed to in their
 “ circumstances. The courage of each of
 “ them merits universal applause; however,
 “ we can not omit making particular men-
 “ tion of Peter di Giovanni Gelati delle

“ Bocche of Cattaro in Dalmatia, to whom
“ his companions attributed the greatest
“ merit of the action. It was he that took
“ upon him to give the signal, which he
“ did with wonderful valor and intrepidity.
“ Upon this account they had chosen him
“ for their captain till they arrived at
“ Malta.”

This is the best relation I can get you of this affair, which, indeed, I flatter myself is tolerably authentic. Caravels are a sort of Turkish sloops, which I know no other name for. Latin sails are triangular sails, which I believe are seldom used but in the Mediterranean. At Lisbon, indeed, there are some few.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

Viterbo, half an hour after 10 at night,
Sunday, December 14, 1760.

I Sat out from Florence on Monday last, and passing through an agreeable hilly country, interspersed with villas, vineyards, and olive grounds, arrived at Siena, where I lay. It was anciently an independent republic, but was conquered by the Florentines, who tho' they loved freedom themselves had no objection to enslaving their neighbours, but fell shortly after themselves, together with their conquest, under the dominion of the aspiring family of the Medicis. The town is not very pleasing to the eye, being mostly paved with brick, but it is reckoned a very agreeable place to live retired in, where those who are desirous of learning Italian may hear it spoken in perfection. Its charms

however could detain me no longer than till the next day, when I set out early and proceeded through a country which became more and more barren as we verged to the extremity of the Tuscan state, till at last we came to Radicofani, a town which seems situated upon a heap of stones placed upon the top of a mountain. We did not attempt to ascend to it, but stopt at an inn on the right hand, which, tho' said once to have been a hunting seat of the Grand Duke, offered me but a cold uncomfortable reception. After having eat a mouthful in this straggling place I proceeded down a steep descent into the ecclesiastical state, which is divided from Tuscany by a little river in the bottom. From thence we went to Acquapendente, the first dirty town in the pope's dominions, and after passing by the beautiful lake of Bolseno, whose borders are uninhabited, as they say the air is bad in summer, we arrived at Montefiascone, a place said to be so famous for good wine, that

that by an epitaph in the church a German prelate burst there in drinking it, but we did not find it very extraordinary. From thence to this place was not a difficult stage, tho' we arrived late.

I have staid here some days, as, having formerly resided a summer in this city, I was glad to see my old acquaintance. It was of more consequence formerly than it is at present, having been the residence of various popes, when the tumults at Rome obliged them to leave that metropolis. At present it is principally resorted to by strangers for some mineral waters in the neighbourhood, which however are neither very good, nor are there proper conveniencies for drinking or bathing in them.

I yesterday saw the body of Santa Rosa the protectress of this city, said to have been preserved for four hundred years without

any human assistance. For this purpose a friar conducted me with two other English gentlemen to the monastery of nuns where it is deposited, and which is called after her name. Without so reverend a companion we might have found some difficulty in getting a sight of this famous relique, but we had no sooner entered the church and approached the grate of the convent with a venerable monk in company, than the nuns assured us they would in a minute light up the lamps and shew us the sacred body of the Virgin Santa Rosa. We in the mean time clothed our looks with all external marks of devotion, and in imitation of our holy guide now knelt down, then got up, and afterwards knelt down again to prepare ourselves for the inspection of the hallowed corpse. At last the shutters of the kind of sepulchre, wherein it reposed, were opened from within by the nuns. An iron grate secured it from our touch, that the devotion

of the Roman catholics might not tear it to pieces ; for such is their love for reliques that a holy person can not rot in peace ; and at the death of a pope the government is obliged to have a large guard round the body to prevent it from being carried away by bits. Besides this defence of iron grating, the body was placed some feet back and rested upon a sort of bier. It was dressed in an Augustinian nun's dress, or something of that nature. You plainly distinguished the teeth and the nails of the hands. The former are quite white, and indeed I can not doubt of its being a true corpse, tho' by what means it came there I know not. We have heard of bodies being preserved without a miracle, especially if the juices have been once thoroughly exhausted, which must probably be the case with this, for the flesh is as black as ink. This they ascribe to the convents having been twice burnt and every thing consumed in it, except this sacred deposit, which suffered no change but that of colour.

However all observations that could be made in our situation must be very imperfect, as the distance and its only being shewn with lights hindered a more perfect inspection.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

Rome, half an hour after 11 morning,
Saturday, December 20, 1760.

I Arrived at this capital yesterday, but I sat out from Viterbo the day before. The reason of my delay was being invited by a Dominican friar to pass an evening at a farm house belonging to their convent, and which was but little out of the way. We sat out early, and passing the romantic mountain which separates Viterbo from the Campania of Rome, came to Monte Rofi, where I was obliged to leave my chaise and mount on horseback. Upon our coming out of this village the road to Rome lay for many miles discovered before us, but we turned to the left hand and went towards Mount Soracte, which reared its solitary head before us, and was as much covered with snow as when

Horace

Horace wrote his ode. We did not however suffer cold, as the sun at length favored us, and in these countries it has a very sensible heat during all the winter. Towards evening we arrived at the farm, where I got a very good supper with various Dominicans, who being broken loose from the rules of the convent were very merry. I got likewise a very good bed, where I slept soundly, notwithstanding the crucifixes and bloody pictures which surrounded me. In the morning I returned to Monte Rossi and continued my route towards Rome. The nigher you approach that capital the more desolate the road appears. No houses to cheer the eye. Almost no vestiges of inhabitants, which indeed I do not wonder at, if the air is, as they, say fatal in the summer time. Some few ruins however shew that the ancient Romans had dwellings in this vast plain. Those who live here now are wretches who can get their bread no where else, and look extremely fallow. At length, after
passing

passing very bad roads, unworthy of the neighbourhood of a metropolis, we arrived at the Tyber, which we passed over the Pons Milvius, now Ponte Molle, and after going for above a mile over stones and between two walls, the Flaminian gate of Rome, now Porta del Popolo, discovered itself to our view. The building was grand and vast, and conducted us into a square in the middle of which stood an ancient obelisk, which formed a center to three handsome streets. I took that on the left hand, which soon conducted me to my lodgings at the Trinity upon the mountain, for so some English burleskly translate Trinità dei monti.

L E T T E R X C.

Thursday, December 25, half an hour
after 11 in the morning, 1760.

THIS being Christmas day, we have had various masses and ceremonies. I went yesterday with some gentlemen to the church of St. Mary the greater. As it was the eve of Christmas day, they had exposed the cradle of our Saviour to public view. After we had satisfied our curiosity, we returned to our coach, and took a ride out at Porta Pia, one of the gates of Rome, called so, I suppose, because some of the popes, whose names were Pius, built it. Cardinal Alexander Albani, in spite of being seventy years old, is erecting a very magnificent villa just out of this gate, on the left hand side of the road.—He intends to adorn it with all his antiquities and pictures. After
passing

passing a few more villas, we got into the same open country which reigns all over the Campania, and came to Ponte Salaro, where we passed the river Anio, (now Teverone,) which takes its rise a little beyond Tivoli, the Tibur of the ancients. Having just passed this stream, we came to the *sacred mount*, famous for the secession of the Plebeians in the infant times of Rome, where they remained till they had secured their rights from the senators. I saw, however, no mount, indeed, hardly any rising ground, but they assure me it was the place. We here turned about and went home by Monte Cavallo, the palace where the pope resides, built upon part of the Quirinal hill. In the front stand two noble equestrian statues of ancient workmanship. The whole appears elegant and pleasing, and much better than the Vatican, the former residence of the Popes. Having descended into the city, which is now mostly built upon

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upon what was heretofore the Campus
Martius, we returned through the Corso
home.

L E T.

L E T T E R XCI.

Rome, half an hour after 12 at noon,
Thursday, January 8, 1761.

I AM just returned from a walk in the Medici garden. It is not ugly, and being upon the same eminence where I live, has a fine view of Rome. In the villa is the famous gallery of statues and other curiosities that belonged to the Medici family.

I will now give you an extract of a letter from Naples to a gentleman here at Rome, concerning the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The date is the fifth of this month.

“ Our neighbour, Vesuvius, has for these
“ last five or six days behaved more gently
“ and mild than usual. Even in the fury
“ of the last eruption no damage was done
“ either

“ either in life or limb to any one of the
“ native or foreign inhabitants of this city
“ or its *environs*. And the destruction of
“ land it has occasioned, is, it is said, most
“ amply recompensed, as for an acre which
“ the fire of Vesuvius destroys, it fertilizes
“ a hundred. But this comfortable con-
“ sideration is not, I believe, much attended
“ to during the continuance of the danger,
“ no more than sailors in a hurricane think
“ of the benefit arising from the nature of
“ storms, and yet they say that without
“ them, all the vast expanse, both of sea
“ and sky, would soon become pestilential.

“ The eruption seen from Naples had
“ the appearance of being just over the
“ palace of Portici, it continued about a
“ week, and has happily discharged a quan-
“ tity of fiery lava. (Lava is the technical
“ term for the bituminous matter which issues
“ out of burning mountains.) “ This lava is
“ said to be six miles in length, two, at least,
“ in

“ in breadth, and in height above eighteen
 “ feet. The new volcano formed by this
 “ eruption, had at first, as they report, no
 “ less than thirteen openings, tho’ at this
 “ distance they never appeared to be above
 “ four or five. The flames and fiery stones
 “ were cast up from them to a very great
 “ height, higher than ever the Girandola
 “ appeared to you at Rome.” (The Giran-
 dola is the name of the fire-works exhibited
 on the anniversary of the Pope’s coronation,
 and on Saint Peter’s day.) “ The reflexion
 “ on the bay at Naples, across which the
 “ flames of Vesuvius gleamed, formed as
 “ picturesque an appearance as possible. At
 “ last, instead of ashes and ignited stones,
 “ it began to cast out water in great abund-
 “ ance, with which the whole commotion
 “ and conflagration ended. Since that time
 “ the mountain itself has begun to claim its
 “ old privilege of smoking and thundering.
 “ It casts out but little flame, yet by its
 subterraneous roar, but no real earthquake,

“ frequently shakes all the windows of
“ Naples, and particularly so the night
“ before last, the third of January ; yet,
“ considering the immense quantity of bi-
“ tumen (enough to cover the whole city
“ of Naples,) which it has discharged, we
“ think all danger, and that for some years
“ to come, is passed.”

The carnival is just begun here at Rome, and on saturday all the theatres were opened. I was last night at a comedy, which, tho' not very well written, entertained me. The aim of it is, to describe the four characters of four different nations ; the English, French, Spanish and Italian. He makes the Englishman give great presents and speak very little ; the Frenchman speaks a great deal and does nothing ; the Italian is jealous, and the Spaniard proud of his pedigree. The man who represented the Englishman took care, likewise, to speak with his teeth always shut, which is the principal fault attributed

attributed to us, when we talk southern languages, and, indeed, I believe with justice. As I have got the play before me, I will give you some scenes in it, which relate to the Englishman. It begins with supposing the cavaliers of the four nations to be in the same tavern at Venice, who have just finished supper together, when the curtain draws up. M. Le Blau, the Frenchman, with a glass of wine in his hand, is singing a French catch, which the others are following him in. The names of the persons present, besides him, are Don Alvaro, the Spaniard; My lord Roastbeef, the Englishman; and the count of Bosco Nero, the Italian.

MONS. Long live the bottle, and its companions mirth and jollity.

ALV. Bravo Monfr. Le Blau.

COUNT. Our landlord has really given us a good supper.

MONS. So, so, but you have not the good taste in eating that the French have.

COUNT. We have French cooks in Italy as well as in France.

MONS. Yes, so you have, but when they come into Italy they lose the manner of cooking. If you were but to see how we live at Paris! 'Tis there they refine upon things.

MY LORD. You Frenchmen have always the idea in your head that there is no place where a man can live but Paris; I am a true Englishman, but yet I never speak of London.

DON ALV. I laugh within my *præcordia* when I hear people blazon forth Paris. Madrid is the capital of the world, the jewel of cities.

COUNT. Gentlemen, I'll speak to you as a true Italian. All the world is alike, and you may be well any where, if you have but money in your purse, and mirth in your heart.

MONS.

MONS. Well said, companion, mirth for ever, I say. After a good supper we want nothing but the company of a pretty girl. But it is almost morning. I think we may save ourselves the trouble of going to bed. But what think you of the charming widow we saw last night at the ball?

My LORD. Very clever, well behaved.

DON ALV. She has a most enchanting seriousness in her countenance.

MONS. She seems a Frenchwoman. She has the spirit of the Mademoiselles of France.

COUNT. No one can say but that Signora Rosaura is a very obliging agreeable woman, —and one whom this heart adores. [*Afide.*]

MONS. Allons, Let's drink her health, [*He fills the glasses.*]

DON ALV. With all my heart, here's Donna Rosaura's health.

My LORD and COUNT. We'll pledge you.

The Frenchman then begins afresh singing his catch, and all the rest join with him in the chorus.

MONS. But to return to what we were saying. This widow hangs upon my heart.

DON ALV. I too pay her the tribute of my suspirations.

COUNT. I would advise you, however, not to let those thoughts take root in your breasts.

MONS. Why so?

COUNT. Because the Signora Rosaura is a woman who despises all men, and therefore is incapable of any tenderness for them.

MONS. Tho' she were more intractable than the savages that inhabit the woods, yet, if a true Frenchman, like me, can but arrive to say two or three of those little conceits we have made on purpose to deceive the fair sex, I will lay you a wager she sighs and asks for quarter.

DON ALV. She would be the first woman that ever reneged a return of affection to Don Alvaro of Castille. Men of birth like mine have the privilege of making the women bow down before them.

COUNT.

COUNT. But you will find that neither French sprightliness nor Spanish gravity will gain any thing with her. I am sure of what I tell you. I know her very well, and you may believe me.

MONS. Ah! last night I saw how attentively she looked at me. I saw the impression my glancing eyes had made upon her heart. In giving me her hands in the last minuet we danced together, she squeezed mine so terribly, that it was a miracle I did not fall prostrate at her feet.

DON ALV. Spaniards never boast of favors received from ladies, or I could produce enough to confute you.

COUNT. I am all on fire with jealousy. [*Aside.*]

MONS. My good friend Monfr. Petronio, her brother-in-law, will without doubt introduce me to her.

DON ALV. Her father depends a good deal upon me. He will guide me to her.

COUNT. I will inform her that they intend to visit her. [*Aside.*]

My LORD. Halloo ! halloo ! [*Getting up from his chair*].

The waiters belonging to the tavern enter.

WAITER. What commands have your noble honors ?

My LORD. Come here. [*He takes him aside while the three others still remain sitting at the table.*]

WAITER. Coming, sir.

My LORD. Knowest thou Mrs. Rosaura, the sister-in-law of Signor Petronio Aretusi.

WAITER. What the widow, yes, and please your honor.

My LORD. Take this ring. Carry it to her. Tell her that my Lord Roastbeef presents her with it, that it is the same she commended so much last night, and that this morning I will wait on her to drink a dish of chocolate.

WAITER. But sir, you know——

My LORD. Here are six zecchins for you.

WAITER. God bless your honor. I did not speak for this; but you know, sir, Signor Petronio——

My

My LORD. Fly this instant, or I knock you down.

WAITER. Oh! I beg your honor would not give yourself that trouble. Since the case is so, I will go and serve your honor. And your honor could not have been better served by any body in the whole house. [*Exit.*

My LORD. Halloo. [*Enter four other waiters*] A light. We'll go to bed. Gentlemen; good night. [*Exit.*

L E T T E R XCII.

Rome, half an hour after 9 at night,
Monday, January 12, 1760.

I Will attempt to finish you the remainder of the character of the Englishman in the play before I go to bed. The next scene where he appears, is when he comes to drink chocolate with Rosaura.

ROSAURA *and her Servant* MARIONETTE.

ROSAURA. Look here comes my lord. He does not lose time.

MARIONETTE. The English, tho' they are slow of speech, are brisk in action.

ROSAURA. But I do not like their over seriousness.

MARIONETTE. Every quarter of an hour they'll out with a couple of words.

ROSAURA.

ROSAURA. But shew the Englishman in,
and in the mean time get the chocolate
ready, [Exit Marionette.

Enter my Lord ROASTBEEF.

ROSAURA. If my lord nourishes sentiments for me suitable to my character, I will admit him to my company, and perhaps in time—[*aside*—but here he is.

My LORD. Madam.

ROSAURA. Your servant, my Lord.

But I shall cut off this scene till Marionette brings the chocolate, and not tire you too much with this idle piece.

ROSAURA. Won't you take a dish of chocolate, my lord.

My LORD. Madam. [*Offering her one of the dishes.*]

ROSAURA. What a laconic manner of talking. [*Aside.*

Here they sit a long while without saying a word to each other, and drinking their chocolate, contrary to the custom of foreign countries, who would think it impolite to leave so long an interval in the conversation. In fact, alluding to this, the French are hard upon us in a proverb they have. When they are sitting very stupid, and saying not a word, they will cry out, *Voilà une conversation à l'Angloise*. After having drunk his chocolate, my lord, giving his dish to the maid servant, goes on thus.

My LORD. You are a French girl, are not you, Marionette?

MARIONETTE. Yes sir.

My LORD. Your lady deserves to be served with particular attention.

MARIONETTE. I do what I can to render myself agreeable to her.

My Lord puts his dish upon the salver and a piece of money under it.

MARIONETTE.

MARIONETTE. I'll be hanged if it is not
a crown piece, [Aside.

ROSAURA. Here take my dith.

MARIONETTE. [*Afide to Rosaaura seeing the
ring upon her finger.*] I am glad you have
got the ring at last.

ROSAURA. Hush !

MARIONETTE. I'm dumb. [Exit.

My LORD. You are a widow, madam, if
I am not mistaken ?

ROSAURA. I am so, but if any good occa-
sion offered, who knows but I might sacri-
fice my liberty once again.

My LORD. I, on the contrary, never intend
to marry.

ROSAURA. But why so ?

My LORD. That liberty you speak of is
too dear to me.

ROSAURA. You have never yet then been
in love ?

My LORD. Oh, yes, I love a woman when
she is amiable.

ROSAURA.

ROSAURA. But only with a fleeting passion.

My LORD. What ought we always to be in love ?

ROSAURA. Constancy is one of the principal qualifications of a real lover.

My LORD. I am constant as long as my love lasts, and my love lasts as long as I see the object.

ROSAURA. I do not understand you now, my Lord.

My LORD. I'll explain myself. I love you, for instance, and will be faithful to you as long as I love you ; and I will love you as long as we are near each other.

ROSAURA. You won't think of me then any more as soon as you are gone away from Venice.

My LORD. Of what use would it be to you for me to love you when I am at London or Paris ? My love would be useless to you, and my sufferings fruitless to myself.

ROSAURA.

ROSAURA. But what greater fruits can you expect from your love while you are near me.

My LORD. The seeing you, and being seen by you.

ROSAURA. I commend your discretion.

My LORD. That's as far as a lady of honor can go.

ROSAURA. Well you are a most amiable man.

My LORD. I am one devoted to your service.

ROSAURA. But that's only while you are at Venice.

My LORD. No longer.

ROSAURA. What a curious man it is,
[*Afide.*

My LORD. How agreeable she is, [*Afide.*

Enter MARIONETTE.

MARIONETTE. The count, madam, is come to pay you a visit.

ROSAURA.

ROSAURA. What the count of Bosco Nero?

MARIONETTE. The same, madam.

ROSAURA. Set another chair, and desire him to walk in.

MARIONETTE. [*Setting the chair.*] That jealous Italian has never given me a half penny. [*Exit.*]

My LORD. Is the count then one of your adorers, madam?

ROSAURA. Yes, that's his aim.

Enter the COUNT.

COUNT. [*Looking upon my lord*] Signora Rosaura your most obedient humble servant.

ROSAURA. Your servant, count, won't you sit down.

COUNT. I am glad to see you in such good company. [*Ironically*]

My LORD. I am glad you are come, count, faith I was putting the poor lady into
the

the spleen with my melancholy disposition.

COUNT. On the contrary, I dare say you have entertained her very well. [*Ironically.*]

My LORD. You know my humour.

ROSAURA. [*Getting up and speaking to Marionette aside*] Marionette, (excuse me a minute, gentlemen) go and tell my sister Eleonora to come here, and tell her to sit down by my lord. I am afraid this affair won't end well. [*Exit Marionette.*]

COUNT. I did not think of finding you abroad so early, my lord, and in such good company. I see you have a good taste.

ROSAURA. My lord has been so good, you see, to come and drink a dish of chocolate with me this morning.

COUNT. Yes, your generosity extends to all. [*Ironically*]

ROSAURA. You offend me now, count.

My LORD. [*Aside*] What a jealous fellow it is!

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COUNT. No person can deny but my lord has all the amiable qualities that can be desired in a lover.

My LORD. [*Afide*] I am tired of him.

Enter ELEONORA.

ELEONORA. Will this agreeable company permit me to be one of their party?

ROSAURA. Yes, Eleonora, come and sit down.

My LORD. [*To Rosaura.*] Who is this young lady?

ROSAURA. She is my sister.

ELEONORA. Your most obedient servant, sir. [*To my lord, who bows without speaking to her.*]

ROSAURA. Sit by my lord, Eleonora.

ELEONORA. Yes; with your leave, my lord. [*Sits down by him.*]

My LORD. You do me great honor, madam. [*Without looking at her.*]

ELEONORA. You are an English gentleman, are not you?

My LORD. Yes madam. [*Without looking at her.*]

ELEONORA. Have you been long in Venice?

My LORD. Three months. [*Without looking.*]

ELEONORA. Do you like this town?

My LORD. Undoubtedly. [*Without looking.*]

ELEONORA. But why won't you favor me, my lord, with looking upon me?

My LORD. I beg your pardon, I was thinking quite of other things. I do not like her. [*Aside.*]

ELEONORA. I am very sorry I have disturbed you in your reveries.

My LORD. Your most obedient humble servant [*Getting up.*]

ROSAURA. What are you going, my lord?

My LORD. Yes, I must go to St. Mark's place. I shall see you again in the afternoon. Your servant, madam, your servant, count.

· ROSAURA. [*Going to get up.*] Let me at least——

My LORD. No, no, don't trouble yourself, remain and comfort the poor count. I see he is dying for love of you. I adore you too, but for that very reason, I receive pleasure in seeing you surrounded with other lovers, who do justice to your deserts, and applaud my choice. [*Exit.*]

The four rivals, afterwards, make each a present to his mistress. The Italian only sends a love letter, the Frenchman his picture, and the Spaniard his pedigree; but the Englishman orders his servant to carry her some handsome jewels. Rosaura, to try the constancy of her four lovers, disguises herself in the habits of the different nations. Her interview with the Englishman is as follows.

Rosaura enters to my lord in disguise, with a mask upon her face, and makes a
courtesy,

courtesy, after the manner of the English.
The scene a Venetian Casino.

My LORD. This can be no Italian. None but an Englishwoman could have made so graceful a courtesy. [*Afide.*] Your most obedient, madam, will you have a dish of coffee ?

ROSAURA. *Shakes her head.*

My LORD. Or of chocolate ?

ROSAURA. *Does as before.*

My LORD. Will you drink a glass of punch ?

ROSAURA. *Nods her head.*

My LORD. (She is an Englishwoman without doubt.) Bring some punch, boy. And pray, my fair countrywoman, who has brought you here from England ?

ROSAURA. It was my father.

My LORD. What business is he of ?

ROSAURA. The same business as you,

My LORD. You are a lady then ?

ROSAURA.. Yes, my lord.

MY LORD. Sit down, won't you. [*He brings a chair for her, and gives her his right hand to support her.*] Do you know me?

ROSAURA. Too well.

MY LORD. Do you like me then?

ROSAURA. 'Tis you that have the possession of my heart,

MY LORD. Where have you seen me?

ROSAURA. In London. [*In the mean time the punch is brought, and they drink it while they are talking.*]

MY LORD. Who are you?

ROSAURA. That is what I can not tell you.

MY LORD. Do I know you?

ROSAURA. I believe you do.

MY LORD. Did I ever love you?

ROSAURA. That I do not know.

MY LORD. But I will adore you from henceforward.

ROSAURA. You are engaged,

MY LORD. With whom?

ROSAURA. With Signora Rosaura,

My

My LORD. I have promised nothing.

ROSAURA. You are free then ?

My LORD. Yes.

ROSAURA. May I hope then ?

My LORD. Yes.

ROSAURA. Will you love me then ?

My LORD. Yes, I promise you.

ROSAURA. Will you be constant ?

My LORD. But tell me who you are.

ROSAURA. I can not as yet.

My LORD. Nor can I engage myself so
blindly.

ROSAURA. You will see me this evening.

My LORD. Where ?

ROSAURA. At a friend's.

My LORD. But where ?

ROSAURA. You'll know.

My LORD. You admit me then into the
number of your conquests ?

ROSAURA. And Rosaura———

My LORD. Oh ! she must give place to
a countrywoman.

ROSAURA. I shall be dressed differently.

My LORD. And supposing I do not know you.

ROSAURA. Give me something as a token that I may always be able to discover myself to you.

My LORD. Shew me this etuy. [*Giving it her.*]

ROSAURA. That's enough.

My LORD. Are you going?

ROSAURA. Yes.

My LORD. Shall I attend you?

ROSAURA. No, I charge you to stay where you are.

My LORD. I obey.

ROSAURA. Adieu, my lord. [*And, making the usual courtesy, she goes off.*]

My LORD. What pleasure you have in finding your countrywomen abroad! How graceful her courtesies were! And what an agreeable way of talking, without any thing superfluous. If she is as handsome as genteel, she is amiable to the last degree, and deserves to be preferred to Rosaura,

[*Exit.*

After

After Rosaura has served all her lovers in this manner, she naturally chooses the Italian, and the play ends. I do not, however, think by the extracts I have given, you can form any just idea of the character they designed; indeed you ought to have seen the three others to make the contrast more strong, and then you know, in acting, the dress and action of an Englishman is every thing. They did not dress him badly, tho' not at all in the real English taste, but in the taste of the English that travel, which is a sort of bastard dress, resembling that of no nation at all.

L E T T E R XCIII.

Rome, 12 o'clock at noon,
Thursday, Jan. 15, 1761.

I AM just returned from taking a walk to one Pagliarini's, a bookfeller, who has been lately put into prison for a work he has published against the Jesuits, called, "The Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing." You know we have not quite the liberty of the press here. However, his brother-in-law carries on the business till he gets out of confinement. Indeed, I do not believe he will be freed easily. He pretends, however, to have authorities and licenses for printing certain things.

I will tell you a trifling case which has happened, not having any thing better at present to give you. I have a little dog, called
Moschino,

Moschino, which, translated into English, only means Fly. I can not say he is a beauty, but I like so playful a companion in my peregrinations. This little dog then of mine ran out into the street, and was stolen. About two hours after my servant saw him at a coffee-house with a strange man, who, upon being questioned, said the dog was his, and that he had bought him four days ago of a person in the streets. My servant said it was a lie, but the man swelled and would not give the dog. As there were two or three other persons with him, and the master of the coffee-house put himself on his side, my servant thought the wisest thing he could do, was to retreat, not to break the Italian proverb, which says,

Un bel morir tutta la vita onora,

Un bel fuggir salva la vita ancora.

Which word for word in English runs thus :

“ The dying well honors all your life, but

“ the flying well saves that life into the bargain.”

gain." According to this heroic maxim, my servant made a retreat. However, the master of the coffee-house had assured him that he knew where his antagonist lived, and if it was really his master's dog, he might demand him whenever he pleased at his own house. In consequence, I sent him to the coffee-house to get this intelligence, but he only received a surly answer from the master of it, who told him that he knew nothing at all about it. You may imagine such an evasion raised my anger. But what was I to do? Was I to go and beat the fellow myself? No, that would be thought in these countries to be degrading the cavalier, who is a very peaceable animal. Was I to send my man to perform the operation? No, for he did not care to go. The affair was too trivial to incommode the governor or courts of justice. Another method offered, which, tho perhaps it would not be quite the fashion upon English ground, here in Italy is the very pink of the mode. You know
a good

a good traveller must conform to the customs of all countries. "Suppose your honor, said my servant, was to hire a bully," and a bully was hired. He was a Spaniard, and lived in the jurisdiction of the Spanish ambassador's palace, which is a large extent of ground, upon which no constable or bailiff, or any other officer of justice dares appear. As you have never seen a person of this profession in England, you may, perhaps, like to know how he looked. Navarro, for that was his name, was a robust sinewy man. Not over tall, but thick and stout set. His eye was piercing, and by quick evolutions discovered a good deal of the white of it. He had on a red waistcoat, with a kind of rough horseman's coat, of a darkish colour, and his neck was surrounded by a black cravat. Fastened to a leathern belt, girt on the outside of his waistcoat, hung a rusty sword, while his right hand grasped a large knotty stick, or rather club, and his left

was holding a fierce cocked hat, which he had pulled off upon being admitted into my room. I declare I should not like to have met him at night, but, tho' the Italians are accused of killing their enemies by proxy, I believe there are very few premeditated murders committed at Rome. The first thing we did was, to make an agreement for a trifling sum of money, when I was desired to set my heart at rest, for I should shortly have the dog. In fact, Navarro went to the coffee-house, and assured the master of it, that if he did tell him immediately where the man lived who detained my dog, he would turn him and his billiard table and his whole room out of the window. There was no withstanding this strong argument. The man said, trembling, that he would see if he could find the person. Accordingly, he went out, and so great was his *good luck* in meeting with him, that in less than half an hour he returned with the

very

very person who had my dog. Navarro demanded it of him. The fellow bowing and scraping, said he would bring it immediately, which he did, and the affair finished.

L E T T E R X C I V .

Rome, 4 o'clock afternoon,

Tuesday, Jan. 20. 1761.

WE have little news of any kind stirring here. They say, as a popular rumour, that the Turk is arming to attack Malta, upon account of the ship detained by the Maltese, the Ottoman Crown, which I gave you an account of the slaves running away with. However I believe the Turks may as well abandon the thought of besieging Malta, as they would do nothing; for I heard an English sea-officer declare that he does not think all our fleet in the bay would be able to take the place. However, I believe the inhabitants might be reduced by hunger to surrender, as it is only a rock and produces very little. The greatest part of its provisions come from Sicily. However, in objection

tion to this method of taking it, the sea is very rough and boisterous round the island, which renders it difficult for vessels to lie there a sufficient time to form a blockade. But I will tell you more of Malta when I get there.

6 o'clock, afternoon.

I have just been improving myself in French with a clever native of that country, who comes to read books, as he says, with those who are fond of that language, but is in fact only a French master. The predominancy of that language in Europe is wonderful, and obliges even unwilling Britons to learn it. English will never be equally universal, and its progress is much retarded in these countries by most of our authors being forbidden to be read. The index expurgatorius lies very hard upon us, and indeed all books composed in Britain are suspected of heresy, that dreadful crime,

which being, as a Jesuitical author tells me, worse than murder, theft and adultery, ought to be punished by more violent means. His words are as follow. “Hæretici magis perturbant pacem Christianam, quam homicidæ; fures, adulteri. At hi justè puniuntur pænâ capitis. Ergo magis illi. Mar. Becani societ. Jesu Theologi manuale controversiarum l. 5. c. 17.” I have met, however, with many Roman catholics who deny this doctrine, and hold it impious to extend their tenets, like Mahomet, by the sword. Indeed I hope those times are now passed, when religious fanaticism was armed with fire and faggot, and both sides seemed to think they pleased heaven by sacrificing their opponents. Let the Jesuits say what they will, I join with the Augustinians who, in their convent here at Rome, have a very fine statue of St. Augustin treading a hydra, representing heresy, under his feet, and brandishing over him, not a sword, but a pen.

Rome,

Rome, 2 o'clock afternoon,
Wednesday, Jan, 21. 1761.

I Have been this morning to the Vatican, the ancient residence of the popes, but which is now abandoned for the higher situation of Monte Cavallo. Raphael's fine paintings in fresco, seem to suffer much by the damp, and I think his holiness ought to be at the expence of keeping a chafing-dish in the rooms. The battle of Constantine with Maxentius takes the whole side of a wall, and looks very noble. I was glad, however, to leave these uninhabited apartments for the more frequented library, famous throughout the world for its manuscripts, which, however, since most of the books have been printed are more curious than useful. I was shewn many of them, but had rather read

the worst type, than the best of their copies. Among other things I saw the original work of Henry the eighth in favor of the seven sacraments, but had not time to read the foolish king's arguments, *stolidi regis argumenta*, as Luther calls them in his answer. There are likewise some love letters, between that monarch and Anna Boleyn, which are certainly not worth keeping, if the popes did not think it of service to their cause to prove what a libidinous prince he was. But I think we are satisfied of that without going to the Vatican to see his hand-writing. The letters are some in French, and some in English, and are filled with scrawls of wounded hearts, flames and darts, and I do not know what all. He talks much of hunting the hart, which I suppose was then a fashionable diversion in this island. In one of the Vatican courts stands the famous Apollo Belvedere, reckoned the finest statue in the world, but I am so ignorant as to think I have seen as good, or at least more pleasing.

L E T.

L E T T E R XCV.

Rome, 12 o'clock at noon,
Thursday, Jan. 22, 1761.

HOW are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished! Last night Navarro, my Spanish bully, got three stabs with a knife as he was going home from my lodgings, where he had come to receive the reward of his operations. Not that the affair of my dog had any thing to do with it, but he had quarrelled at play with another man. The fellow way-laid him as he went away from me, and gave him two stabs in the side, and one in his breast. He is now at the hospital. They hope he will not die. The wound in his breast is the only one they are apprehensive of. Thus may end the life of a bravo, and prove it is better to live in peace and quiet.

L 1 3

According

According to what I have hitherto attempted, and which you urge, I dare say, for my own instruction, I will give you some outlines of the history of the modern Roman state, but know the difficulty of doing it, tho' I shall separate the ecclesiastical power of the popes from their temporal, as the former would involve me in controversy, and the latter is all that belongs to me at present to consider of. After the Goths had destroyed the Western Empire, and erected Italy into a kingdom, the popes seem to have had no civil authority at all allowed them, no more than while their successors the Lombards ruled those states. The first temporal power the popes got, was from the Franks, who had driven out the Lombards; and the Western Empire being renewed under Charlemagne, by the acclamation of the Romans, pope Leo the third anointed him and clothed him with the imperial mantle; in return for which that monarch ceded to him (as his father Pepin

Pepin had before done to pope Zachary, for having determined that he might murder Childeric, and seize his throne,) great part of the territories which the holy see at present enjoys; but without the sovereignty over the city of Rome itself, which those artful prelates afterwards obtained during the troubles that infested Italy in the succeeding reigns. They had not long shaken off the imperial yoke, when upon the basis of the feudal system they erected wonderfully a kind of monarchy over almost all the kingdoms of Europe, and the emperors themselves. Henry the fourth of Germany was brought to the feet of Gregory the seventh, and the world trembled at the thunders of the Vatican. Long might they have continued this new kind of despotism, which, as not raised by arms, was not subject to force, if their own dissensions and the wickedness of some of the popes had not given a blow to their power, which their successors could never heal. While ambi-

tion often raised two popes at once, each became too weak to support the amazing fabric which their predecessors had reared, and councils began to assume an authority over the contending parties, which broke their whole system. The council of Constance deposed three popes, and appointed a fourth, who was acknowledged by all Christendom for its universal pastor. That of Basil declared a council to be superior to the pope, a doctrine which the French, to this day, maintain as an article of faith. But the principal blow arose from very small beginnings, and spread like wild-fire through the north. Leo the tenth wanted money to support his elegant but expensive way of life, and as much had heretofore been raised by the sale of indulgencies, Dominicans were sent into Germany to levy this religious tax. Luther, perhaps, less struck with its illegality than the means of raising it, by which his own order of Augustinians was excluded from the gains, furiously

ously declaimed against the Dominicans, and from thence struck at the right of indulgencies themselves, from which there was but a short transition to the power of the pope, who granted them. Leo, immersed in literary ease, disregarded the attack of a simple friar, and, perhaps, had not even patience to read the barbarous Latin of his antagonist. But it was adapted to the genius of Luther's countrymen, and his tenets soon spread over all the north, whose princes, likewise, embraced his doctrine. In the mean time Calvin's reformation broke out at Geneva, who, tho' he differed in some material points from Luther, agreed with him in his animosity against Rome. A great part of France embraced his tenets, and England, likewise, after the death of Henry VIII. who had, indeed, shaken off the papacy, but maintained the other parts of the Roman catholic religion with fire and sword. Clement the seventh, then upon the papal throne, chose rather to displease the

the

the British monarch than the emperor Charles the fifth, whose aunt Catherine it was that Henry wanted to divorce for the love of Anna Boleyn. This defection of the protestants, called so from the German protest at Francfort, totally destroyed that rivalship of power by which the Popes had rendered themselves formidable to their enemies, and triumphed over their jealous vassals. The Romans, however, still boast of their city being the head of the world; but most of them now confess, with the other Roman catholics, that the pope has absolutely nothing to do out of his own territories, except in spiritual matters.

L E T T E R XCVI.

Rome, 4 o'clock, afternoon,

Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1761.

SATURDAY last was the first day of license for people to go masked about the streets. On Sunday there were, however, no masks, for the Romans did shew that respect to the Lord's day, tho' they are all mad at present. I have not, however, been abroad this afternoon, and yet all the town is running about the streets. They are dressed up like merry Andrews, and making a prodigious noise. This masking is not a diversion much to my taste, however, as when you are at Rome, you must do as they do at Rome. I yesterday, after dinner, went to partake of their diversions. I was not masked, for there is no obligation of appearing with a vizer upon your face. The number
of

of people collected together is fruitful of many accidents; for, notwithstanding, all the care the magistrates can take, there always happens something or other. And yet all offensive weapons are strictly forbidden, and the cord is prepared to draw up the refractory in the air by their arms behind.

The horse-race likewise towards fun-set was attended with a fatal accident. I have already told you the manner of the horses running in Italy without riders. They run up the long street of the Corso, which is just a mile in length, and as straight as an arrow. They start in the square I mentioned to you before at the entrance into Rome. The Corso is the middle of the three streets to which the obelisk forms a center, and, I suppose, owes its name to this diversion. The street to the left hand is called Strada Babuino, and that to the right hand Strada di Ripetta. Now between these two streets and the Corso, in order to terminate the angles,
they

they must necessarily make with each other, there are two pretty little churches, one exactly similar to the other. I should think the three streets stand inclined to each other not above an angle of 20 degrees each. In the centre, where the three lines they make converge, stands the obelisk to terminate the view. Upon one side of the pedestal of it is written what follows.

Imp. Cæsar Divi F.

Augustus *

Pontifex Maximus

Imp. XII. Cof. XI. Trib. Pot. XIV.

Ægypto in potestatem

Populi Romani redactâ

Soli donum dedit.

* The emperor Cæsar Augustus, son of the divine Julius, twelve times emperor, eleven times consul, and fourteen times charged with the tribunitial power, dedicated this obelisk to the sun, after having reduced Egypt under the power of the Roman people.

On

On another side has been added the following inscription.

Sixtus * V. Pont. Max.

Obeliscum hunc

A Cæsare Aug. Soli

In Circo Maximo, ritu

Dicatum impio,

Miserandâ ruinâ

Fractum obrutumque

Erui, transferri,

Formæ suæ reddi,

Crucique invictis :

Dedicari jussit.

A. MDLXXXIX. Pont. IV.

* Pope Sixtus the fifth after having caused this obelisk, dedicated by Augustus Cæsar in the Circus Maximus to the sun with impious rites, to be dug up, transported, and restored to its form, from the miserable ruins under which it lay broken and overwhelmed, hath ordered it to be dedicated to the victorious cross, A. D. 1589, in the fourth year of his pontificate.

The

The obelisk is full of hieroglyphics, and in the cross on the top is said to be inclosed a small piece of our Saviour's cross. It is of granite, as all the others are, and originally of one piece of that marble, without the Romans, as some have imagined, had a cement, which united the parts so closely together as not to be distinguishable by posterity. The supposition, I confess, seems impossible, but how then were such extreme weights brought from Egypt, where the quarries are supposed to lie? The merely raising the obelisk which stands in the square St. Peter's, was reckoned a great undertaking of Fontana, and gave birth to the story of the sailor's telling them to wet the ropes in order to lengthen them, as they proved too short. The granite columns also before the pantheon seem entirely of one mass, and are much superior in size to what our best connoisseurs in mechanics could transport from one place to another in our degenerate days. We have not even any ships which could receive

ceive them, and yet our vessels seem much more considerable than those of the ancient Romans. I imagine therefore, that they must have towed them upon immense rafts, in which manner they might come up the Tyber at certain seasons, and then by endless numbers of people reared them in their respective stations. This seems to me the only solution of the difficulty; for I can never believe that the cement of those ancient times was so much superior to ours, as not to be discerned. The difficulty is, how in a stormy sea, they could hinder these rafts from breaking their ships to pieces.

Rome, half an hour after 3, afternoon,
Wednesday, Jan. 28, 1761.

TO go on with my account of the race horses, which I left for digression arisen from the spot where they started. The Barbs, for so they call them, tho' none

come from Barbary, were all brought to a rope extended across the end of the Corso, and a man on purpose for that office, let it drop as soon as the signal was given. The respective grooms then give their beasts a good flog, and away they ran all by themselves. Now there were fifteen horses started on Monday. While they were in the square, they were full at large. The corners which led into the Corso were crowded with innumerable people. The horses, who found themselves confined at their entrance into the street, bore down all obstacles, and the outermost ones on each side threw down the people that stood in their way. You may imagine what a fury they were in, just evaded from the whips of their grooms, with a set of spurs or prickly balls running into their backs and flanks. Before they start there is a piece of tin lying under these stimulators, which for the time hinders their operation. At the entrance therefore of the horses into the Corso there were

near twenty people flung down, but by good luck only one killed outright. The person that was run over is a priest. They will think it a judgment upon him, for frequenting profane diversions. However, the best assistance that could be got, ecclesiastical and chirurgical, was given him immediately. But they say he breathed his last before he could be carried home. There was another affair happened on Sunday night, but that was at the theatre of Argentina. At the end of the opera, a dutchess of rank in this city wanted to go home. Now there is a law, and a very good law too, that all coaches, after the theatre is finished, must put themselves into a string, and so come to the theatre door one after another. The dutchess's coachman, like other servants to people of high rank, wanted to pass other coaches to get sooner to the door. The soldiers turned him back, and the fellow in a huff kept his mistress waiting as much as he could, and came up long after the last coach had been departed.

departed. While his lady was getting in he muttered, that he should not have made her wait so long, if it had not been for those rogues and rascals of officers. Tho' the officers were not close by, they heard him, and not being in England, where a coachman may sit upon his box and libel the whole world, ordered their foldiers to cane him. The operation was performed with so much energy, that the coachman, either through liquor, malice, or the excess of pain, tumbled off his box. The horses, freed from their wonted guider's hand, pushed on, while the dutchess's and her companions dressed heads were screaming out of the windows. But their fright did not last long, for the coach taking a stone, went over, and laid them peaceably in the dirt. In the mean time one of the servants seeing his companion and mistress treated so cavalierly, went up to the officer who commanded the guard, and drew a knife against him. He was immediately

put under arrest. During these transactions the dutchess and her ladies were with difficulty extracted from the broken coach, and got another to go home in. The next morning she sent to accuse the principal officer for the manner in which he had behaved to her. The military prelate, who is generalissimo of the pope's forces, sent her back the servant who was put under arrest, and advised her to let the thing drop, as the fellow might get hanged for drawing his knife, and that if she would say no more about the matter, he would do the same, to which I believe she conformed, as I have heard nothing farther about the affair.

Rome, three quarters after 1 at noon,

Thursday, Jan. 29, 1761.

I shall have but little time to write, as I am going to enjoy the pleasures, or rather the follies of the Corso. O! people of Rome; to what are you reduced? You who
once

once commanded the globe of earth ; (tho' the ancient Romans perhaps stretched a little in saying so,) however, you at least had one of the greatest empires ever yet known in the world ; how are you fallen ! You now desire nothing but to eat and see shews. But in fact, it was the same in Juvenal's time. The same character he gives of the Romans exists in our days. Juvenal's words are as follow.

*Iampridem ex quo suffragia nulli
Vendimus, effugit curas, nam qui dabat olim
Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se
Cantinet, atque cluas tantum res anxius optat
Panem et Circenses.——*

The coach is at the door and I must go.

L E T T E R XCVII.

Rome, 10 o'clock at night,
Monday, Feb. 2, 1761.

THIS evening a gentleman has put into my hand an account of the late eruption of Vesuvius, which I will translate you, shortening as much as possible the original, as it is tedious.

“ On the 23d of December, at two of the
“ foreign, and nine of the Italian clock, a
“ shock or two of an earthquake was felt
“ even in Naples, which must have been
“ much stronger in places nearer the mountain.
“ tain.

“ About two hours after the earthquake,
“ as some countrymen were working between
“ tween

“ tween Camaldoli and Tre Cafe, about
 “ four miles distant from the top of the
 “ mountain, they saw the ground begin
 “ to crack for some yards round about
 “ them, raising itself up like any thing
 “ that boils. A quantity of smoke pro-
 “ ceeded from the different fissures. The
 “ labourers, seized with astonishment, snat-
 “ ched up their cloaths and working in-
 “ struments, and began to run, without
 “ saying a word to each other, from off
 “ the agitated ground. But upon hearing
 “ a great noise they looked back, and saw
 “ all the water that was in a cistern tossed
 “ up into the air, and *lava* bubbling out
 “ from the place. Four other similar holes
 “ opened in the ground with *lava* likewise
 “ boiling out from them. Stones were
 “ thrown up in the air from the apertures,
 “ with a report like bombs. All at once
 “ the *lava* began to run and continue its
 “ course till it came to the high road.
 “ This it passed as swift as lightning.

“ It advanced all that night, and all the
“ following day, 24th December. In its
“ passage it spoiled every thing it ran over,
“ and destroyed all the houses and furni-
“ ture. Much of the latter might have
“ been saved, but for the idleness and stupi-
“ dity of its masters. One seeing the fire
“ approach his house, in a great passion
“ said, “ the lava had better take the key,”
“ and threw it in at the window. Signor
“ Mafferante had dedicated a chapel to St.
“ Januarius, which he had richly ornament-
“ ed, but told the saint to save the orna-
“ ments, if he had a mind to have them.
“ The mountain still continued roaring and
“ casting out clouds of smoke of a blueish
“ colour, and small stones, that were found
“ in heaps all round about, and even upon
“ the sea-shore.

“ The 25th the mountain made a con-
“ tinual noise like a battery of cannon, and
“ lava continued to run out of the aper-
“ tures,

tures. It extended itself, and seemed ready to run on towards the sea, from which it was not then very far distant. The stream was six hundred paces in breadth, and about fifty palms high. It was this day that the people began to carry to the sea-side some of their goods, in order to save them. They had time enough now to do it, for the lava did not advance with such velocity as it had done, and rather extended itself in breadth than length. When it came to a tree we saw it immediately turn yellow, till burnt up from the roots, it was borne away flaming upon the fiery mass. The soldiers carried off some powder from the Torre dell' Annunziata, as the lava seemed to be turning that way.

The 26th clouds of ashes came from the top of the mountain, and the five new mouths at the bottom. All diversions were stopt at Naples, and supplica-

“ tions made for the divine aid through the
“ interposition of St. Januarius. In the even-
“ ing only two of the five new apertures
“ threw out lava. Two hours after sun-set
“ however, a little earthquake made us
“ imagine there had been some new open-
“ ing.

“ The 27th we found that the shock we
“ felt the evening before was owing to the
“ falling in of one of the two apertures
“ that had continued to discharge lava the
“ day before. The other three had done so
“ before, but with less effect. This even-
“ ing a great number of people would not
“ go to bed, as expecting another earth-
“ quake, and slept out in the open air.

“ The 28th the noise decreased consider-
“ ably, and from the only new aperture re-
“ maining, nothing but flames of fire came
“ out. The lava extended itself still more
“ slowly, and began to grow cool. It lost too its
“ bright

“ bright glowing colour, and put on a more
 “ rusty hue, like coals that were extinguish-
 “ ing. You might now too without much
 “ danger approach the mouth of the aper-
 “ ture, as it did not fling out stones or ashes,
 “ which had obliged people to keep at a
 “ distance. The little hill which had risen
 “ up, and on the top of which was the new
 “ aperture, might be, as near as could be
 “ judged by sight, about two hundred palms
 “ high, and the surface it covered about
 “ two hundred paces diameter. The motion
 “ of the lava still decreased, extending itself
 “ rather on each side than going on. The
 “ mountain, however, continued to throw
 “ out clouds of smoke and ashes, which made
 “ us judge that its entrails were still in agi-
 “ tation,

“ The 29th the lava stopped entirely, and
 “ the aperture threw out nothing but a sort
 “ of thick vapour, and from time to time
 “ a streak of flame. After dinner I went to
 measure

“ measure the heighth and breadth of the
“ lava. It finished in a kind of fork with
“ one prong longer than the other. We
“ measured the distance of the shortest point
“ from the sea, and found it was just a
“ hundred and sixty paces. We then mea-
“ sured its breadth, and by our unexact way
“ of calculation, we computed it to be
“ about a mile, including the ground in the
“ middle between the prongs of the fork,
“ which indeed was but little. The length
“ we imagined was about four miles, how-
“ ever we only measured it with our eye.
“ It did not run on in a streight line, but
“ made a sort of C or half moon, towards
“ the Torre dell’ Annunziata. The mountain
“ still continued to cast out a thick vapour
“ mixt with ashes and sometimes stones.
“ About two hours and a half after sun-set,
“ a second great noise was heard, and people
“ thought there had been some new eruption,
“ or that it proceeded from the top of the
“ mountain.

“ The

“ The 30th, we found out that the noise
 “ had issued from the last of the little hills,
 “ whence the lava had proceeded, falling in.
 “ The mountain continued sending forth
 “ vapours and ashes as usual.

“ December 31st, with the end of the
 “ year the eruption entirely ended, and every
 “ thing was quiet. The lava did not smoke
 “ any more, and there remained but little
 “ fire in it. In the night continual flames
 “ were seen to issue from the top of the
 “ mountain. In the day time too, it threw
 “ out a quantity of ashes, and sent forth
 “ most dark vapours, which made us afraid,
 “ as the new apertures were closed, that the
 “ mountain itself would begin, but nothing
 “ more happened very material.”

Rome, 4 o'clock afternoon,

Wednesday, 4th Feb.

This is Ash wednesday and Lent has reduced us again to gravity and black, which
 latter

latter we English have re-assumed for the late king, tho' taken off during the festivals. Adieu to all comedies, adieu to the operas, adieu to masking and every thing. But they paid it off yesterday, and the town appeared seized with a universal delirium. The servants rode in coaches, while their masters walked on foot, the women dressed as men and the men as women, while the mask confounded every distinction of rank or sex. At the end of every thing, vast *meat* suppers were prepared, to which the various revellers retired. I lay a stress upon the word *meat*, as after twelve o'clock sounded last night, meagre must be their general fare till Easter day. I was at one of their tables, and never did I see people eat so in my life, while towards midnight the beggars were howling in the streets for the remains, which otherwise must be given to the dogs. The Roman ladies have all some complaint to day, the residue of their deceased diversions.

And

And yet the pope permits no dancing, from which he has an aversion. Popes have their whims as well as other people. The late pope (Lambertini) took it into his head not to allow any wind instruments, such as flutes, hautboys, &c. in churches, by which he spoilt those charming concerts we now have in almost all places of public worship. I shall not enter into a controversy about the propriety of them, but they are very agreeable.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

Rome, 4 o'clock in the afternoon,
Sunday, February 8, 1761.

THE day after tomorrow I set out for Veletri on my route to Naples. On Thursday a book was burnt by the hands of the public hangman. I can get you nothing more about it than the edict, which ordered its execution. It is as follows.

“Edict.

“Whereas, some days passed a scandalous
“pamphlet has been spread about this paci-
“fic city of Rome, entitled a demonstra-
“tion of the obsequious and respectful be-
“haviour observed by the ministers of his
“holiness towards the sacred person and
“ministers of his most faithful majesty ;
“being a sincere account of what preceded
“and

“ and accompanied the expulsion of Cardi-
 “ nal Accajuoli, apostolical nuncio from
 “ Portugal, and the departure of the Com-
 “ mendator d’Almada, the Portuguese mi-
 “ nister from Rome. Venice, printed by
 “ Antonio Zatta, anno 1760, and where-
 “ in the principal ministers of the holy see,
 “ as well in Rome as other foreign courts,
 “ have been attacked with unheard-of ef-
 “ frontery, and the blackest calumnies, and
 “ in the most essential points. The holi-
 “ nefs of our sovereign the pope has or-
 “ dered us to declare, and in effect we do
 “ declare, that the beforementioned book is
 “ not only full of lies and calumnies, but
 “ also offensive and injurious to the majesty
 “ of the prince, and therefore, to be burnt
 “ publicly by the hands of the minister of
 “ justice. We order, therefore, that in exe-
 “ cution of the pontifical commands, on this
 “ morning of the fifth of February, 1761,
 “ the aforesaid book be burnt by the hands

“ of the common hangman, in the square
 “ of the Campo di Fiore. We expressly pro-
 “ hibit also its being sold, lent, or retained,
 “ commanding whoever has it, whatever
 “ state or degree he may be of, to bring the
 “ same to the tribunal of this our govern-
 “ ment within the space of three days, and
 “ to consign it into the hands of the prin-
 “ cipal notary, underwritten, under pain of
 “ the punishments prescribed in the general
 “ bans against the authors and distributors
 “ of infamous and malicious libels.

“ Let every person, therefore, take heed
 “ to obey speedily what is here above com-
 “ manded, for we shall proceed irremissably
 “ against transgressors to the above penalties;
 “ and this edict is to be publicly affixed in
 “ the usual places about Rome, and shall
 “ oblige every individual the same as if he
 “ had been personally informed of these
 “ orders.

“ orders. Given in Rome at the governor’s
“ palace, this fifth of February, 1761.

“ C. Caprara, governor and vice-
“ chamberlain.

“ Bernardino Rosssetti, notary.

This is the way they do in Rome when they do not like books, and woe betide the man who prints them if he is found out. I think I told you Pagliarini, my bookseller, was put in prison a little time ago for printing something of this nature. He is not got out yet, and I believe he will suffer still further before he obtains his freedom. *

The expulsion of the nuncio from Lisbon has made much noise here, but I can not get an authentic account of it. The Portuguese minister was, likewise, ordered by his

* This man was, at last, freed, and went to Portugal, where he enjoys some lucrative charge under his most faithful majesty.

own court to retire, as well as all the Portuguese subjects in the pope's dominions.

Four o'clock in the afternoon, Monday,
February 9, 1761, Rome.

I have just had a visit from a gentleman, who tells me there is a ship arrived at Civitá Vecchia, with eighty Portuguese Jesuits on board her from the Brazils. I have not seen any of that order already come here from Portugal. Part of them are divided in convents in Rome, and part at Frascati, a little country place about twelve miles from hence, where a number of the nobility's country seats are situated. There is now an entire rupture between the courts of Rome and Portugal. The king of Portugal's order for his subjects to retire out of the pope's dominions causes much confusion among some wealthy prelates of that nation settled here. But this command, as you may imagine, has only force upon those
who

who have estates or possessions in Portugal. One advantage of being poor is, that no prince can command you longer than while you remain in his territories. We can not as yet divine how these affairs will end. Some Romans are pleased with the Jesuits having been received, others not. They all agree that they are the ugliest people they ever saw in their lives, and I can imagine persons who have spent their life in the burning deserts of South America may not be very handsome.

Tomorrow I leave this city for Naples, but shall stop a little at Veletri and Capua in my way.









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JUN 25 1940

